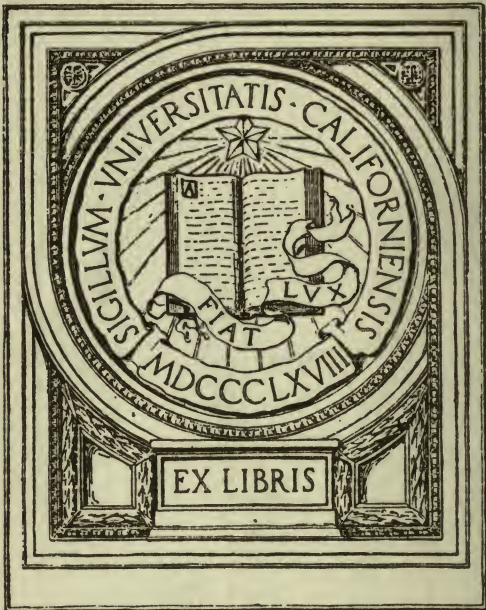




THE JAMES D. PHELAN  
CELTIC COLLECTION



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# KILLARNEY LEGENDS.

EDITED BY

T. CROFTON CROKER, ESQ.



Engraved by L. E. Syme from a drawing by Mrs. Norton Croker

MUCKROSS ABBEY.

p. 71.

LONDON.

HENRY & BOWY YORK STREET, CORNER GARRICK

no. viii  
LXXXIX

# KILLARNEY LEGENDS;

ARRANGED AS

## A GUIDE TO THE LAKES.

EDITED BY

T. CROFTON CROKER, ESQ.

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LONDON:

HENRY G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1853.

**PHELAN**

## ADVERTISEMENT.

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Two small Volumes, entitled "Legends of the Lakes, or Sayings and Doings at Killarney," form the basis of the present publication—to which, as it is not exactly a reprint, the new and more obvious name of "Killarney Legends" is given. This volume is, in fact, a new edition of those above mentioned, in a more condensed and popular form; such passages as appeared to possess merely a temporary or personal interest have been omitted, some additions have been made, and the original work has been carefully revised.

As three years had elapsed since the book was written, there naturally arose a question, whether the numerous individual portraits which were introduced should be retained or rejected? But since "the lads of the Lakes" must naturally change, like the lights and colouring upon the majestic mountains which surround the lovely waters of Killarney—it was determined to preserve the sketches of the guides and boatmen, which it was the Editor's fortune to find, as faithful prototypes of their fellows, and as the best medium of communicating to the reader the tales of wonder which are the unquestionable inheritance of a scene of enchantment.

Gorham's Hotel, the mention of which occurs as frequently as a certain passage of Rossini's in *La Donna del Lago*, has passed into other hands; but though the Gorham himself presides not, his Hotel supports its character, and in conclusion of this our Advertisement, we will quote Hagarty's—

“ HIBERNIAN HOTEL—LATE GORHAM'S.

“ D. Hagarty takes leave most respectfully to announce, that he has taken the above Establishment, which he has opened under the most distinguished patronage, in a superior style of comfort and accommodation, and trusts that his own and his Wife's experience, together with the most unremitting attention and moderate charges, will ensure for him public support, as well as a continuance of the kind and distinguished patronage with which he is now favoured.

“ His Wines will be found of superior excellence, as also his Posting and Livery Establishment.”

*Killarney, April 7, 1831.*



A  
LETTER OF INTRODUCTION  
TO  
KILLARNEY.

---

DEAR KILLARNEY, region there is  
None like you, so formed for fairies ;  
From the cliff where dwells the eagle,  
In his palace high and regal,  
To the depths thy blue waves under,  
Thou'rt a little world of wonder !  
Every glen, of calm seclusion,  
Has its tale of dim delusion ;  
Every rock, and every mountain,  
Every bower, and every fountain,  
Has its own romantic story,  
Or its Legend old and hoary ;  
Thou'rt a land of dream and vision,  
Like no land, save the Elysian.

Hope and fancy, in an attic,  
Can make all things look prismatic ;  
But amid the mountains round thee,  
That in strong enchantment bound thee,  
Hearts of lively thought and feeling  
Know a wild and strange revealing ;  
Mighty forms of mist and vapour  
Charge and wheel, curvet and caper ;—  
O'er thy Lake, in furious courses,  
Gallop billowy white horses ;  
While the spray, in moonlight beaming,  
Seems the steel-clad warriors' gleaming ;

And the waterfall's hoarse foaming  
 Voice unearthly gives the gloaming ;  
 Shapes and sounds the mind will cherish,  
 Till in morning's light they perish.

Once again, on fancy's mission,  
 To thy storehouse of tradition,  
 Quicker far than thought I travel,  
 All its secrets to unravel.—  
 I would dive into the mystery  
 Of O'Donoghue's dark history ;  
 And the tranquil home discover  
 Of that maiden's airy lover,  
 Whose heart-touching tale of sorrow  
 Needs no aid from fancy borrow,  
 (Worthy theme for gentle Landon.)\*  
 Breast more stern than holy Brandon†  
 Must be his, who feels not pity  
 At that maiden's plaintive ditty.‡

How I love thee, dear Killarney,  
 With thy boatmen's endless blarney ;  
 Monkish tales of Innisfallen,  
 Put to flight by Master Callen,||  
 Back return in pleasant vision :  
 Not that I hold in derision  
 Pious fathers, who, with praying,  
 Cloister'd walls grew grave and grey in ;  
 From whose eye the soul was laughing,  
 On whose nose was mark of quaffing.

\* Miss Landon is, perhaps, better known by her simple initials of L. E. L.

† Of course the Saint, not the Reverend Lord, is meant.

‡ See, or rather hear, Moore's song of O'Donoghue's mistress, in the ninth number of the Irish Melodies.

|| So written in "Cobbett's Reformation," Part II. for the name of the person to whom, in the 37th of Elizabeth, the Abbeyes of Innisfallen and Mucruss were granted by the Crown.—It should be Collam ; but Cobbett's an authority.

They were fellows wise and merry,  
Who loved books, nor hated Sherry.\*

Then thy reeks, Mac Gilla Cuddy,  
In the sunset looking ruddy,  
How I long their heights to clamber,  
To find echo's secret chamber,  
Where, secure from noisy calling,  
Save when shivered crag is falling,  
Silence reigns sublime and lonely,  
Broken by the tempest only.

O sweet Mucruss, how I love thee,  
From the hills that rise above thee ;

\* After the flattering manner in which J. S. L. has mentioned my name in the introduction and notes to his volume, entitled "the Harp of Innisfail," this passage will, I trust, sufficiently vindicate me in his eyes from "an illiberality and vulgar prejudice against the friars, which," he is pleased to add, "is disgraceful in a man of my character—who ought not to descend to sacrifice truth to bigotry, or to caricature a body of men, that were generally blameless and useful, however much such pictures may agree with the ignorance, or pander to the prejudice, of some of his readers." p. 191.

Now, although I plead guilty to having written in a careless, good-humoured, and what I considered to be a harmless vein, the fairy tale which has called forth these remarks, and which is reprinted in this Volume—I must say, that had I been inclined to draw an offensive picture of monkish life, there were ample materials for doing so within my reach. But to set at rest this matter, which is so seriously charged against me, I appeal at once to the historian Giraldus Cambrensis, a contemporary witness, a Roman Catholic, and a connexion of a distinguished dignitary of that church ; and after the perusal of his words, it will, I feel confident, be readily conceded to me, that, without any stretch of imagination, I might have gone much further in depicting the enjoyments which excited the fancy of honest Father Cuddy, on the evening previous to his wonderful nap.

"Inter tot enim millia, vix unum invenies, qui post jugem tam jejuniorem quam orationum instantiam vino variisque potionibus, diurnos labores, enormius quam deceret noctu non redimat. Diem itaque naturalem tanquam ex æquo dividentes, lucidaque spiritui, tempora nocturna, quoque carni dedicantes, sicut de luce lucis operibus indulgent, sic et in tenebris ad tenebrarum opera convertuntur. Unde et hoc pro miraculo duci potest, quod ubi vina dominantur Venus non regnat."—*Top. Hib. De Clericis et Monasticis.*

And here I rest my case.

I have seen thee, dark and darker,  
In the Lake a pointed marker ;\*  
With thy woods and caves fantastic,  
And thy solemn walls monastic ;  
While from rock to rock the dashing  
Of the torrent's ceaseless plashing  
Made a rude and worldly riot,  
To oppose their blessed quiet.  
These are sights and sounds impressive,  
Which could make me grow digressive ;  
But the limits of a letter  
Are a kind of mental fetter.

Dear Killarney—thy well-wisher  
And admirer, Mr. Fisher,  
For the pocket most compactly  
Has thy Legends framed exactly.  
Let me offer my petition  
On behalf of his Edition :  
Be a patronizing creature ;  
To thy guests 'twill serve as teacher ;  
For no doubt the merry summer  
Will bring many a new-comer,  
Who'll about, wish to be guided ;  
Just as once, you know, that I did,  
In the full and true conviction,  
That of pleasure, half is fiction.

T. C. C.

*The Rosery, Barnes, Surrey,*  
1st May, 1831.

\* The long and narrow peninsula of Mucruss stretches nearly across the Lake.

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Old Weir Bridge.  
 The Devil's Punchbowl.  
 The Glen of the Horse.



# KILLARNEY LEGENDS.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### THE INN.

TAKING it for granted, that when people go to see the Lakes of Killarney, they do not intend making a very serious business of the excursion, but rather desire, while their eyes are pleased with romantic scenery, that their ears should be tickled by legendary tales ; taking, I say, this broad assertion for granted, and further, that romantic scenery and legendary tales should go hand in hand with each other, it is certainly extraordinary that no guide-book should exist for the local traditions of Killarney.

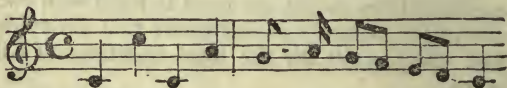
Weld's is an excellent volume—" the work of a gentleman and a scholar, which merits a place in every library." Wright's is a convenient hand-book for the lakes ; and there are, beside, other accounts of Killarney well enough in their way. But though these volumes respectively state the names of the rocks, the islands, and the mountains,

and, in the true spirit of guides, describe in glowing language various scenic effects,—does Weld. or Wright, or Smith, or Bushe, or even the fair minstrel, Miss Luby, or the accomplished Hannah Maria Bourke, in her seven cantos about “them days” of O’Donoghue, or Leslie’s quarto, or O’Conner’s, or O’Kelly’s, or O’Sullivan’s octavo verses, or D. S. L.’s Moorish “Harp of Innisfail,” inform their readers of all the legends of the lakes, the islands, and the mountains? Do they relate all the miraculous events which the pious annalists of Innisfallen have omitted to record? Do they ——? In short, a legendary guide-book to Killarney is wanted; and, about to supply the deficiency, you will be so good, kind reader, as to imagine me seated on the box of the Killarney mail-coach, beside Mat Crowley, the driver.

*Boo—boo—boo—moo—hé* sounds the horn, as we rapidly descend the hill of Ballycasheen, and now we pause on the bridge which crosses the little river Aha-hunnig.

“Woe ho, neddy!—Hallo, Riley, why don’t you take off the drag?”

(*Sings*)



Riley, Really, you’re the boy, Riley.

“All right there?—Oh bad luck to you, Riley!”

“Why, then, just keep your wishes of bad luck for yourself, Mat Crowley, if you please, can’t you?”

A pretty scene this—the stream, issuing from a wooded glen on the right, brawls along to the left,

until it joins the broad river Flesk. Below the bridge, on the left bank of the stream, is a cottage and farm-yard, backed by an ancient rookery; and above the river Flesk is a wooded hill crowned by the fantastic towers of a modern castle, beyond which appear the rugged mountains that border the southern shore of the far-famed lake of Killarney.

“What castle is that, Crowley?”

“The castle is it? Why, then, ’tis, it is the castle sure enough, without any kind of doubt! Did your honour never hear what Tool, the guard, said to a gentleman that axed him about that same Droumhoomper Castle—that’s the rale name for it, though they calls it Coltsman’s Castle. You must know, sir, it was built by one Mister Coltsman, from London—Coltsman he calls himself now, though they say his rale name is Coleman, and as good a name it is as Coltsman, any day of the week, for a fine leaper Coleman was, as your honour may plainly see on your way to the upper lake—But what matter about his name? he’s a rale good gentleman any how, wherever he is, or whatever name is upon him, Coltsman or Coleman, sure ’tis no matter, for ’tis he has spent the power of money, in giving work to the poor people at the castle; and that is more than can be said of many a one that has a better right nor him. But as I was saying, What’s that? says the gentleman to Tool, just like your honour, pointing over to Coltsman’s Castle. O, says Tool, says he it’s only a bit of *London Pride*\* that grew up on the hill there lately!—Gee-up, countess—just look at the rein, Riley.”

\* Saxifrage, or London Pride, grows profusely on the hills about Killarney.

"Mind your hits, Crowley, it's all up hill. What have we here? Is this building a castle too? It looks like a prison, or—"

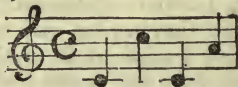
"Fakes, then, 'tis few can make head or tail of it—a quare place it was to build a castle for sartin, and for that very same reason they calls it Cour-tayne's Folly, your honour—by the same token"—But the rest was overpowered by *boo—boo—boo—moo—hé*. The coach dashes by the park gate, and here we are just entering the town of Killarney.

"This is Fair Hill, sir."

"'Fair is foul.'—What wretched cabins!"

"Never mind, sir, we'll be in Killarney directly.

(Sings)



"Riley, really."

Rumble—rumble, we rattle over the paving stones of Hen-street. Every casement thrown open, and every head protruded, to gaze on the arrivals by the Cork mail-coach; and now we draw up in the Main-street, at the coach-office door.

What a crowd, and how clamorous are the beggars! But what are beggars or crowd to the quarrels of rival waiters, who await the arrivals, and who endeavour to carry insides and outsides off, "*vi et armis*," to their respective establishments.

"Your honour won't forget the driver"—

"Only one ha'penny for the fatherless orphins"—

"Sure your lordship's glory will throw a small trifle to the poor widow."

"Oh, then, make way till I see the good gentleman's sweet face, will ye? and my blessing on it; and 'tis his honour is going to give to a poor woman that wants it, and not to the like of ye, for a set of common beggarly blackguards."

"'Tis yourself is the gentlewoman then, Moll Drimen, because your husband was transported for mistaking Mahony's cow—Oh she's a drunken blackguard, your honour, never mind her."

"Something for poor Florry, your worship," cries a fellow with a pair of wooden stumps, mounted upon a ragged coated donkey, "Hurrah for Kerry."

"The poor blind man, deprived of the blessed light of the glorious day."

"Will I carry your honour's trunk?" roars a raggedly inn-runner.

"A pretty time of day we're come to," exclaims another, "when the likes of you pretend to carry a gentleman's portmantle!"

"Don't be after minding either of them, sir, I'm the only boy for your honour."

"This way, sir, to Gorham's Hotel," says Dan Donovan.

"No," cries Dennis Donovan, a square built, black-whiskered waiter, with green spectacles, "no, his honour will go to the Kenmare Arms."

And thus the case stands Daniel *versus* Dennis, each endeavouring to carry off insides and outsides, bag and baggage, running all the time through the whole vocabulary of Irish slang abuse towards each other, and of blarney towards the strangers.



At length a green-coated, black-belted Peeler commands the pace, allays the storm, and affords an opportunity of choice. Mine was to establish myself in Gorham's Hibernian Hotel, and I had no reason to regret it. I beg, however, to say that, in thus particularizing Gorham's, I do not mean any thing to the prejudice of "Master Tommy Finn," proprietor of the well-known Fenmare Arms.

Next to a man's own home, an Inn is the pleasantest place in the world; you are always sure of a welcome, and meet with nothing but smiles from the landlord: smiles and welcome increased in exact proportion to the trouble you give.

Ring the bell—pull away—you're heartily welcome. "Waiter, tell Mr. Gorham I want to speak to him."

"Directly, sir."

"Walk in, Mr. Gorham."

The door opens, and the Gorham appears: a smart, round-faced, prinky little man, in a blue coat, drab trowsers, white socks, and well-polished pumps. His India silk handkerchief, not willing to hide its bright colours and "blush unseen," contrives to thrust forth a graceful corner, as if escaped by accident from its prison-pocket. His chin buried in a snow-white cravat, his head curled according to Jer Sullivan's newest version of the London mode, and with a pair of well-combed whiskers, which a Bond-street dandy might envy; the head thrust forward, the features relaxed into a broad grin of self-satisfaction and smiling complaisance. Imagine all this, I say, and Gorham stands before you.

Behind Mr. Gorham appears his step-son,



Daniel, Danil, or Dan Donovan, for by all these names is he known.

Gorham, (smiling, bowing, rubbing his hands, speaking very fine indeed,) "Do you want me, sare?"

"O! Mr. Gorham, I presume; I want to have some chat with you, but first let me know what I can have for dinner."

Dan Donovan interposing, "Sir, if you want accommodation, sir, there's no place, sir, can please you, sir, like Gorham's Hotel, sir."

"But the dinner, sir?"

"Why, sir, ther's lamb, sir, and beef, sir, and mutton, sir, salmon, sir, and all sorts of v'riety of vegetables, sir."

"Let me see, 'tis said your Kerry mutton is very sweet: a leg of mountain mutton, if you please, and some of your curdy salmon, fresh from the lake, what vegetables you like, of course good wine, and some of your whiskey to wash it down; for, as the poet sings,

"what will make you so merry,

As the dew that is shed on the mountains of Kerry?"

All this time Gorham stood smirking and smiling.

"I should be much obliged to you, Mr. Gorham, to see about a boat for me: to-morrow I intend to visit the lower lake."

"O, sare, Mr. Pool will wait on you after dinner, 'tis he has the care of the boats."—"Good evening, sare."—[Exit Gorham, with a bow and a smile.]—Gorham to Dan Donovan in the hall—"A neat little fellow that, Dan; 'pon my honour, I'll be bail he's a rare sketcher."

Having managed to dine tolerably well on the curdy salmon and mountain mutton, and finished

my bottle of claret, I had just commenced mixing the whisky punch, when Mr. Pool made his appearance. He was an active middle-aged man, dressed in a shooting jacket, knee breeches, and leather galligaskins, and his countenance bore evident tokens of belonging to one who was no enemy to the good things of this life; he had been in the army, had gained a Waterloo medal, and held the place of deputy barrack-master to Mr. Christopher Galway, agent to the earl of Kenmare; and, in addition to his other honours, was lord high admiral of the Lakes of Killarney.

Having, over a tumbler of whiskey punch, bespoke from Mr. Pool a four-oared boat for the ensuing day, and having made it a particular request that Spillane, with his bugle, might be in attendance, I determined on taking a stroll through the town, accompanied by a bare-legged guide, who, since my arrival, had stood at the Inn door most anxiously waiting to know "if my honour would be after going up Mangerton to-morrow morning early."

The town of Killarney being like most other country towns, and as moreover I suppose those who visit Killarney to be possessed of their eyesight, (indeed I never heard but of one blind man who went to *see* the lakes,\*) it will be unnecessary here to enter into minute details. I will, therefore, not detain the reader with an account of its shape, size, and situation, for this every other guide-book has done to a T, but content myself with merely observing, that, for an Irish town, it is remarkably clean.

The principal charm of a ramble through Killarney consists in being accompanied by an

\* This, I believe, was Mr. Holman, the blind traveller.

entertaining guide; one who can put you in possession of the mind of the place, who can tell a good story, and whose local anecdotes, though slight and sketchy, give you a more characteristic idea of the people than could possibly be gained from more laboured accounts. Such a one was Mahony, or, as he was commonly called, Mountain Mahony, a tall sun-burnt lad, with an arch expression of countenance, dressed in liberator uniform of green, which, in truth, had been an old sporting jacket of Gorham's, with a hare-skin cap, peculiarly placed on the left side of his head, having the scut projecting according to the most knowing mode.

In an evening ramble through Killarney, the first thing that will strike a stranger is the number of idle people lounging about the streets, or standing with their backs against the door-posts of the houses and the shop windows. "Why, then, your honour," said Mahony, "isn't Killarney a fine plashe? but if it's a fine plashe now, it was'nt always so, it's myself remimbers, or if I don't, sure my father does well enough, when the ground we're triding on, was a wild boggy spot, all full of running strames; but the ould Lord Kenmare, the lord rist his sowl in glory, gave good incouragement to the people to build; and, sure enough, many a jackeen would'nt be walking the pavemints like gentlemen to-day, if it was'nt for the ould lord's giving farms to their fathers and granfaders, for little or nothing, and all because they only builded a bit of a house; but them were the good lords, that didn't go out of the country, but staid at home and minded the poor people, just for all the world like his honour, Lord Headly—may the Lord reward him for that same:

but, as I was saying, it would be hard enough to get a farm these times, the jantlemen are grown so cute; indeed, then, they know de valy of a penny as well as any poor man of us all. But see if dare is'nt de bishop's house! it's well I recollects a strame in that same plashe, and so well I ought, for 'tis often an often, when I was a little brat of a by, no bigger then a bee's knee, I used to be catching the trouteens, wid a fork, in it. Sure I'll niver see the likes of them days agin, but where's the use in fritting? There's the Convint, your honour, with the popular trees forenent it; 'tis thim are the good ladies lives there; for don't they be always praying, and don't they make eye-water and plashters for the poor people, and keep a school to larn the graws (*children*) the right way?"

By this time we had reached the bridge over the river Dinah, at the end of the new street; from the left bank of the river, looking up the stream, appeared the hill of Bellevue, dotted with trees and orchards, its summit crowned by a modern house, comfortably peeping forth from its sheltering wood; to the right, we had the town, with fields belonging to the inhabitants, and before us stood Galway's mill, backed by the pleasant farm of Ballydowny, and part of the range of hill, on which are the remains of the ancient cathedral of Aghadoe. From the mill, the river ran straight as an arrow, till, passing under the bridge, it was lost to the south amid Lord Kenmare's plantations, commonly called the West Demesne. Immediately beneath us, a bevy of smiling girls, with their petticoats tucked up, were merrily dancing on some clothes which they were thus washing in the river. Along the right



bank of the river ran a broad pathway, called the the Mall.—“That’s the very spot where Darby Minehan saw the fetch of O’Donoghue,” said my guide.

“How was that?” said I.

“Ah, then, I’ll tell you all about it,” replied Mountain Mahony, “for sure I ought to know. The last O’Donoghue—More, of the glens, you see, was taken sick,—very bad, entirely so, that he was obliged to go to one Doctor Gibbins in the city of Cork, all the ways, and a great doctor he was, as I hard tell. Well, sir, while he was in Cork, his ould sarvant, Darby Minehan, you see, was crossing this very bridge of a night, thinking of nothing at all in life surely, but whistling the ould war tune of the O’Donoghues, and a nice tune it is—they calls it the eagle’s whistle; and, oh, if your honour could but hear Mister Gandsey play it! But as I was saying, there was Darby Minehan whistling away like a blackbird in a summer’s morning, only ’twas night at the time he was on the bridge, just where we are standing now, and the moon shining bright as day, when, what would he see but a parcel of bys playing hurley on the mall. ‘Hurrah,’ says Darby, ‘hurrah bys,’ says he, ‘here’s the lauve laider (*strong hand*) for you,’—making over to join the fun, for he was mortal fond of that same hurley. But when he came up to them, the Lord presarve us, who should they be but a parcel of dead people, and O’Donoghue’s fetch in the middle of them all, pucking the ball about like a May-boy.”

“You may be sure it was Darby was frightened, when the fetch walked up to him, ‘I’ve a message for you, Darby,’ says he, ‘You must go to

Father Norris the friar, and tell him that he's the only man to cure O'Donoghue, if he'll only make use of a charm he knows himself.' 'I will do that same surely, your honour,' says Darby, and away he legged to the friar as fast as foot could carry him, for glad enough he was to be rid of the fetch. When Father Norris heard the whole story from Darby, he only laughed at it, and said, he wouldn't meddle with charms for the world. But 'twas no laughing matter, for O'Donoghue was taken away; and by the same token, the greatest berrin 'twas that ever was known to be in the ould Abbey of Mucruss. But what makes the story curus is, that Father Norris himself dropped down dead in the street, just at the door of Tom Sullivan's shop; and, beyond any kind of doubt, it was because he wouldn't do the fetch's bidding."

On the conclusion of Mahony's wonderful story, I was about to return to the inn, when he interposed with—"Sure, it wouldn't be going back your honour would be, widout seeing the West Demesne, and it's only a bit of a step to the hill of Knockrear, where there's the finest prospect in all the wide world. And isn't there Clough na Cuddy on that same hill where the ould friar from Innisfallen slept for a hundred years and a day, and it's myself will show you the very spot, and the hole that was made in the stone by his two knees, for he was a blessed man, and 'twas praying he was when he was overtaken by the sleep." Unable to resist Mahony's importunities, and seeing there was yet sufficient light to enjoy "the finest prospect in all the wide world," I consented to visit Clough na Cuddy and Knockrear. We therefore entered the Demesne, by an iron gate,



a few yards from the bridge. Passing the lodge, we turned to the right, and proceeded along a path cut on the side of the hill, for which, and many other pleasing improvements, the Demesne is indebted to the taste of Lady Kenmare.

Having ascended the hill, the lower lake lay spread before me in all its beauty, dotted and gemmed with islands, its southern shore bounded by noble mountains, the western sky illumined by the bright tints of a setting sun, which threw over the dark breast of Toomies a glow of the most transparent purple, and, to complete the scene, a returning barge swept over the calm bosom of the lake, to the measured tones of a keyed bugle:—

Killarney ! all hail to thee, land of the mountain,  
Where roves the red deer o'er a hundred hill-tops,  
Or silently views, from the depth of the fountain,  
His image reflected at eve when he stops.

Where the monarch of birds, from his throne on the rock,  
Ere he soars, 'mid the storm, sends his wild scream afar ;  
Where the waterfall rushes with fierce foamy shock,  
And echo redoubles the sound of its war.

O, who has not heard of thee, land of the lake ?  
And who that has seen, but enshrines in his heart  
The glow of thy charms, and those feelings which wake  
At a scene such as this, with a magical start.

The rush of thy torrents are sweet to my ear,  
Thy lakes and their wooded isles dear to my sight,  
Thy mountains majestic, thy rivulets clear,  
Alternately flowing 'mid shadows and light.

Thy wide-spreading woods—yonder mountain's green pall,  
The mellow-toned bugle, the dip of the oar,  
Sweet sights and sweet sounds, on my spirits ye fall,  
And wake me to gladness and music once more.

Advancing through a pretty plantation, we soon reached Clough na Cuddy, a large stone with two capsular hollows in it, which were half filled with

water. A few stunted trees and bushes grew around it, upon one of which several rags were hung, as is usual in Ireland, near places that are considered holy. Whilst I was occupied in looking at the stone, an old woman, who stood near it, exclaimed—

“Oh, then, isn't it the blessed stone itself? and there are the two holes down in it, to be sure, where the holy friar knelt at his devotions.” And she began to scatter some crumbs upon the ground, to which the little birds, from the neighbouring bushes, immediately flew with all the fearlessness of conscious security.”

“Ah, then',” said their feeder, “ye're a blessed race, and 'tis good right ye have to know this place, and it would be a mortal sin to hurt or to harm ye—but what are ye to the little bird that sang to the holy friar for as good as two hundred years?”

“That, indeed, was a wonderful bird,” said I, “and, my good woman, if you have no objection, I should like very much to know all about it.”

“No objection in life, your honour. Well, then, many years ago, there was a very religious and holy man, one of the monks of a convent hereabouts, and he was one day kneeling at his prayers in the garden of his monastery, when he heard a little bird singing in one of the rose-trees of the garden, and there never was any thing that he had heard in the world so sweet as the song of that little bird.

“And the holy man rose up from his knees, where he had been kneeling at his prayers, to listen to its song, for he thought he never in all his life heard any thing so heavenly.

“And the little bird, after singing for some

time longer in the rose-tree, flew away to a grove at some distance from the monastery; and the holy man followed it, to listen to its singing; for he felt as if he never could be tired of listening to the sweet song which it was singing out of its little throat.

“And the little bird, after that, went away to another distant tree, and sung there for a while, and then again to another tree, and so on in the same manner, but ever farther and farther away from the monastery, and the holy man still following it farther, and farther, and farther, still listening delighted to its enchanting song.

“But at last he was obliged to give up, as it was growing late in the day, and he returned to the convent; and as he approached it in the evening, the sun was setting in the west with all the most heavenly colours that were ever seen in all this world, and when he came into the convent it was nightfall.

“And he was quite surprised at every thing he saw; for they were all strange faces about him in the monastery, that he had never seen before, and the very place itself, and every thing about it, seemed entirely different from what it was when he left in the morning; and the garden was not like the garden where he had been kneeling at his devotions, when he first heard the singing of the little bird.

“And while he was wondering at all that he saw, one of the monks of the convent came up to him, and the holy man questioned him—‘Brother, what is the cause of all these strange changes that have taken place here since the morning?’

“And the monk that he spoke to seemed to wonder greatly at his question, and asked him

what he meant by the changes since morning ; for sure there was no change, that all was just as before ; and then he said, ‘ Brother, why do you ask these strange questions, and what is your name ? for you wear the habit of our order, though we have never seen you before.’

“ So, upon this, the holy man told his name, and that he had been at mass in the chapel in the morning, before he had wandered away from the garden, listening to the song of a little bird, that was singing among the rose-trees, near where he was kneeling at his prayers.

“ And the brother, while he was speaking, gazed at him very earnestly, and then told him that there was in the convent a tradition of a brother of his name, who had left it two hundred years before, but that what had become of him was never known.

“ And while he was speaking, the holy man said, ‘ My hour of death is come ; blessed be the name of the Lord, for all his mercies to me, through the merits of his only begotten Son.’

“ And he kneeled down that very moment, and said, ‘ Brother, take my confession, and give me absolution, for my soul is departing.’

“ And he made his confession, and received his absolution, and was anointed, and before midnight he died.

“ The little bird, you see, was an angel, one of the cherubim or seraphim ; and that was the way the Almighty was pleased in his mercy to take to himself the soul of that holy man.

“ And there before you is the stone where he knelt all the time of his sleep, or his enchantment, or whatever it was ; and there are the prints of that holy man’s knees in the stone.”

It was almost dark when I reached Gorham's Hotel.

"Will your honour be for Mangerton in the morning early?" said Mahony at parting.

"No, not to-morrow, Mahony, I am going on the lower lake—but what music is this?"

Terralilira—Terralie—week-we-hum—bum—bum boodle boo.—I listened more attentively, and heard an excellent performer indeed.

"Waiter, who is the bagpipe player?"

"O, sir, that's Mister Gandsey, Lord Headly's own piper—if you want real music, sir, 'tis he that can give it to you in style."

"What Gandsey, of whose pipes I have heard so much!—pray tell Mister Gandsey I shall be most glad of his company."

The person thus invited soon made his appearance: he was blind, and entered the room leaning on his son; but though blind, the light of genius beamed from his countenance, so as to render his want of sight scarcely perceptible. In addition to Gandsey's talents as a musician, (which, if not of the highest, are of a highly respectable order,) he can tell a good story, sing a good song, and cap Latin verses with any man in the classical County of Kerry.

I had a most delicious evening with Gandsey and his pipes. He played for me one old Irish air after another, accompanied with much skill and taste by his son on the violin; and he told me their traditionary histories.

"Good night, Gandsey—good night, I hope to see you again to-morrow—many thanks for your music—Bless me, 'tis just twelve o'clock, I did not think it was ten; really you have given additional wings to time."

"Much obliged to you, sir—good night, sir."



## CHAPTER II.

## THE EMBARKATION.

A FINE day any where is a fine thing; but a fine day at Killarney is the finest of all possible things. Only see how clear the mountain looks, with but one little silvery cloud sleeping in the hollow of the Devil's Punchbowl, the broad face of the sun smiling on it, as if he was just going to say, "You brat of a cloud, I'll swallow you up in a twinkling."

It would be a pity to lose a moment—"Hallo, Gorham, breakfast, breakfast, all in a hurry, if you please; tea, coffee, bread, butter, toast, eggs, ham, honey, salmon, all very good—is every thing ready, Gorham?"

"Yes, sare."

Away we go then, Tom Plunket, Lord Kenmare's own coxswain, on one hand, Spillane on the other, two of the boatmen in advance, each bearing a great basket of prog, another of the boatmen behind, with a boat cloak thrown over his arm, and, as I soon found, ready to put in his word on all occasions. "That's Lord Kenmare's house, sir," said Plunket, at the same time pointing from the Haha to an old-fashioned mansion on the right. "And there," said Spillane, a handsome military-looking man, "and there, sir, to the left, beyond the avenue, you may see the park-house looking out of the oak wood."



“Where does that road lead?” said I, pointing to a road on the left of the one we were pursuing.

“The road is it?” said the man with the cloak; ‘why, then, what road should it be, but the road to Sunday’s Well: a fine well it is, and a blessed place, for sure they say, though myself never see it, that if one was to go there at peep of day on an Easter Sunday, they’d see the sun dancing a jig on the rim of the sky for joy; and I suppose that’s the reason they calls it Sunday’s Well.”

“That’s a pretty row of trees, Plunket.”

“Yes, sir, they were planted by Lord Kenmare’s grandfather, along the Mucruss road there, for he was mighty fond of all sorts of improvements; and, to be sure, they do look mighty fine, with their branches making a roof over the road; and this tree here by itself, just at the corner of the Ross road, they calls it the big tree; it was planted just when the Lordeen’s father was born; a bad place it is to pass at night, for they say many an evil kind of thing do be seen here, and, for certain, I never pass it myself without a knife in my pocket, for steel and iron they say’s good again’ enchantment.”

By this time we had turned the corner of the Demesne wall, and entered on the Ross road, from whence there was a magnificent mountain view—Mangerton, broad and bare, the pointed Turk, behind which appeared part of Cromiglaun trending away towards the mountains of the Upper Lake. The Eagle’s Nest, the broken and tufted side of Glenà, and the broad breast of Toomies, beyond which were seen a few points of Macgillicuddy’s Reeks. The clearness of the sky served to mark more distinctly the rugged out-

lines of those gigantic hills, while the intense brightness of the sun caused the air to appear like a lucid veil drawn before the bend of the amphitheatre.

"What's your name?" said I to the man with the cloak, as we proceeded leisurely along the Ross road.

"Fakes then, I've a very good name with me; Doolan, at your honour's sarvice."

"They calls him Doolan O'Donoghue, sir," said Plunket, with a smile.

"O'Donoghue!" said I, "he was a chief who became enchanted I think, and sometimes appears upon the lake."

"Why, then, your honour may say that," replied Doolan, with some earnestness, "and that's the reason they put the name of O'Donoghue upon me."

"Oh, he couldn't appear at all," said Plunket, "without Doolan, who's an old friend of his, and knows more about him than any man on the lakes."

"May be it's on your picky you are this morning," said Doolan, "but many's the true word is said on purpose, and 'tis I that knows my own know in spite of the nation."

"Then, Doolan, as you know so much about him, I suppose you must have seen O'Donoghue."

"See him is it? mãy be I didn't, why; but no matter for that, Tim Shea saw him any how, and went of messages for him; and saw the great hurling match on the lake. May be your honour never heard of the hurlers of Loch Lane."

"No, indeed, Doolan."

"Why, then, I'll tell you all about how I came by the knowledge of it myself. It was a long

time ago I was out fishing on the lake with a jantleman—a good jantleman he was, that didn't spare a drop of the cratur on a poor man. But, as I was saying, we was out fishing; the lake was smooth as a looking-glass, and we got on mighty well till the heel of the evening, when the big black clouds, bad luck to them, began to gather about Toomies; besides, there was an ugly swell upon the water, and the wind began to cuggar\* like mad among the mountains. 'We're going to have a rout,' says I, 'so the best way's to make the land as fast as we can.' 'Pull away, then, like a gay fellow,' says the jantleman; and sure enough I did pull for the bare life; but, as bad fortin would have it, down came the storm before we got half-way. Och, it was it that did make the clatter, and our boat was tossed about like a porpus in the sea; and, to make bad worse, it began to rain like thunder, and it grew as dark as the dickins. Well, just as the hope was going out of me, there came a big wave and bounced us high and dry on Reen shore; if your honour'll throw an eye across the bog, you'll see the very spot. Glad enough we were to find ourselves there, but seeing we hadn't a dry tack on us, we made for Jack Looney's cabin. Jack Looney lived at Reen in them days, and a dacent by he was. It was he was surprised to see us, and made an elegant fire up with turf and bog deal; and it was we was glad enough to turn ourselves before it, like a pair of geese of a Michaelmas Sunday.

" 'Indeed then, your honour had great good luck at your side that you wasn't drowned; and so you had,' said Jack to the jantleman, 'and 'tis

\* Literally, to whisper.

I that have all the bad fortune; for isn't there all my poor cattle down by the lake yonder there, with never a bit of shelter from the storm? wisha, then,' says he, 'wisha, then, all sorts of bad luck to you, Tim Shea, for laving 'em there. But I won't be after putting up with you any longer, for you havn't the heart of a chicken ever since the night you saw O'Donoghue.'

"Tim Shea, who was quietly smoking in the chimney corner, started up, and took the pipe from his mouth, in a huff—'Why, then, is it out of your senses you are, Jack Looney,' says he, 'that you'd be after talking in that kind of way? Fakes then, as stout as you are, may be you wouldn't like to be driving over the country of messages for O'Donoghue.—Chicken, indeed! if I hadn't a heart as big as twenty, I'd be kilt entirely by that thief of a big white horse; and his honour there,' said Tim to the jantleman, 'would say the same, if he knew but the half of what I could tell him.'

"Then the jantleman up and tould Tim, that as he was to be refaree man, he expected to hear the whole story—so with that Tim put his pipe into a hole in the hob, and began the history of his advintures.

"'It was,' said he, 'as beautiful a moonlight night as ever came out of the heavens, that I happened to be sitting on a rock by the lake side, watching Jack Looney's cattle; for, besides that, some ramskallianly thieves were playing the dunnus\* in the country; your honour must know that the fences were so bad, there was no keeping the black cow out of pound. Well, as I was saying, it was a beautiful night, and I was sitting

\* Mischief.

on a rock looking at the cattle that were grazing about; and when I got tired of that, I turned about to the lake, that was as still as any thing, with the moon and the stars shining in it, just for all the world as if there was another sky in the bottom of it. But it wasn't long until I began to get quite lonesome like; for there was the big black mountains, with the white mist circling about them, that looked like so many ghosts; besides the dark islands and gray rocks in the lake were the dismallest things in life, and their shadows that were dancing a moneen\* on the water, brought O'Donoghue and his hurlers into my head, so that I began to think what I should do if O'Donoghue was to come up to me; for though they say it's lucky to see him, I didn't much like the thoughts of it then. But that was little good for me; for before long I see something white waving on the lake at a great distance; but I thought I should have died with the fright when it came near me, and I saw O'Donoghue himself riding like mad on a big white horse. Up he comes to me, and, without as much as 'by your lave,' 'Tim Shea,' says he, 'you must go of a message for me; you must carry this letter to the county Waterford.' 'To Waterford! my lord sir,' says I, 'and what to do to Waterford? yarra, then, good Mr. O'Donoghue, don't be after sending a poor gomalt† like me such a journey this blessed night.' 'You thief, you,' says he, 'don't you know I'm O'Donoghue? I'll tache you better manners than to be mistering me: so, for that very word, you must be off in a minute, or may be it would be worse with you.

\* A jig, from *Moin-turf*, for a dance upon the turf.

† A fool.



And what are you frightened at, you spalpeen? Won't I mind the cattle till you come back? and won't I lend you my own horse? so that you'll be better mounted than e'er a gentleman in the kingdom.' And that was true enough for him; for he was a beautiful horse as you'd meet in a month of Sundays, and had silver shoes upon him, and gold sturrops, and little gold and silver bells upon his bridle, that jingled with every stir of him. So with that, down he jumps off of the horse, and makes no more to do, but heaves me upon his back. 'Tim Shea, put this letter in your sprau,\* and when the horse stops in front of a big castle, give it to the first that'll open the door, and bring me back an answer,' says he. 'I will, your honour,' says I. 'Hould tight and be off; hurroo, coppul bawn†,' says he, and away we flew like the wind. Indeed, then, it gave me enough to do to stick on his back, though I held tight by the neck; for my head was bothered with the jingling of the bells, and he went so fast that he almost knocked the breath out of me. Well, sir, away we flew, and we flew, till we came to the sweet county Waterford; when, what should my thief of a horse do, but make for a big cliff that hang'd over the sea; so, when I see where he was going, I thought it was all over with me. 'Ah, then, my beautiful baste,' says I, 'wouldn't you be after turning some other way?' But the unnatural creature took no more notice of me than if I was a Jew or a heathen just; but when he comes to the edge of the cliff, he turns up his snout and gave a great snort, down he leapt with me all at once clean into the middle of the wide ocean. Splash, splash, went the water, and down

\* Purse or pouch.

† White horse.



we went to the bottom; when, where would I find myself, but in the middle of a fine city. So up we went through the street, and all the people staring at us, until we came in front of a big castle, and there we stopt at last, and my coppul bawn began to jingle his bells, like a May boy, till the door was opened, and out walks an elegant lady. 'What's your business, Tim Shea?' says she, for they all seemed to know me as well as if I was bred and born among them. 'Wisha, then, nothing at all, my lady,' says I, 'only a bit of a note from O'Donoghue.' 'Give it here,' says she, 'and I'll bring you an answer in a minute.' So with that in she went, and it wasn't long till she came out again with the answer; and, as soon as I had it safe, away went my coppul bawn as fast as ever. Well, sir, it wasn't long till he brought me back again to the big rock, by the lake side; and sure it was I that was glad to see it; and as soon as he came up to O'Donoghue, he gives himself a shake, and makes no more of tossing me off than if I was a straw. 'Where's the answer, Tim?' says O'Donoghue. 'Here, your honour,' says I, as soon as I could get breath to spake. 'Well, Tim,' says he, when he read it, 'you'll see some fun soon, for the boys from Waterford are coming, and there'll be as fine a hurling match as ever you see; but which ever way it goes, don't let a word out of your two lips, if you haven't a mind to sup sorrow.'

" 'So with that up he gets on his white horse, and away he gallops into the lake. 'Joy be with you,' says I, 'I'm fairly rid of you at last.' But the words were hardly out of my mouth, when the lake was covered over with O'Donoghue's

people; and it wasn't long till the boys from Waterford rushed by in a whirlwind, and so to it they went.

“ ‘It would do your heart good to see the beautiful ball and hurleys they had, and to hear the shouts of ’em, as they pucked it about from one end of the lake to the other, till at last the Waterford boys began to get the better of the Kerry men. ‘Blug-a-bouns! what are you about, O’Donoghue?’ says I, quite forgetting that I wasn’t to spake; but if I did, so well I paid for it, for up jumped a big ugly-looking fellow, and hits me a rap over the head with his hurley. Down I dropt as dead as a herring; and when I came to myself, there was nothing to be seen but the gray mist of the morning, creeping calmly along the lake, and the cattle that were quietly grazing around me. But you see, your honour, I’ve a good right to keep a civil distance from the lake after nightfall any how; for sure it was, I was bothered the whole night with O’Donoghue and his hurlers, and his white horse, and messages, and cities in the sea; but ’twill be many a long day till they catch me agin.’—That’s Tim Shea’s story, sir,” said Doolan, as we gained the bridge which connects Ross Island with the main land, from which it is only separated by a cut, evidently made for a defence to the castle. Turning to the right, we passed on to the quay at the back of the castle, where we were to embark, after having walked about an English mile and a half, or, as an Irishman would call it, a good mile.

“ Good morning, Mr. Pool, but where’s the boat?”

“ O, sir, it hasn’t come over from the boat-

house yet, but it will be here directly, and in the mean time you can look at the castle, if you please—here's the key, Doolan." Upon this we entered the tower of the castle, and, ascending a flight of stone steps, reached a large room on its upper floor.

"This was O'Donoghue's room, your honour," said Doolan, "and sure a snug room it was in its day, for all it looks so cold and comfortless now; and there, doesn't you see the blood on them stones, where O'Donoghue killed the soldiers that didn't believe in him at all, at all; but sure that was no wonder, for wasn't they black *Sasenaghs* (Saxons)? but for the matter of that, may be your honour wouldn't be a Catholic either." Here Doolan paused, in expectation of a reply, but receiving none, recommenced as follows:—

"They wouldn't believe in O'Donoghue, so nothing would do them, but out of bravery, they should sleep in the stone room here, and so well they paid for it, for O'Donoghue came in the middle of the night, and knocked both their brains out agin the wall; and sure isn't the blood on the stones to this very day, for all the water in the lake wouldn't wash it out. And there, your honour, is the very windy O'Donoghue leaped out of when he was enchanted."

"Ay, I want to hear about his enchantment, Doolan."

"Why, your honour must know,"—

*To—too—tooty—too—too—tur—croo——*

"There's Spillane's bugle soundin, to let your honour know the boat's riddy." So without waiting for the story, we descended to the quay, where we found a pretty four-oared barge, gently

rocking on the undulating surface of the water, which broke with a pleasing murmur against the rocky shore. The cockswain was already in his place, Spillane seated in the bow, and the boat manned by as stout a crew as ever pulled an oar, so away we went without a moment's delay.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE EXCURSION.

“WHAT house is that?” said I to the cockswain, as we left the quay of Ross, and swept rapidly across the water.

“Is it that perched upon the rock, and peeping out of the trees? that’s the boat-keeper’s house, sir, and there’s the boat-house just under it, you see, by the water’s side, as handy as can be.” Shortly after passing it, the boatmen paused upon their oars; the barge floated calmly in the shadow of a fantastic rock, and Spillane suddenly awakened the echo of the castle, whose ancient walls returned distinctly the wild notes of his bugle.”

Scarcely had Spillane concluded, when Thady Begly, a mahogany-faced, broad-shouldered boatman, started up with—“Will I give your honour Paddy Blake’s echo?” and without waiting a reply, put his hand to his mouth and halloed—

“How are you, Paddy Blake? Very well, I thank you.

*Echo.* Well, I thank you.

“We’ve on board a good gentleman.”

*Echo.* Good gentleman.

“And sure he has plenty of Tommy Walker for the boatmen.”



*Echo.* Tommy Walker for the boatmen.

“There, now why, do you hear what Paddy Blake says?” said Begly, as he resumed his seat.

The hint was not to be misunderstood—“Oh, certainly, Mister Plunket, by all means give the men a glass of whiskey.” While “their allowance,” as they called it, was serving out, I took Wright’s Guide-book from my pocket, and read the following account of the sounds which I had just heard: “The first echo is returned from the castle, the second from the ruined church of Aghadoe, the third from Mangerton, and afterwards innumerable reverberations are distinguished, which appear like the faded brilliancy of an extremely multiplied reflection, lost by distance and repetition.”

“That’s a fine-sounding sentence,” said I; and read on till I came to “the obstruction of the sound by hills at different distances, situated as it were in the peripheries of a series of concentric circles, is consequently adapted to the creation of numerous reflections.”

“That is quite satisfactory,” said I, as I closed the book.

Inspired by the whiskey, the men stretched stoutly to their oars, and we shot gaily by the shore of Ross, where sometimes little marshy meadows opened to the view, surrounded by wood and rock, which frequently approached the water’s edge, and often overhung it: while, on the other side, we had a large bog, Reen Cottage, and Cherry Island, backed by part of “the Demesne,” Bellevue Hill, and Prospect Hall.

“There’s O’Donoghue’s pigeon-house, sir,” said Plunket, pointing to a large mass of insulated rock close to the shore of Ross.



“And there,” said Doolan, pointing to a number of huge book-shaped stones, which lay scattered along the shore, “and there’s O’Donoghue’s library.”

“Indeed, Doolan ! he must have had a hard study of it, then. But where’s the story about O’Donoghue’s enchantment ?”

“Sure enough, your honour, I’ll tell you the whole story just as it happened. You must know, then, that O’Donoghue was mighty rich, and powerful he was, and kept a brave house in his day, in the ould castle of Ross that’s yonder there ; and, moreover and above, ’tis said he was the wisest man of his time, and could do wonders by the power of the black art. With all his art, however, he couldn’t help growing ould ; so, not liking to die, he thought he’d try if he couldn’t make himself young again. Up he goes to the top of his castle, and shuts himself up in a room, with his black book, for as good as seven weeks. Nobody knew what he was doing all that time, or how he lived, till, at the end of the seven weeks, he called for his wife. Well, sir, up she went to him, and then he tould her what he was about—how he had a mind to grow young again, that there was but one way of doing it, and that he wanted her help. ‘Do you see that tub ?’ says he ; ‘well, you must cut me to pieces, and put me into it, lock the door, and in seven weeks’ time you’ll find me alive and well, but no bigger than a three-years-ould child.’ ‘I will,’ says she. ‘Oh, but I must have a trial of you first,’ says he, ‘for if you was to get frightened, it would be all over with me.’ So with that he takes his black book. ‘Now,’ says he, ‘I’m going to read, and if you cry out at any thing you see, I’ll be taken away from you for

ever.' Well, sir, while he was reading, the frightfullest things in the world made their appearance, and there was a noise as if the whole castle was going to pieces. The lady, however, stood it out manfully for a long time, till she saw her own child lying dead on the table before her; then she was frightened in earnest, and gave a great shriek; upon which the castle shook like a leaf, and O'Donoghue, leaping out of the windy, disappeared in the waves of Loch Lane. His horse, his table, his library, were all taken away at the same time, and may be seen at different parts of the lake turned into stone. That's the way O'Donoghue was enchanted; and 'tis said that he now lives in a brave palace at the bottom of the lake."

By this time our boat was smoothly gliding under a large insular rock, which rises to a considerable height above the surrounding water, and which Plunket called my attention to, as O'Donoghue's prison.

"Once upon a time, sir," said he, "there was a young lady, the most beautifullest young cratur what could be, and she was runned away with by a great murdering outlaw, of the name of Carthy. Well, sir, that was very well. But what does O'Donoghue do, for 'twas before the time he was enchanted, but he swears by this and by that, that if he caught Carthy, he'd make a holy show of him. For what business had a blackguard like him, that was living up and down about the country, to carry off a young lady born and bred? And so he fixed two great iron rings into the top of this rock here, and got Shaune Gow (Jack the smith) to make a thunder-boult of a chain, and says he to his men, says he—"

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Engraved by J. C. F. Hyatt from a sketch by Alfred Nicholson

# O'SULLIVAN'S CASCADE.

But the rest of the story has escaped my memory.

Proceeding onwards towards the base of Toomies mountain, we left the prison rock behind us. To our right lay Innisfallen—the delicious Innisfallen!

On our left was Philequilla point, and the Mouse Island. “A darling little spot, sir, isn’t it?” said Doolan, taking the stump of a pipe from his mouth, quietly shaking out the ashes against the gunwale of the boat, and then depositing it in his waistcoat pocket, “a darling little spot surely.”

“But why is it called Mouse Island?” said I.

“Sure then, for all the world,” replied Doolan, “an’t it like a beautiful little mouse among the other islands upon the lake.”

We soon got within the shadow of the broad breasted Toomies, whose inverted summit seemed to descend into the water beneath; and just as we approached its wooded base, Spillane, standing up, played most sweetly upon his bugle, “The meeting of the waters,” while, as if in unison with the melody, the dash of an invisible cataract was heard among the trees.

“What are we to land here for?” said I to the cockswain.

“Only just to show your honour O’Sullivan’s cascade,” was the reply. “Here, Doolan, show the gentleman the way.”

Accordingly, ascending a rugged path through the wood, we soon reached the foot of the fall.

“Isn’t that as fine a sight as you’d meet with in a month of Sundays,” said Doolan. “Only see how the white water comes biling like a pot of praties over the big black rocks; down it comes,



one tumble over the other, the green trees all the while stretching out their arms as if they wanted to stop it. And then it makes such a dickins of a nise as it pounces into that black pool at the bottom, that it's enough to bother the brains of a man entirely. Why, then, isn't it a wonder how all that water sprung up out of the mountain; for sure, isn't there a bit of a lake above there, in the hollow of the hill, that the waterfall comes out of,—they calls it O'Sullivan's punchbowl."

"And, pray, who was this O'Sullivan, that had such a capacious punchbowl?"

"Och, then, 'tis he's the fine portly looking jantleman, and has a vice (voice) as big as twenty; 'twould do your heart good to hear the cry of him on a stag-hunt day, making the mountain ring again."

"Well, Doolan, you haven't told me all this time who O'Sullivan is."

"Why, then, that's the quare question for your honour to be after axing me. Sure all the country knows O'Sullivan of Toomies, for didn't him, and his father before him, live at the butt end of the mountain, near the neck of the Lawn; and wasn't they great chieftains in the ould times; and hadn't they a great stretch of country to themselves: they haven't so much now, for their hearts were too big for their manes (means;) and that's the rason O'Sullivan was obligated to sell this part of the mountain to Mr. Herbert of Mucruss."

"A sad story this, Doolan; but it seems to me these O'Sullivans must have been very fond of a bowl of punch, or why is the lake you have mentioned called O'Sullivan's punchbowl?"

“ Oh, then, your honour’s as sharp as a needle entirely; but about that same lake it’s a quare story sure enough. A long time before there was a waterfall here at all, one of the rale ould O’Sullivan was out all day hunting the red deer among the mountains. Well, sir, just as he was getting quite weary, and was wishing for a drop of the cratur to put him in spirits—”

“ Or spirits into him,” said I.

“ Oh, sure, ’tis all the same thing,” returned Doolan with a grin, intended for a smile. “ ’Tis all one surely, if a man can only have the drop when he wants it. Well, what should O’Sullivan see but the most beautiful stag that ever was seen before or since in this world; for he was as big as a colt, and had horns upon him like a weaver’s beam, and a collar of real red gold round his neck. Away went the stag, and away went the dogs after him full cry, and O’Sullivan after the dogs, for he was determined to have that beautiful fine stag; and though, as I said, he was tired and weary enough, you’d think the sight of that stag put fresh life into him. A pretty bit of a dance he led him, for he was an enchanted stag. Away he went entirely off by Macgillicuddy’s Reeks, round by the mountains of the Upper Lake, crossed the river by the Eagle’s Nest, and never stopped nor staid till he came to where the punch-bowl is now.

“ When O’Sullivan came to the same place he was fairly ready to drop, and for certain that was no wonder; but what vexed him more than all was to find his dogs at fault, and the never a bit of a stag to be seen high nor low. Well, my dear sowl, he didn’t know what to make of it, and seeing there was no use in staying there, and it

so late, he whistled his dogs to him, and was just going to go home. The moon was just setting behind the top of the mountain, shedding her light, broad and bright, over the edge of the wood and down on the lake, which was like a sheet of silver, except where the islands threw their black shadows on the water.

“ O’Sullivan looked about him, and began to grow quite dismal in himself, for sure it was a lonesome sight, and besides he had a sort of dread upon him, though he couldn’t tell the reason why. So not liking to stay there, as I said before, he was just going to make the best of his way home, when, who should he see, but Fuan Mac Cool (Fingal) standing like a big joint (giant) on the top of a rock.

“ ‘ Hallo, O’Sullivan,’ says he, ‘ where are you going so fast?’ says he; ‘ Come back with me,’ says he, ‘ I want to have some talk with you.’ You may be sure it was O’Sullivan was amazed, and a little bit frightened too, though he wouldn’t pertind to it; and it would be no wonder if he was; for if O’Sullivan had a big vice (voice) Fuan Mac Cool had a bigger ten times, and it made the mountains shake again like thunder.

“ ‘ What do you want with me?’ says O’Sullivan, at the same time putting on as bould a face as he could.

“ ‘ I want to know what business you had hunting my stag?’ says Fuan, ‘ by the vestment,’ says he, ‘ if ’twas any one else but yourself, O’Sullivan, I’d play the red vengeance with him. But, as you’re one of the right sort, I’ll pass it over this time; and, as my stag has led you a pretty dance over the mountains, I’ll give you a drop of good drink, O’Sullivan; only take my

advice, and never hunt my stag again.' Then Fuan Mac Cool stamped with his foot, and all of a sudden, just in the hollow which his foot made in the mountain, there came up a little lake, which tumbled down the rocks, and made the waterfall. When O'Sullivan went to take a drink of it, what should it be but rale whiskey punch; and it staid the same way, running with whiskey punch, morning, noon, and night, until the Sassenaghs\* came into the country, when all at once it was turned to water, though it goes still by the name of 'O'Sullivan's Punchbowl.' "

On our return to the boat, two or three bare-footed sun-burnt damsels started out of the wood, with—"Won't your honour have some hurts?" Not wishing, however, for any hurts, (*anglicè*, bilberries,) we re-embarked; and, after comforting the crew with another glass of whiskey, pursued our excursion.

The day, during our absence, had changed; dark clouds scudded through the sky, and the water was broken into little waves, which murmured against the shore. The scene, however, was improved by the sweeps of light and shadow; and for a short time I noticed a very peculiar effect: the rays of the sun, darting directly through a rift in one of the dark clouds, illumined a little circular spot on the water; within this circle the waves appeared leaping up with a dazzling brilliancy, while all around was thrown into deep gloom.

Proceeding eastward along the base of the mountain, we soon came under that part of it called the "Minister's Back," and in a short time

\* Saxons—the English.

gained the Stag and Arbutus Islands, which lie close to the shore, and, at a little distance, look like a continuation of the mountain. And here, while I employed myself in gathering some sprigs of arbutus, which struck my fancy, Plunket commenced as follows, respecting what he called the arrabutus :—

“ The arrabutus, you see, sir,” said he, “ is the strawberry tree. And arn’t the little red berries that is upon it for all the world like strawberries, only they don’t be upon the ground. It grows wild hereabouts upon the naked rocks, without the least taste of earth in life ; and sometimes you will see a tree fairly rising up out of the water. Only the Lake of Killarney isn’t a sea, like the wide ocean—there would be some sense in what the ould woman, who thought to puzzle the young man, axed him. Did you ever hear her question and his answer to it, which was a mighty ’cute one to be sure ?

‘ There was an ould woman who axed of me,  
How many wild strawberries grew in the sea ?  
I made her an answer as well as I could—  
As many red herrings as grew in the wood.’

There’s the question, and there’s the answer, then.”

Turning the corner of Stag Island, we passed between Darby’s Garden and Glená Mountain. “ Darby’s Garden is rather an odd name for that rock,” said I.

“ You wouldn’t say that, if you knew the rason of it,” replied Doolan, who seemed to be story-teller general.

“ Let me hear the reason, then.”



“Why, then, sir, you must know the ould Lord Kenmare was a great man for giving encouragement to all sorts of poor people that would be for building houses; granting them long leases:—long life to him—but sure I needn’t wish that now, for isn’t he dead and gone many the long year ago; and more’s the pity—for the good ould times of rale gentlemen are gone along with him. Oh, then, the ould times were the times in earnest, when the ould nobility of the country would have the power to break a man, or to make a man; and, indeed, they’d just do one as soon as the other, and nobody to call them to ’count for it either.”

“And those were the good old times, Doolan,” said I.

“To be sure they were—we’ve no times like them now, any way. Howsomdever, there was a man, you see, called Darby Mahony—and ’twas good the ould Lord Kenmare was to him; first he gave him, rent free, a piece of ground to build a cabin upon, and then he gave him a small patch for his praties, and then a field for his cow, and then a piece of bog for his turf, and, after all, a small strip for a haggard, and every inch of this all rent free, or for next to nothing.

“Darby Mahony got all these pieces of ground so asy, one after the other, out of the ould lord, only just for the axing, that, as well became him, he thought the next thing he’d ax for would be a fine rich meadow, of twenty acres or upwards, that surely was worth all he had before.

“So up he goes, one morning early, to the big house, and there he sees the ould lord eating his breakfast out under a tree, and says Darby, says he, ‘The top of the morning to your lordship’s

glory.' 'Good morning to you, Darby Mahony,' says his lordship, 'what do you want now?' 'Indeed, then,' says Darby, answering him at once, without making the least bones of the matter, 'I have come to your lordship this morning, my lord, in the expectation that your lordship would, my lord, be after giving me a small bit of ground, that's convenient to the cabin I have built, for me to make a purty little flower-garden of it.'

" 'What ground do you spake of?' says his lordship. 'And sure, then, Darby Mahony, 'tis a quare thing for you to think of making a flower-garden. Why, man-alive, the pigs would soon settle your flowers for you.'

" 'Oh, indeed,' says Darby, 'I've a great taste for gardening; and 'twould be a great joy to me making a garden out of the waste ground.'

" 'What waste ground are you talking about?' says his lordship.

" 'Why, what they calls the buttercup meadow,' says Darby, 'please you my lord; and sure 'twould make a purty flower-garden for me.'

" 'What, my best meadow!' cried the ould lord, in a regular fret; 'go 'long with you, Darby Mahony, you impudent scoundrel, go 'long with you, and let me never see your face again.'

" Darby sneaked away, nor said a word more; but the next day the ould lord was in his barge, you see, upon the lake, and as he was passing the rock that is now called Darby's Garden, who should he see but Darby Mahony himself upon it fishing.

" 'Long life to your lordship,' says Darby. 'I hope your lordship's honour hasn't forgot the garden.'

“ ‘The garden is it, Darby,’ says the ould lord; ‘ Devil burn me,’ says he, ‘ if I have, and ’tis thinking I was all last night what garden I could give you; but as you seem to like the spot you’re on there, I give you that rock for your garden, Darby, and much good may do you with it; and I hope the next time I come this way, ’tis a purty garden I’ll see growing there with ye.’ ”

“ And Darby’s Garden ’tis called,” said Doolan, “ to this hour.”

“ What a beautiful bay,” said I. The wooded side of Glenà descended to its verge, while full before us a neat cottage peeped forth from its leafy nook through the branches of two aged oaks. “ Silence.” The boatmen rest upon their oars, and Spillane is going to rouse the echoes.

“ Thank you, Spillane, that was very good indeed. What do you call this cottage where we are going to land ? ”

“ Glenà Cottage, sir; it belongs to Lord Kenmare.” After having seen the cottage, we ascended a little mount near it, which commands a fine view of the bay, the southern shore of Ross Island, and the northern shore of the Lower Lake. Then, re-embarking, we proceeded eastward, passed the entrance of the river which descends from the Upper Lake, coasted along the northern shore of Brickeen Island, had a peep under the arch of Brickeen Bridge of the Middle Lake, and Turk Mountain, and landed on the Gun Rock.

“ Where’s the powder ? ” inquired Doolan.

“ Oh, murder, I’ll be bail ye forgot it.”

“ Forgot it,” repeated Thady Begly, “ why would I forget it, why—but oh, murder and Irish, if ’tisn’t wet it is, after all ! ”

"You may as well think of firing a shot with soup as with that powder," said Plunket, nodding his head.

"'Twas myself thought that some misfortin or other would happen to the powder," said Doolan; "sure I never yet was out on the lakes with ye that some misfortin didn't come to it, and so I just put a charge in the corner of my pocket on starten, and here it is safe and sound. Make ready to fire then. Is the gun loaded?"

"No—but what matter?"

"Ready," said Begly.

"Fire, then," cried Doolan. *Bang!*—how it thunders through the hills?"

"O, your honour, that's nothing at all to the Eagle's Nest," said Begly.

"Well, I suppose I shall see the Eagle's Nest in due time: to-day I must be content with skirting the northern shore of Mucruss," and a fine shore it is, rising bold and rocky above the water, which has fretted its base into caves and fantastic forms: now and then, however, a quiet bay opens to the view some green inviting spot.

"Look to the left, sir, and you'll see the Rough Island and O'Donoghue's table, and the Hen and Chickens; and there, close to Mucruss shore, don't you see O'Donoghue's Horse, looking for all the world as if he was going to drink up the lake?"

"What, that rock shaped like an animal drinking?"

Here we are just passing under O'Donoghue's Broom. "Don't you see that bare yew-tree sticking up out of the rock?" said Begly, as we came in sight of the object to which he called my attention.

“The yew-tree next it comes in view,  
And tall is that tree, I must tell to you;  
But if it is tall, it is white and bare,  
And often gentlemen at it do stare.”

“Why, then, arn’t they elegant verses?” said Doolan, that Mr. Moore made when he visited the lakes?”

“O yea no,” said Begly, “’twas one Mr. William Sullivan, the mason at Cloughereen, a great poet.”

“Is it Billy the mule you’re speaking about?” inquired Doolan.

“’Tis well he isn’t overhearing you, Doolan,” replied Begly; “for sure what sort of a name is Billy the mule to put upon a born poet?”

After passing Ash Island, Carrig-a-hocka, or the Sugar Rock, and Mucruss House, we made a sweep to the north, leaving Castle Lough on our right: then, turning to the west, we passed Cahir-nane, the mouth of the river Flesk, Alexander’s Rock, Carrig a Fourt, Ross Mines, and, returning to Philequilla Point, crossed over to Innisfallen, where we were to dine, after having coasted the eastern extremity of the Lower Lake.

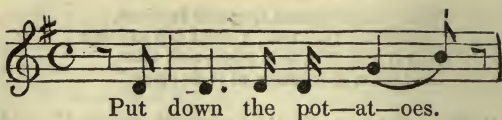


was sounded by Spillane, as we approached the island.

“What is that call for?” said I.

“That’s ‘Put down the potatoes, sir,’” answered Spillane; and again he sounded.





Accordingly, upon landing, we found a large pot of potatoes steaming away, and little Mrs. Curtin very busy preparing every thing for dinner.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE ISLAND.

A GOOD dinner any where is a good thing; but after an excursion on the lake, when the appetite has been sharpened by the breeze from the mountain, a good dinner is doubly excellent. And when that good dinner is eaten on the Island of Innisfallen, it is really a most exquisite treat. Imagine an island rising from the bosom of a lake, commanding a view, on one side, of immense mountains, whose wild sublimity is contrasted on the other with a green and cultivated shore; the lake now presenting a wide sweep of water, and now diversified with wooded islets and naked rocks; then the island itself, about a mile in circumference, broken into easy undulating swells, with here a rocky point stretching far into the lake, and there a little bay encroaching on the land—here the trees are scattered lightly over the island, and there richly grouped—now you command a view of the lake through the opening woods, and now you can scarcely perceive its twinkle through the leafy screen which skirts the rocky shore. “Well, Plunket, what do you want?”

“May be your honour would just step round the island while the dinner is getting ready.”

"With all my heart." Away we went, and soon reached the western extremity of the island, where Plunket directed my notice to a tree which he called "the eye of the needle." The name is given to it from a hole caused by the tree rising with a double trunk, and again uniting.

"Sure your honour will thread the eye of the needle; every one that comes to Innisfallen threads the needle," said Plunket.

"Pshaw," said I, "I never shall be able to squeeze myself through that hole, I'm too fat; besides, where's the use of it?"

"The use, sir, why it will ensure your honour a long life, they say; and, if your honour only was a lady in a certain way, there would be no fear of you after threading the needle."

"In that case, I must try and get through:" having done so, we proceeded a little further to the bed of honour, a shelf of rock which overhung the lake, and was overshadowed by a branching yew.

"The bed of honour—why the bed of honour, Plunket?"

"Oh then, indeed, because twas there a lord lieutenant of Ireland, who came to visit the lakes many many years ago, would go to sleep, to cool himself, after drinking plenty of the whiskey punch."

"What do you call that island?"

"That's Brown or Rabbit Island—but take care, sir, don't go out so far on that ledge of rock, for that's the very spot the poor author gentleman fell from; they called him Hallam, your honour."

"What, the author of the 'Middle Ages?'"

"True for you, sir, he was a middle-aged

man; and if he was, he broke the middle of his leg, and was laid a long time on the flat of his back in Reen Cottage over there; I suppose Doctor Mayberry and Doctor Murphy had pretty pickings on the gentleman's leg; and then there was another great writing gentleman, one Sir Walter Scott, came to Killarney about the time, and he used to go and visit the poor gentleman with the smashed leg; and I heard tell—but there's Spillane sounding his bugle, to let your honour know that dinner is ready."

We hastened round the remainder of the island, and returning to the ruins of the old monastery, at its eastern extremity, found Thady Begly and Doolan fiercely disputing the price of a salmon with a fisherman who had just landed.

"Here's Barret, the fisherman," said Begly, "has got a fine salmon—'tis every bit of a ten pounder; and sure your honour would like to see it roasted on the arrabus skivers?"

"Oh, but sure he axes too much entirely for it, quite out of the way, it is," said Doolan.

"Indeed, then, Mr. Doolan," said Barret, "it's no way out of the way, what I'm axing for it, begging your pardon."

"Oh, Barret, but I say it is out of the way," interposed Begly.

"Well," said Barret, "I'll leave it to the gentleman's own self; and be said, by his honour without another word—"

"If a good half-crown will buy the fish, Barret, here it is for you, to end all disputes."

"Oh, God help us, 'tis fun your honour is making of me; indeed, then, I have sold before now a worse salmon than that for three times the money, and 'tis only for me to carry it on

to Killarney there, to Mr. Sedgewick the fishman, and 'tis every halfpenny of eight pence a pound—only I wouldn't be after huxtering like with him, seeing your honour was upon the lake to-day; and sure I am none of the kind that would take advantage of a gentleman, because he is at a nonplush for his dinner."

"I'm much obliged to you, Barret, for the preference; however, I am not at a nonplus for my dinner; but if you like to take sixpence a pound, here are two half-crowns for you."

"I never was the man to gainsay a gentleman; but make it the sixpence halfpenny for luck, sir."

"No, Barret, here are the two half-crowns, I'll give you no more, whatever Mr. Sedgewick's price may be."

"Well, your honour, I'll take it sooner than make the least differ, or have another word about the matter, though 'tis poor payment, God help us, for a man to be out since break of day this morning, wet and hungry."

"Here, give Barret a glass of whiskey. You shall have your dinner with the boatmen, Barret."

"Long life and good luck to your honour; and may you never want the finest salmon in the Lakes of Killarney to roast upon the arrabus skivers. Oh, this whiskey is mortal strong."

"Take the other hand to it then, Barret," said Doolan, smiling at his own joke.

During the time we were bargaining for the salmon, the boatmen had kindled a turf fire within the walls of the ruin; and no sooner was the bargain concluded, than Begly commenced cutting up the fish in junks, which he placed upon long wooden skewers, and stuck in the ground all round the fire.



“Begly, you arn’t doing that the right way,” muttered Barret.

“And what do you know about the matter?” said Begly, evidently a little piqued at Barret’s interference; “it would be fitter for you to be making shoes than minding what doesn’t consarn you.”

“Making shoes indeed, ’nations to your soul, sure that’s a dacenter trade than yours, which isn’t a trade at all; and sure if I stuck to my shoe-making, I needn’t have gone to Carrig a Fourt, where Comwell, the thief of the world, planted his cannon again the ould castle of Ross; but as to dressing a salmon, ’twould be a quare thing if I didn’t know something about it by this time; and as for you, Begly, you deserve to be whipped from Tig na Vauriah to Donaghadee, for you’re a poor ignorant cratur, and knows as much about a salmon as a horse does about spaking Latin.”

“And where,” said I, “is this Tig na Vauriah? I know where Donaghadee is.”

“Why,” replied Barret, “’tis the farthest distance in all Ireland from Tig na Vauriah to Donaghadee; and they tells a sort of story about how they came by their names.”

“I should have no objection to hear this story,” said I; upon which Barret related the following legend:—

“There was once (a long time ago) a poor man, whose name was Donagha Dee, and he lived in a small cabin, not far from a forest, in the heart of the County Kerry. Ireland at that time was not so bare as it is now, but was covered with great forests; inasmuch that it is said a squirrel might have travelled from Dingle de Couch to the City of Cork without once touch-

ing the ground. Now, you must know, that Donagha was a very poor man, and had a scolding wife ; so that, between his wife and his poverty, he could scarcely ever get a moment's peace. A man might, perhaps, put up with a cross word now and then from a woman, if she was pretty, or had any other good about her ; but, unluckily, Donagha's wife had nothing at all to recommend her ; for, besides being cross, she was as old and as ugly as the black gentleman himself ; so you may well suppose they had but a dog-and-cattish sort of life.

“ One morning in the beautiful month of May, Donagha was quietly smoking his doodeen (pipe) in the chimney corner, when his wife, coming in from the well with a can of water, opened upon him all at once, as if there were a thousand beagles in her throat. ‘ You lazy good-for-nothing stocagh,’ said she, ‘ have you nothing else to do this blessed morning but to sit poking over the ashes with your doodeen stuck in your jaw ? Wouldn't it be fitter for you to be gathering a broсна (fire wood), than be sitting there as if you were fastened to the sieshtheen (low seat) with a twelvepenny nail ?’ All this she said, and much more ; to which Donagha made no reply, but quietly took his billhook and gad, and away with him to the forest. I don't know what made him so quiet with her ; may be he wasn't in fighting humour, and may be he thought it best to get out of her way, for they say a good retrate is better than a bad fight any day. A beautiful fine day it was sure enough ; the sun was dancing through the trees, and the little birds were singing like so many pipers at a pattern, so that it was like a new life to Donagha, who, feeling the cockles of his

heart rise within him, took up his billhook and began to work as contented as if he had nothing at home to fret him. But he wasn't long at work, when he was amazed at the sound of a voice, that seemed to come out of the middle of the wood; and, though it was the sweetest voice he had ever heard, he couldn't help being frightened at it too a little, for there was something in it that wasn't like the voice of man, woman, or child. 'Donagha! Donagha!' said the voice; but Donagha didn't much like to answer. 'Donagha!' said the voice again; so when Donagha heard it again, he thought may be it would be better for him to speak. 'Here I am,' says he; and then the voice answered back again—'Donagha, don't be frightened,' said the voice, 'for sure I'm only St. Brandon, that's sent to tell you, because you're a good christin and minds your duty, you shall have two wishes granted to you, so take care what you wish for, Donagha. 'Och, success to you for one saint any how,' said Donagha, as he began to work again, thinking all the time what in the wide world he had best wish for. Would he take riches for his first wish? then what should he take for the second? a good wife—or wouldn't it be better not to have any wife at all? Well, he thought for a long time, without being able to make up his mind what to wish for.

"Night was coming on, and so Donagha, gathering a great bundle of fire-wood up, he tied it well with his gad, and, heaving it upon his shoulder, away home with him. Donagha was fairly spent with the work of the day, so that it was no wonder he should find the load on his shoulder rather too much for him; and,

stumbling with weariness, he was obliged at length to throw it down; sitting upon his bundle, 'twas Donagha was in great botheration; the night was closing in fast, and he knew what kind of a welcome he'd have before him if he either staid out too late, or returned without a full load of firing. 'Would to heaven,' says he, in his distress, and forgetting the power of his wish, 'would to heaven this broсна could carry me, instead of my being obliged to carry it.' Immediately the broсна began to move on with him, and, seated on the top of it, poor Donagha cut a mighty odd figure surely; for until he reached his own door he never stopped roaring out a thousand murders, he was so vexed with himself at having thrown away one of his wishes so foolishly. His wife Vauria (Mary) was standing at the door looking out for him, ready to give him a good saletting; but she was fairly struck dumb at seeing Donagha so queerly mounted, and at hearing him crying out in such a manner. When she came a little to herself, she asked Donagha a thousand questions about how he came to be riding upon a broсна; and poor Donagha, being so questioned, could not help telling her the whole story just as it happened. It was then that she was maa angry in earnest with him, to think that he would throw away his luck. Donagha, worn out and perplexed, was not able to bear it, and at length cried out as loud as he could, 'I wish to heaven, I wish to heaven, you old scold, that's the plague of my life, I wish to heaven that Ireland was between us.' No sooner said than done, for he was whipped up by a whirlwind and dropped at the north-eastern side of Ireland, where Donaghadee now stands. And Vauria, house, and all, was



carried off at the same time to its most southwestern spot, beyond Dingle, and not far from the great Atlantic Ocean. The place, to this day, is known by the name of Tig na Vauria, or Mary's house; and, when people would speak of places wide asunder, it has become a sort of proverb to say, 'as far as Tig na Vauria from Donaghadee.' And that's the reason, sir."—

"A very good dinner indeed, Plunket, and nicely laid out; and this banqueting-room, seated on its rocky promontory, commands a charming view of the lake and mountains: what a curious old doorway! it appears to have been part of the abbey."

"It was a little chapel, sir, that was built by one of the M'Carthys, over the bones of the monks that was killed by him; and, sure enough, when the workmen were repairing the place, they found a sight of bones under a big flag."

"Now, Plunket, I think you had better give the men their dinners, and do not forget some whiskey to wash it down."

During the time my crew were engaged in their eating, I employed myself in writing the following legend\* of the Island, according to my own fashion, the foundation of which had been hastily related to me by Plunket, as we hurried back at the sound of Spillane's bugle:—

"Above all the islands in the Lakes of Killarney, give me Innisfallen—'Sweet Innisfallen,' as the melodious Moore calls it. It is, in truth, a fairy isle, although I have no fairy story to tell you about it; but if I had, these are such unbelieving times, and people of late have grown so

\* Reprinted from the "Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland," by permission of Mr. Murray.



sceptical, that they only smile at my stories, and doubt them.

“However, none will doubt that a monastery once stood upon Innisfallen island, for its ruins may still be seen; neither that, within its walls dwelt certain pious and learned persons called monks. A very pleasant set of fellows they were, I make no doubt; and I am sure of this, that they had a very pleasant spot to enjoy themselves in after dinner—the proper time, believe me—and I am no bad judge of such matters—for the enjoyment of a fine prospect.

“Out of all the monks, you could not pick a better fellow, nor a merrier soul, than father Cuddy; he sang a good song, told a good story, and had a jolly, comfortable-looking paunch of his own, that was a credit to any refectory table. He was distinguished above all the rest by the name of ‘the fat father.’ Now, there are many that will take huff at a name, but father Cuddy had no nonsense of that kind about him, he laughed at it—and well able he was to laugh, for his mouth nearly reached from one ear to the other—his might, in truth, be called an open countenance. As his paunch was no disgrace to his food, neither was his nose to his drink. ’Tis a doubt to me, if there were not more carbuncles upon it, than ever were seen at the bottom of the lake, which is said to be full of them. His eyes had a right merry twinkle in them, like moonshine dancing on the water; and his cheeks had the roundness and crimson glow of ripe arbutus berries.

“He ate, and drank, and prayed, and slept—what then? He ate, and drank, and prayed, and slept again! Such was the tenor of his

simple life ; but, when he prayed, a certain drowsiness would come upon him, which, it must be confessed, never occurred when a well-filled ‘black-jack’ stood before him. Hence, his prayers were short, and his draughts were long. The world loved him, and he saw no reason why he should not, in return, love its venison and its usquebaugh. But, as times went, he must have been a pious man, or else, what befel him, never would have happened.

“Spiritual affairs—for it was respecting the importation of a tun of wine into the island monastery—demanded the presence of one of the brotherhood of Innisfallen, at the abbey of Irelagh, now called Mucruss. The superintendence of this important matter was committed to father Cuddy, who felt too deeply interested in the future welfare of any community of which he was a member, to neglect or delay the mission. With the morning’s light he was seen guiding his shallop across the crimson waters of the lake, towards the peninsula of Mucruss, and, having moored his little bark in safety, beneath the shelter of a wave-worn rock, he advanced with becoming dignity towards the abbey.

“The stillness of the bright and balmy hour was broken by the heavy footsteps of the zealous father. At the sound, the startled deer, shaking the dew from their sides, sprung up from their lair as they bounded off—‘Hah!’ exclaimed Cuddy, ‘what noble haunch goes there! how delicious it would look smoking upon a goodly platter!’

“As he proceeded, the mountain bee hummed his tune of gladness around the holy man, save when buried in the fox-glove bell, or revelling

upon a fragrant bunch of thyme; and even then the little voice murmured out happiness in low and broken tones of voluptuous delight.

“Father Cuddy derived no small comfort from the sound, for it presaged a good metheglin season; and metheglin he regarded, if well manufactured, to be no bad liquor, particularly when there was no stint of usquebaugh in the brewing.

“Arrived within the abbey garth, he was received with due respect by the brethren of Irelagh, and arrangements for the embarkation of the wine were completed to his entire satisfaction.

“‘Welcome, father Cuddy,’ said the prior, ‘grace be on you.’

“‘Grace before meat then,’ said Cuddy, ‘for a long walk always makes me hungry, and I am certain I have not walked less than half a mile this morning, to say nothing of crossing the water.’

“A pasty of choice flavour felt the truth of this assertion, as regarded father Cuddy’s appetite. After such consoling repast, it would have been a reflection on monastic hospitality to depart without partaking of the grace-cup; moreover, father Cuddy had a particular respect for the antiquity of that custom. He liked the taste of the grace-cup well—he tried another, it was no less excellent—and when he had swallowed the third, he found his heart expand, and put forth its fibres, willing to embrace all mankind. Surely, then, there is christian love and charity in wine!

“I said he sung a good song. Now, though psalms are good songs, and in accordance with his vocation, I did not mean to imply that he was a mere psalm-singer. It was well known to the

brethren, that wherever father Cuddy was, mirth and melody were with him;—mirth in his eye, and melody on his tongue—and these, from experience, are equally well known to be thirsty commodities; but he took good care never to let them run dry. To please the brotherhood, whose excellent wine pleased him, he sang—and as ‘in vino veritas,’ his song will well become this veritable history.

‘Quam pulchra sunt ova  
Cum alba et nova  
In stabulo scite legunter,  
Et a Margery bella,  
Quæ festiva puella!  
Pinguis lardi cum frustis coquuntur.

‘Ut belles in prato  
Aprico et lato  
Sub sole tam læte reident,  
Ova tosta in mensa  
Mappa bene extensa  
Nitidissima lance consider.’\*

“Such was his song. Father Cuddy smacked his lips at the recollection of Margery’s delicious fried eggs, which always imparted a peculiar relish to his liquor. The very idea provoked Cuddy to raise the cup to his mouth, and with one hearty pull thereat, he finished its contents.

\* ‘O ’tis eggs are a treat,  
When, so white and so sweet,  
From under the manger they’re taken,  
And by fair Margery,  
Och! ’tis she’s full of glee,  
They are fried with fat rashers of bacon.

‘Just like daisies all spread  
O’er a broad sunny mead,  
In the sunbeams so beauteously shining,  
Are fried eggs well displayed  
On a dish, when we’ve laid  
The cloth, and are thinking of dining.’

“This is, and ever was, a censorious world, often construing what is only a fair allowance into an excess; but I scorn to reckon up any man’s drink, like an unrelenting host, therefore I cannot tell how many brimming draughts of wine, bedecked with the *venerable Bead*, father Cuddy emptied into his “soul-case;” so he figuratively termed the body.

“His respect for the goodly company of the monks of Irelagh detained him until their adjournment to vespers, when he set forward on his return to Innisfallen. Whether his mind was occupied in philosophic contemplation, or wrapped in pious musings, I cannot declare; but the honest father wandered on in a different direction from that in which his shallop lay. Far be it from me to insinuate that the good liquor, which he had so commended, caused him to forget his road, or that his track was irregular and unsteady. Oh, no!—he carried his drink bravely, as became a decent man, and a good christian; yet, somehow, he thought he could distinguish two moons.

“‘Bless my eyes,’ said father Cuddy, ‘every thing is changing now-a-days!—the very stars are not in the same places they used to be; I think Camceachta (the Plough) is driving on at a rate I never saw it before to-night; but I suppose the driver is drunk, for there are blackguards every where.’

“Cuddy had scarcely uttered these words, when he saw, or fancied he saw, the form of a young woman, who, holding up a bottle, beckoned him towards her. The night was extremely beautiful, and the white dress of the girl floated gracefully in the moon-light, as with gay step she tripped on before the worthy father, archly looking back upon him over her shoulder.



“ ‘ Ah, Margery, merry Margery !’ cried Cuddy, ‘ you tempting little rogue !’

Et a Margery bella,  
Quæ festiva puella !

I see you, I see you, and the bottle ! let me but catch you, Margery bella !’—and on he followed, panting and smiling after this alluring apparition.

“ At length his feet grew weary, and his breath failed, which obliged him to give up the chase ; yet, such was his piety, that, unwilling to rest in any attitude but that of prayer, down dropped father Cuddy on his knees. Sleep, as usual, stole on his devotions, and the morning was far advanced, when he awoke from his dreams, in which tables groaned beneath their loads of viands, and wine poured itself, free and sparkling as the mountain spring. Rubbing his eyes, he looked about him ; and the more he looked, the more he wondered at the alteration which appeared in the face of the country.

“ ‘ Bless my soul and body !’ said the good father, “ I saw the stars changing last night—but here is a change !’

“ Doubting his senses, he looked again. The hills bore the same majestic outline as on the preceding day, and the lake spread itself beneath his view in the same tranquil beauty, and studded with the same number of islands ; but every smaller feature in the landscape was strangely altered. What had been naked rocks, were now covered with holly and arbutus. Whole woods had disappeared, and waste places had become cultivated fields ; and, to complete the work of enchantment, the very season itself seemed changed. In the rosy dawn of a summer’s morning, he had left the monastery of Innisfallen, and

he now felt, in every sight and sound, the dreariness of winter. The hard ground was covered with withered leaves; icicles depended from leafless branches; he heard the sweet low notes of the robin, who familiarly approached him; and he felt his fingers numbed from the nipping frost. Father Cuddy found it rather difficult to account for such sudden transformations; and, to convince himself it was not the illusion of a dream, he was about to rise, when, lo! he discovered both his knees were buried at least six inches in the solid stone; for, notwithstanding all these changes, he had never altered his devout position.

“Cuddy was now wide awake, and felt, when he got up, his joints sadly cramped, which it was only natural they should be, considering the hard texture of the stone, and the depth his knees had sunk into it. But the great difficulty was, to explain how, in one night, summer had become winter, whole woods had been cut down, and well-grown trees had sprouted up. The miracle (nothing else could he conclude it to be) urged him to hasten his return to Innisfallen, where he might learn some explanation of these marvellous events.

“Seeing a boat moored within reach of the shore, he delayed not, in the midst of such wonders, to seek his own bark; but, seizing the oars, pulled stoutly towards the island—and here new wonders assailed him.

“Father Cuddy waddled, as fast as cramped limbs could carry his rotund corporation, to the gate of the monastery, where he loudly demanded admittance.

““Holloa! whence come you, master monk, and what’s your business?” demanded a stranger, who occupied the porter’s place.

“ ‘Business!—my business!’ repeated the confounded Cuddy. ‘Why, do you not know me? Has the wine arrived safely?’

“ ‘Hence, fellow!’ said the porter’s representative, in a surly tone, ‘nor think to impose on me with your monkish tales.’

“ ‘Fellow!’ exclaimed the father; ‘mercy on us, that I should be so spoken to at the gate of my own house!—Scoundrel!’ cried Cuddy, raising his voice, ‘do you not see my garb—my holy garb?’

“ ‘Ay, fellow!’ replied he of the keys, ‘the garb of laziness and filthy debauchery, which has been expelled from out these walls. Know you not, idle knave, of the suppression of this nest of superstition, and that the abbey, lands, and possessions were granted, in August last, to Master Robert Collam, by our Lady Elizabeth, sovereign queen of England, and paragon of all beauty,—whom God preserve!’

“ ‘Queen of England!’ said Cuddy, ‘there never was a sovereign queen of England; this is but a piece with the rest. I saw how it was going with the stars last night: the world’s turned upside down. But surely this is Innisfallen island, and I am the father Cuddy who yesterday morning went over to the abbey of Irelagh, respecting the tun of wine. Do you know me now?’

“ ‘Know you!—how should I know you?’ said the keeper of the abbey. ‘Yet, true it is, that I have heard my grandmother, whose mother remembered the man, often speak of the fat father Cuddy of Innisfallen, who made a profane and godless ballad in praise of fried eggs, of which he and his vile crew knew more than they did of the word of God; and who, being drunk,

it is said, tumbled into the lake one night, and was drowned ; but that must have been a hundred, ay, more than a hundred years since.'

" 'Twas I who composed that song in praise of Margery's fried eggs, which is no profane and godless ballad : no other father Cuddy than myself ever belonged to Innisfallen,' earnestly exclaimed the holy man. 'A hundred years!—what was your great-grandmother's name?'

" 'She was a Mahony of Dunloh, Margaret ni Mahony; and my grandmother——'

" 'What! merry Margery of Dunloh your great-grandmother!' shouted Cuddy. 'St. Brandon help me! the wicked wench with that tempting bottle! Why, 'twas only last night—a hundred years!—your great-grandmother, said you?—God bless us! there has been a strange torpor over me; I must have slept all this time.'

"That father Cuddy had done so, I think is sufficiently proved by the changes which occurred during his nap. A reformation, and a serious one it was for him, had taken place. Eggs fried by the pretty Margery were no longer to be had in Innisfallen; and with a heart as heavy as his footsteps, the worthy man directed his course towards Dingle, where he embarked in a vessel on the point of sailing for Malaga. The rich wine of that place had of old impressed him with a high respect for its monastic establishments; in one of which he quietly wore out the remainder of his days.

"The stone impressed with the mark of father Cuddy's knees may still be seen; and should any incredulous person doubt my story, I request him to visit Killarney, where he may satisfy himself, that Clough na Cuddy remains in

Lord Kenmare's park, an indisputable evidence of the fact."

The boatmen having concluded the important business of dinner, preparations were made to re-embark, when Barret, the fisherman, accosted me with, "Did they show your honour the ould tomb, with the ash-tree growing out of the top of it?"

"No, Barret, they did not."

"Then if you will just step a little to the west of the abbey, sir, I'll shew it to you."

"It certainly does appear to have been a tomb, although there is no inscription; do you know whose tomb it was, Barret?"

"Ah, then, 'tis I who can tell you all about whose tomb it was; it belonged to father Phelim, one of the ould friars that lived in the abbey there; and, more than that, I can tell you how he came to be a friar.

"Many a long day ago, before the lake was a lake at all, there was many a snug bit of a farm, where nothing is now to be seen but the wide-spreading waves of Loch Lane. Wish, then, bad luck to Moll Donoghue, for sure it was all along of her laving the spring-well uncovered, that the beautiful land was drowned (and beautiful fine land it was by all accounts); but the never a four-footed beast'll graze there again, barring the trouts and the salmons; for the black lake is flowing over it this many a long day, and the more's the pity. But where's the use in fretting? for what's one man's loss is another man's gain; and isn't there the innkeepers, and boatmen, and buglers, in the town of Killarney yonder there? 'tis they and the likes of them that ought to be glad of it, any how.



“ Well, as I was saying, many a long day before the lake was a lake at all, one Diarmid O’Sullivan had a snug little farm of his own at the butt of Toomies Mountain, just under the ‘ Minister’s Back :’ only it wasn’t the ‘ Minister’s Back’ then, because why there wasn’t such a thing as a minister in being at all then, for them were the good ould times, and elegant times they were. Snug and comfortable Diarmid O’Sullivan was, and well to do in the world; for it was he that had plenty of yearlings and shanafaughs\* (that had the run of the mountain), and could take a good gorloguet† of his own potheen every morning of his life, and had plenty of every thing, and would have been as happy as may be, if it wasn’t for his son Phelim.

“ There wasn’t such a bullamskiagh‡ in the barony of Magunihy as Phelim. Och, it was he was the boy for a bit of a skrimige (skirmish); and then, as for fun and frolic, there couldn’t be a pattern or dance, wedding or wake, within ten miles of him, but Phelim was sure to be there.

“ It happened that Jack Connor of Fyrées, as sporting a boy as you’d wish to see, took sick of a fever and died; he was the very likeness of Phelim, and there wasn’t two such cronies to be found from Knocknacoppul to Tignavauriah. A sorrowful day you may be sure it was, when news of Jack’s death was brought to the farm; and it was Phelim that took it to heart, and was braunach§ enough on account of it, and set off hot-foot to the wake. A beautiful wake he had of it, with plenty of ‘ givings out,’ and such

\* Two-year-old cows.

† A small glass.

‡ A bully—literally, a shield striker.

§ Sorrowful.

wonder of a berrin, that you might have heard the cry a good mile before they came to the ould church of Innisfallen, that wasn't an island at all then, but only a snug little knop of a hill.

“When the berrin was over, the people went off one after another, till at last no one was left but Phelim, who, from the whiskey and the grief mixing together, lost all knowledge of every thing going on around him. He had seated himself forenent his crony's grave, near a great heap of skulls and bones, and a pitiful sight it was to see them, as bare and as bleached as the brow of Mangerton after a night's snow.

“ ‘Why, then, Jack Connor, 'tis you was the truth of a good fellow,’ said Phelim, who was beginning to come to himself; ‘and sure and sartin I'll never see the likes of you again; and it's a pitiful case that you should lie there in the could grave, and many a good-for-nothing spalpeen\* left behind. Only to think the likes of you should ever come to this,’ continued Phelim, at the same time taking up one of the skulls that lay near him; ‘to think the likes of you should ever come to this, is enough to break the heart in a stone!’

“ ‘Who is it that meddles with the dead?’ said a great, big, tall, old man, stepping at the same time from behind a broken tomb. Phelim was quite daunted at the sound of the voice, and no wonder, for it was not like the voice of one belonging to this world; and, when he looked up, he felt his blood turning to ice within him. There the old man stood, like one of the giants

\* A cowardly rascal.

that used to be formerly, with a long white beard, and his large lifeless-looking eyes fixed upon Phelim, as he put the question to him for the second time: 'Who is it that meddles with the dead, when the dead have the power to walk?' For, sure enough, it was the dead hour of night; and the moon was shining clear and bright on mountain and wood, on river and rock, and gave, (the Lord presarve us!) a ghastly appearance to the grey tombs, and upright headstones that were scattered about that lonely spot. Now Phelim wasn't much given to fear any thing dead or alive; so he soon mustered up his courage, and began to excuse himself as well as he could. 'Why then, please your honour,' said he, 'I didn't mane any harm at all, at all; for sure it was only thinking of poor Jack Connor I was, that's lying there in the could grave.'

" 'That's no reason for me,' said the spirit, or whatever it was; 'you had no business meddling with the dead any how; so you'd better put down the scull and follow me, for your penance must be long and heavy.'

" 'Why, then, isn't it a poor case to be obliged to folly a ghost at the dead hour of night?' says Phelim to himself as he walked after the figure who went before him, swiftly and silently, to the mouth of a dark tomb, that stood open, as if ready to receive them both. 'You must leap down there, Phelim,' says the ghost, standing in front of the tomb. 'Why, then, is it to bury me alive you want; the never a one of me will leap down that black dismal looking hole, if you was as big again,' says Phelim. 'You won't!' says the old man, 'we'll see that presently;' so

with that he gave Phelim a rap, and down he went. 'You're down now, and 'twill be many a long day before you come up again,' says he, and he said no more.

Two hundred years after, a loud ullagone\* was heard on the shore of Innisfallen. The good fathers who lived in the abbey then went out with all speed to see what was the matter, and they found a fine young man, who seemed lost entirely in sorrow, when he saw the great piece of water that was flowing between him and the mountain of Toomies. And who was this but Phelim, who had just come back to the world again, and was bemoaning the loss of house and home; for it seemed to him as if it was but a day since he had followed Jack Connor to the grave, and now to have the waters flowing over all: but he had been to another world, the secrets of which he was not allowed to tell. When the good fathers heard his story, they took him into the abbey, where he became one of the most blessed among them all, and was sought after far and near by the people, whom he often advised to take pattern by his example, and never be so foolish as to meddle with the dead."

"They are waiting for me, Barret, I believe—here's Spillane—coming, Spillane—coming."

"Oh, there's no need to hurry, sir."

"Begly, why don't you push off the boat?" said Plunket—"it's getting cold, sir—you'd better put on the boat cloak."

"Good by, Barret"—and away we row from the Island of Innisfallen.

\* Lamentation.

Sweet Innisfallen,\* fare thee well,  
May calm and sunshine long be thine!  
How fair thou art let others tell,  
While but to *feel* how fair, is mine!

Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,  
And long may light around thee smile,  
As soft as on that evening fell,  
When first I saw thy fairy isle.

Thou wert *too* lovely then for one,  
Who had to turn to paths of care—  
Who had through vulgar crowds to run,  
And leave thee bright and silent there;

No more along thy shores to come,  
But, on the world's dim ocean toss'd,  
Dream of thee sometimes, as a home  
Of sunshine he had seen and lost!

Far better in thy weeping hours  
To part from thee as I do now,  
When mist is o'er thy blooming bowers,  
Like sorrow's veil on beauty's brow.

For, though unrivall'd still thy grace,  
Thou dost not look, as then, *too* bless'd;  
But, in thy shadows, seem'st a place  
Where weary man might hope to rest—

Might hope to rest, and find in thee  
A gloom like Eden's, on the day  
He left its shade, when every tree,  
Like thine, hung weeping o'er his way!

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle!  
And still the lovelier for thy tears—  
For though but rare thy sunny smile,  
'Tis Heaven's own glance when it appears.

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few,  
But, when *indeed* they come, divine—  
The steadiest light the sun e'er threw  
Is lifeless to one gleam of thine!

\* Copied from the Ninth Number of the "Irish Melodies," by the permission of Mr. James Power.



So sung Moore, on his departure from Innisfallen. And feeling that I could not probably write much smother verses, without taking more trouble than such jingling things are worth, and, moreover, that it would be impossible to leave "sweet Innisfallen" without flinging a verse or two at it, I hope Mr. Moore will forgive my unceremonious appropriation of his beautiful lines.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE ABBEY.

WHAT a day !—rain, rain, rain—“ but such things will happen in Ireland,” as Miss Edgeworth philosophically remarks ; one of those interminable Kerry showers, which are said to be nearly as long and as tedious as a suit in Chancery.

No lake to-day—no, there is no chance of that ; and as for the town, it presents only to the view a long dreary street, each end blocked up by impenetrable mist, with here and there a bare-footed wench, in a ragged blue cloak, trotting hastily through this second deluge, or a solitary peeler driving a pig to pound, and enduring a wetting for the sake of the fine.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hurrah ! the mist is clearing up from the mountain, and the sun is coming out—here’s a fine evening, contrary to all expectation. “ Hallo, Gorham, a horse and a guide for the Abbey.” ’Tis done in an instant ; and now we pass under the double row of lime trees, which overarch the Flesk road ; and now, emerging from their leafy shade to the right, behold, over a green flat, Ross Castle, backed by the mountains ; on the left, Droumhall, or Violet Hill, rising directly from the road ; and full in front, Mangerton and Turk peering over the woods of Cahirnane.

“Where does that road lead us to?” said I to my one-handed guide.

“That’s the Woodlawn road, sir,”

“A fine river this, what do you call it?”

“The river Flesk, at your honour’s service, and this is Flesk bridge we are upon; there to the right you may see Flesk priory and part of Cahir-nane, with a distant bit of the lake; here to the left is Woodlawn House, the park, and Coltsman’s Castle; and here, close to us, is part of the demesne of Flesk Cottage.”

From the bridge, proceeding southward, we passed Cahir-nane’s romantic farm, Flesk Cottage, the residence of Lord Headly, Castlelough, and Dane’s Fort. At last we obtained a view of Mucruss, stretching its rocky length across the Lower Lake, till it seemed to touch the opposite mountain of Glenà, and soon entered the little village of Droumirourk, or Cloughereen, where Ned Roche admitted us into the demesne of Mucruss, and prepared to accompany us to the Abbey, whose ancient tower just peeped above the surrounding woods.

Crossing a rustic bridge over a stream which runs within a few yards of the gate, we had a pleasant walk through a beautiful lawn, sprinkled and clumped with every variety of tree. We soon came in sight of the eastern window of the Abbey, gracefully rising from a gentle acclivity, which we ascended; and entering by a small iron gate that was opened by Ned Roche, found ourselves within the precincts of its melancholy burial-ground. After passing a large heap of skulls and bones, piled up in an angle of the ruin, we reached the great western portal of the church, and, advancing under the ivy’d tower, paused for a few moments

to read the inscription on the tomb of O'Donoghue More, which is placed in the centre of the choir.

“What more could Homer's most illustrious verse,  
Or pompous Tully's stately prose rehearse,  
Than what this monumental stone contains,  
In death's embrace Mac Carthy More's remains?  
Hence, reader, learn the sad and certain fate  
That waits on man, spares not the good or great!  
And while this venerable marble calls  
Thy patriot tear, perhaps, that trickling falls,  
And bids thy thoughts to other days return,  
And with a spark of Erin's glory burn;  
While to her fame most grateful tributes flow,  
Oh, ere you turn, one warmer drop bestow.  
If Erin's chiefs deserve thy generous tear,  
Heir of their worth, O'Donoghue, lies here!

O'Donoghue More of the Glens  
departed this life  
the 21st day of February, 1808  
Aged 31 years.”\*

“This O'Donoghue More must have been a great man in his day,” said I.

“Oh, then, you may say that, master,” replied Rooter Leahy, so was my one-handed guide named from his iron-tipped wooden stump, “but he was just nothing to his father before him, ould O'Donoghue Daniel, it was he was the cleverest man in the county, for he was like a giant, and could knock down a bull with a blow of his fist; and wasn't he out hunting of a day, and his horse

\* O'Donoghue is buried in Mac Carthy More's vault, over which a large tomb has been raised, bearing the arms of O'Donoghue; the crest, a pelican feeding her young; the motto, *Nihil virtus generosa timet*; with the above inscription, written by Mr. Marcus Hare. Close to this tomb is the original covering of Mac Carthy More's vault, a flat stone, level with the floor of the choir, having the coronet and arms of Glencare rudely sculptured on it.

stuck up to the neck in a bog, he made no more of taking him by the two ears, and pulling him out, than I would of a bit of a kippen.\* And then, for all he was as strong as Sampsin, wasn't he as quiet as a lamb, barring when he was fretted; and wasn't he the best you ever see to all his followers and people from Glanflesk; for sure if one of them was to make free with a good fat beef as often as they did, it was only to leave a quarter of it in O'Donoghue's kitchen, and there'd be no questions axed about the matter; little business a constable would have in Glanflesk in them days. And when any of the people would go to O'Donoghue's house, wouldn't he hand the piggins of whiskey to them, and take a shoulder of mutton, and throw a bone to one, and a sliver to another, and make as free with them as if they were his own equals. Och, 'tis the ould gentlemen were the right sort."

Regaining the arch under the tower, we turned to the right, and, through a short gloomy passage, entered the cloisters; from the open space, in the centre of which there grew a noble yew-tree, whose branches, rising above the ruin, spread their green arms on every side. "That's a noble tree," said I; "I wonder Kelly the turner never thought of buying it to make snuff-boxes, 'twould doubtless be a profitable speculation." "Is it to cut down the yew-tree you mean, sir?" said Rooter, with a look of astonishment. "Why, then, that's what nobody would do, after what happened to the soldier, who cut off a little branch of it. He was warned by ould Drake, the hermit, not to touch it, for it was a holy tree; but he said that was all botheration; so he cut off a branch of it, and, as sure as you are there, the branch dropped blood,

\* A switch.



and the soldier fell dead on the spot. And, without doubt, it's a bad thing to meddle with any thing belonging to the Abbey; for, sure, they say it was built by the blessed angels: did you ever hear, sir, how it came to pass?" "No, indeed Leahy," said I. "Why, then, I'll tell you all about it," said he; then, taking a pinch of snuff he with great gravity thus proceeded:—

"You must know, sir, that there lived in the neighbourhood of Slieve Loughera, a man whose name was Croohoore Bawn; he had a great deal of land, cattle, and sheep; and one son, who was called Shane-Bawn-a Croohoore. Now, Shane-Bawn-a Croohoore was a very promising youth, and had an uncle a priest, who took a great fancy to him; so he sent him to Rome to study, and he made a priest of. Arrived in Rome, Shane was lodged in a monastery, where he studied so hard, that in a short time he beat them all out and out; which made the other students so jealous, that they were always watching for opportunities to bring Shane into disgrace. It happened one day, just after Shane was priested, that he saw one of the students shaving himself on a Monday.

*'Mor a smoh, lath veh vuan,  
Naw dane lum an Luan,'*

said Shane. 'What's that you're saying?' said the student. 'Why,' said Shane, 'it's an old Irish saying; and the meaning of it is, 'If you wish to live long, don't shave on a Monday.' 'I have you now,' thought the student, though he said nothing to Shane; but, as soon as he had done shaving, away he goes to the abbot, and told him what Shane said; saying it was a great crime for a priest to believe in any such thing, and that he had no right to be bringing his ould Irish

pishogues\* to Rome. So the abbot went and tould the pope; and the pope enjoined it as a penance upon Shane, that he should return to his own country, and never stop travelling till he came to a place called Skeheen-a-Vibo; but he wasn't to ax any one where it was; and when he found it, he was to build an abbey there. When Shane arrived in Ireland, you may be sure Slieve Loughera was the first place he made for; but his father was dead, and he found an old herdsman taking care of the place. He stopped that night with the herdsman, and the next morning, being Sunday, he went up to the top of the mountain to hear mass. The herdsman axed him where he was going, and when Shane tould him, he said there was neither mass nor chapel on the mountain. 'No matter for that,' says Shane, 'I've the power to hear, from the top of the mountain, the bells ringing and the mass saying in the city of Rome.' Well, sir, Shane travelled a long time in search of Skeheen-a-Vibo, till at last he came to the village of Cloghereen, at the foot of Mangerton mountain; and there, as he was sitting on a rock, in a very melancholy way, he chanced to hear two little girls that were talking near him. 'Did you see my goats any where?' said one of the little girls. " 'Indeed, then, I did,' said the other, 'they're up yonder there, at Skeheen-a-Vibo.' Glad enough Shane was to hear what the little girl said; so he followed her to where she found the goats; and that's where the Abbey is now. Shane immediately gathered all the masons in the country, and began to build the Abbey; but as fast as he built in the day-time, it was thrown down at night: who threw it down, is more than I can tell,

\* Charms.

unless it was the devil himself. Well, this continued for a long time, till at last Shane was obliged to give it up as a bad job. The very night after he gave it up, there was a great noise heard in the air, as if there was a great battle; and the next morning, when Shane got up, what should he see but the Abbey built up nearly to the top of the tower. To be sure, it was the blessed angels that did it; and they would have finished it entirely, if Shane hadn't cried out with surprise. Then Shane took possession of it, and gathered the friars together, and became the first abbot of Mucruss Abbey.—So that's the story of Skeheen-a-Vibo," said Leahy, taking another huge pinch of snuff; "and it's no wonder the people shouldn't like to meddle with the yew-tree, or any thing else belonging to so holy a place."

"Pray, Rooter, who was this Drake, the hermit, you have mentioned?"

"If your honour will just step up the stone stairs here, I'll show you his bed, and tell you all about him."

We ascended the screw-like stairs which led from the cloisters to Drake's bed. It was a wide niche, lighted by a loophole window, and nearly opposite the huge aperture of an ancient fireplace. "Well, sir," said Rooter, "this Drake was a mighty holy man, as every one thought; and nobody in the wide world could beat him at praying; and he used to be always warning the people to take care of their souls, and not to be going jigging to patterns and goalings, and drinking in tents and shebeen houses. 'For,' says he, 'tis through the means of that same whiskey, which is the Devil's holy water, that thousands of souls are lost entirely; and them that might be decent

and respected to the end of their days, come to sorrow and disgrace—and surely 'twas true for him.

“ He was a kind of hermit like, for he used to wear a long beard; and he used to sleep in the Abbey here amongst all the skulls and bones—in that very spot, sir. And he was counted a blessed man, always praying, and at his devotions morning, noon, and night, as every body believed, 'til one summer's morning, when the ould Colonel Herbert, you see, took a walk out early down to the Abbey, and he thought he heard some one singing the Cruskeen lawn among the tombstones.

“ ‘ *Gramachree ma Cruskeen—Slan tu gal ma vourneen—olia mesha Cruskeen lawn—lawn—lawn.* ’

“ ‘ Hubbubbo,’ says the ould colonel, ‘ what's the matter now? I never heard such diversion going on in the ould Abbey afore.’ So he takes and steals on tiptoe like a butterfly; and what would he see before him but that ould buck of a hermit, Drake, blind drunk, and he singing, like a jolly-boy, the Cruskeen lawn, and a great big black bottle in his hand. ‘ Oh you ould canting vagabond,’ said the colonel, ‘ by this and by that,’ swearing a powerful oath, ‘ you'll stay here no longer blindfolding the people; and sure 'twas a decent holy man that I thought I had given leave to take up his quarters in the Abbey; but 'tis ever and always the way, you may be sure of it, the greater the saint the greater the sinner; out with you, you thief of the world,’ says he, ‘ and let me never see your face again.’

“ Drake had no understanding left in him, so he never heeded a word the ould colonel said; but there he kept on singing the Cruskeen over



and over again. So, seeing there was no use in life to be talking at the ould fellow, the colonel walks away with himself. But he hadn't got far, when, what should he see but Jer Sullivan and another man coming up the lawn to their work in the garden. 'Come here, boys,' says he, 'I've a job for ye; here, ye must just take ould Drake, the hermit, neck and heels, and lay him out.'

" 'Oh, murder, colonel dear,' says Jer, 'and 'tisn't dead he is? Well, then, a blessed man any how is gone from among us.'

" 'Ye must lay him out,' says the colonel, 'and 'tis no where else but on the public road, that he may have a great wake of it; but first, you see, as he looks mighty rosy about the gills, just step up to the house and get a little chalk, 'til we make a purty looking corpse of him.' Well, Jer Sullivan ran all the way to the house, and was soon back with the chalk; and, by this time, the ould drunken thief of a hermit was fast asleep. So the colonel takes the chalk and whitens Drake's face all over completely, and 'twas Jer Sullivan that clapped his hands when he saw how 'twas with him; for 'twas only the evening before, that Drake had overpersuaded him to forswear whiskey for a year and a day.

" Then he and the other man, sure enough, took the ould boy, neck and heels, and brought him down to the lodge; and outside the gate they got a big lump of a stone, ('tis there to this hour, and is known by the name of Drake's Bolster,) and they put it under his head; and the ould colonel got a cheeny plate out of the lodge, and he broke it in two halves, and he put the biggest half, with three-pence-halfpenny upon it, down on Drake's breast, and there he lay with his



white face like a corpse in earnest. 'Twasn't long till the people were going by to their work ; and, sure enough, every one stopped to look at the corpse, as they thought, by the road-side, and to give a small trifle towards the berrin, if they had it ; but 'twas soon they saw 'twas only a make-believe, and a sham corpse after all.

" Oh, 'twas mad angry entirely they were, one and all, and they'd have murdered the vagabond Drake, only he run as well as he could for his life ; and whatever became of him after, or where he went to, is not rightly known, but, for certain, he never showed his nose again about this part of the country.—And that's all the story about Drake, Sir."

On our return to the choir, we found a mason busily employed in opening a tomb.

" Ah, then, Bill White, is that yourself ; how is every inch of you ?" said my guide to the mason.

" Purty well, I thank you, Mr. Leahy ; and how's all with you ?"

" That's a melancholy job you are at," said I.

" And so 'tis, your honour, for one Kathleen Kelly, a nice young creature of a strip of a growing girl as you'd wish to lay your two eyes upon, that took the fever. Oh, then, 'tis her mother's heart that is broke completely ; and a melancholy place this ould Abbey is surely, though 'twas high-go-ding the ould friars used to play up here formerly, they say, and a rollocking life they had of it, if 'tisn't much belied they are. Them were the boys that never minded making free with a neighbour's sheep, now and then on a pinch. Did your honour ever hear the story they tell about the monks and the farmer ?"

" I've heard many queer stories about the monks," said I, " but what monks do you speak of ?"

“ Why, the monks of Irrelagh, to be sure, sir,” said White, “ what other ? That’s the name of this Abbey.”

“ What is the meaning of this name ?” said I, “ I thought it was called Mucruss Abbey.”

“ And so it is too,” said White; “ but, you see, the Abbey of Irrelagh means the Abbey on the lake. Well, not long after, the Abbey was rebuilt by one Father Thady Holen; the poor friars didn’t know what in the world to do for want of the victuals, so they all began to talk at Father Holen : ‘ It was all along of your spending all our money on the building,’ says they to Thady, ‘ that we’re in the pucker we are this blessed day, without a bit or a sup to keep body and soul together.’

“ ‘ Whisht, ye fools,’ says Thady, ‘ if I didn’t make an elegant building of it, do you think the people would come to mass or confession to us, when they have many a better place nor this was to go to ; but if ye’ll only hold out for a little while, I’ll be bail we’ll have the full of the people, and then every thing will go on well enough. In the mane time I’ll find some way of making the pot boil, and ye must all lend a hand. Can’t ye go to the strong farmers’ wives and make much of the childer, put ye’re blessing upon the house, and say an occasional mass, and, I’ll answer for it, they won’t let you want for any thing.’ ‘ We will,’ says they ; and away they all went except one young friar, Father John they called him, and, without any doubt, he was the very image of the ould Father Thady Holen, as like as could be, and, only that such a thing couldn’t be, you’d say he was the ould friar’s son ; but, be that as it may, it’s certain they were the greatest cronies in the world, and the young one always did the ould one’s bidding.

“ ‘Come here, brother Jack,’ says Thady, ‘I want to have a bit of a talk with you. You see what a way I’m in with those ungrateful hounds, after building such an elegant house over their heads, they can’t put up with short allowance for a few days ; and surely, if I don’t find plenty of the best for them, there’ll be open murder, and we’ll be all done for ; so I’ll tell you what I’ll do, if you’ll only stand by me, and promise not to let on to man or mortal.’

“ ‘Never fear me,’ says Father John, ‘sure you know I’d go through fire and water to serve you.’”

“ ‘Well,’ says Thady, ‘well,’ says he, ‘I’ll tell you what I have in my head. There’s ould Ned Cronin above there has plenty of fat sheep, and I can’t see why we shouldn’t help ourselves to a couple of them, when it’s for the good of the church ; and sure we can give him the value of them in masses for the good of his sowl, and all his fathers before him ; that’ll be better for him than all the sheep in the world ; and sure, exchange is no robbery, they say. So, if you have no objection, we’ll begin this very night.’

“ ‘No objection in life,’ says Father John ; and so away they went to help themselves to ould Cronin’s sheep. You may be sure it wasn’t the worst they took ; and, when they came back, there was no want of mutton in the Abbey, nor of plenty of good broth ; and the other friars had got lashens of meal from the farmers’ wives, and ’twas plenty’s mothers they had once more among them.

“ Poor Cronin didn’t know what to do ; his best sheep were all going one after another, and, for the life of him, he couldn’t make out the thief. ‘Ah, then, wisha mother dear,’ says he to his ould mother-in-law, who sat in the chimbley corner,

‘isn’t it a cruel case to have all my fattest sheep going this way? sure I’ll be a ruined man, so I will, and be obliged to cut and run, and give leg bail for my honesty. Oh, then, if I had hould of the thief I’d make a mummy of him, so I would, but I can’t for the life of me think of who it can be.’

“‘Can’t you, Agra?’ said the ould woman quite quietly, ‘can’t you, Agra? why, then, I’ll tell you, it’s those thieving beggarly monks that come prowling about the place, like so many foxes after a flock of geese; and, sure enough, they’ve hardly left me a hen in the world to lay an egg to eat for my supper; the sorrow take the whole set of them, say I.’

“‘Whisht! whisht! mother dear,’ says Cronin, ‘don’t be talking of the clargy in that kind of way, or you’ll bring a curse on me and mine; for sure we ought to lave the clargy to God, let them do what they will.’

“‘Well, I’ll tell you what I’ll do for you, my child,’ said the ould woman, ‘and if you’ll only give your consent, I’ll engage to find out the thief. Put me in the big chest that’s up on the loft, and make a little hole in it for me to peep through, and give me something to eat, and a drop to comfort the ould heart within me; and take the chest to the Abbey to keep, by the way you’re afraid of the robbers, and I’ll soon know if it’s the friars that’s taking your sheep. You can come for the chest next day, pertinding you want to get something out of it.’

“Well, sir, Cronin being overpersuaded, did as the ould woman desired him, and locked her up in the chest, and took her to the Abbey.

“When the night came, the two friars as usual



brought in a lump of a fat sheep, and tumbled it down on the floor. 'We have you,' says they, 'in spite of ould Cronin and all his watching.' 'Ho, ho! may be so, I think I have you now; I knew I was right, though Neddy wouldn't believe me,' thought the ould woman to herself as she was peeping through the hole in the box, when she saw the two friars killing the sheep. Now, you must know, she had a way with her of taking a power of snuff when any thing fretted her, and the sight of the killing the sheep vexed her so, that she began to take snuff like mad; the snuff was as good snuff as ever was made by Miles Moriarty or Lundy Foot himself, and it so happened that, for the life of her, she couldn't help giving a thundering sneeze, a psha! a psha! 'God bless us!' cried the ould woman.

" 'By the thumb-nail of our blessed lady, we're found out; break open the chest at once,' roared Father Thady.

" And, sure enough, they did break open the chest, when what would they see but my ould woman.

" 'Choke her, Jack,' whispered Thady.

" 'Ay, there she's done for now; only stick a lump of bread in her mouth, that it may look like an accident, and fasten up the chest again.'

" 'That I mightn't,' said Father John, 'but I'll be revenged of that thief of a Cronin, for giving us such a murdering job.'

" 'Leave it all to me,' said Thady, 'I'll manage it so that we'll make a pretty penny, and throw all the blame on the ould hag herself, who'll tell no more stories now, that's certain.'

" The next morning Cronin came for his chest, which he carried home with him, and his step-



mother in it, safe and sound, as he thought ; but when he opened it, and found the ould woman as dead as a barn-door nail, it was he was dumb-founded, sure enough. ‘Och, ullagone, mother dear, and why did you die?’ cried he, ‘and why wouldn’t you take my advice, and not be meddling with the clargy? and there, see now if you haven’t brought a judgment from God upon yourself for spaking ill of those holy men? Och, ullagone, and why were you so obstinate, mother dear?’ But all his ullagoning was no use, it wouldn’t bring back the ould woman again ; so, after a rattling wake, he had her buried in the churchyard of the ould Abbey.

“ ‘Now, Jack,’ says Father Thady, after the berrin was over, ‘now, Jack, I’ll tell you what, when the night comes on we’ll take the ould woman up, and put her against Cronin’s door.’

“No sooner said than done ; and when Cronin opened his door in the morning, the ould woman fell in upon him, and he raised such a hullabaloo with the fright, that he brought all the neighbours about him in a twinkling. Well, sir, he didn’t know what to make of it, for he was frightened out of his seven senses, so away he runs to Father Holen to ask his advice.

“ ‘It’s a terrible thing indeed,’ said the ould rogue, ‘she must have done something that hinders her from resting in the grave ; but I’ll tell you what you’ll do—give out a great wake, and invite all the brothers to it, and get masses said for the repose of her soul,’ says he, at the same time holding open a large pocket he had in his vestment for bagging rabbits. Now, Cronin understood what this meant well enough, so he put some money in the friar’s pouch for the masses, and

invited all the holy fathers to the wake, where there was plenty of every thing, and they were as merry as if it was a wedding. After they had eat and drank enough, and said their masses, the ould woman was buried again. But my boys wasn't satisfied yet, so they took her up once more, and fastened her on the back of Cronin's horse, that was grazing in the field; and when he went out in the gray of the morning, what should he see but his ould mother riding towards him! Away he ran bellowing like a bull, and away the horse trotted after him every foot of the way till he got over the threshold of his own door. If he was in a perplexity before, he was more so now; and, to make bad worse, the friars didn't know what to say to it; however, they advised another wake and more masses, which was accordingly done, and the ould woman buried again with all possible speed.

“ ‘Now, Jack,’ says Father Thady, as they raised the ould lady for the third time, ‘now, Jack, for the master stroke of all, that’ll finish the work, and take all suspicion clear and clean off of us.’ So with that they carried the body to Cronin's sheep-house, where, after killing three of the sheep, they stuck her up in a corner with a bloody knife in her hand. When Cronin came to let the sheep out, and saw three of them lying dead, and his ould mother standing with the bloody knife in her hand, his anger got the better of his fright.

“ ‘Ah, you ould murdering vagabond!’ cried he, ‘I see how it is now, it was yourself that killed the sheep, and now you can't rest in your grave, for belying the holy friars.’ With that he ran off and told the whole story to Father Thady, who gave him absolution and promised, as he now

knew the rason of her walking, he'd make her lie quiet in the grave for ever after. Then the ould woman was buried, and never rose again; and the story flew about the country like lightning, and brought crowds to the Abbey; for they looked upon it as a miracle from God in behalf of the holy fathers, who from that hour never wanted for any thing, till Cromwell (bad luck to him!) came and turned them, body and bones, out of house and home.

"Oh, ullagone—ullagone—ullagone—oh—oh—oh—ullagone—ullagone—ullagone—ullagone."

"Fakes, sir, here's the berrin coming, don't you hear the cry?" said White, as he finished his story. Then pointing to an inscribed stone in the wall of the Abbey—"There's the stone has got carved out upon it all about how Father Thady Holen rebuiled the Abbey."

With some difficulty I read—"Orate pro felici statu fratris Thadi Holeni, qui hunc sacrum conventum, de nobo, reparare curabit. Anno Domini, 1626."

A loud shout of "Oh, ullagone—ullagone—ullagone!" sounded close to the Abbey walls, and in a few minutes the interior was filled by an immense crowd. The deal coffin, simply painted black, was borne by white napkins to the tomb; while the female friends of the deceased, with two or three keeners, or professional mourners, loudly crying, occasionally struck it in the violence of their grief, or, clapping their hands together, screamed in a wild and fearful manner.

After the coffin was consigned to the silent tomb, the crowd partially withdrew; but many still lingered, wailing over the graves of recently lost relatives, or quietly praying beside the tombs of their long-buried ancestors. It was a scene to

affect the mind, and excited various musings in mine ; much as I had just heard monkish life traduced, I was inclined to throw a veil over the failings of humanity, and express my envy of

—————“ those monks of old,  
 Their book they read, and their beads they told ;  
 To human softness dead and cold,  
 And all life's vanity.

They dwelt like shadows on the earth,  
 Free from the penalties of birth,  
 Nor let one feeling venture forth,  
 But charity.

I envy them ; their cloistered hearts  
 Knew not the bitter pang that parts  
 Beings that all affection's arts  
 Had linked in unity.

The tomb to them was not a place  
 To drown the best-loved of their race,  
 And blot out each sweet memory's trace  
 In dull obscurity.

To them it was the calmest bed  
 That rests the aching human head :  
 They looked with envy on the dead,  
 And not with agony.

No bonds they felt, no ties they broke,  
 No music of the heart they woke,  
 When one brief moment it had spoke,  
 To lose it suddenly.

Peaceful they lived,—peaceful they died ;  
 And those that did their fate abide  
 Saw Brothers wither by their side  
 In all tranquillity.

They loved not, dreamed not,—for their sphere  
 Held not joy's visions ; but the tear  
 Of broken hope, of anxious fear,  
 Was not their misery.

I envy them, those monks of old,  
And when their statues I behold,  
Carved in the marble, calm and cold,  
How true an effigy!

I wish my heart as *calm* and still  
To beams that fleet, and blasts that chill,  
And pangs that pay joy's spendthrift ill  
With bitter usury.”\*

\* These lines are from the pen of G. P. R. James, Esq.  
by whose obliging permission they are here reprinted.



## CHAPTER VI.

## THE WATERFALL.

THE last faint cry had died away upon the breeze, and the Abbey was left to its usual solitude and repose, when Ned Roche, as civil a fellow as any in the parish, again ushered us into the lawn.

“Roche,” said I, “I wish to visit the green hills and Turk Waterfall.”

“Then, sir, you had better order Leahy to take your horse to Bill Mayberry’s cottage, at the corner of the plantation, and I will show you the way over the green hills.”

This was accordingly done; and we began to ascend the hill to the south of the Abbey. It was a steep green acclivity, planted with rows of the bell-shaped lime and the branching chestnut, while here and there a light single tree, or massive clump, sprung from the dark gray rock, which, in picturesque forms, might be seen peeping from beneath the foliage. Rising above the woods, which skirted the base of this acclivity, we gained the open brow of the hill, and began to enjoy the prospect.

“What do you call that lake?” said I.

“That’s Lough na brach darrig, or the Lake of the red trout, sir, it’s right in the middle of West Mucruss, near the old copper mine.”

"By the bye, your copper mine may well be called old; it was worked many hundred years ago, I believe."

"Oh, that's the Ross mine your honour is talking about," said Roche; "they say it was worked by the Danes long before the time of St. Patrick himself; and, for certain, they sometimes find, down in the mine entirely, the ould hammers the Danes used to work with—quare looking things they are, like a lump of a brown paving stone."

Here Roche observed a tall broad-shouldered man, with high cheek-bones, and all that national peculiarity which immediately proclaims a Scotchman, coming towards us. "That's Turner, the Scotch steward," whispered Roche.

"Your servant, sir," said the steward; "ye hae been casting an eè o'er thae bonnie birken braes, and thae sma' fish ponds whilk thae ca' the Lakes of Killarney; the whilk, as I said to Sare Walter Scott, are a' naething to our ain Highland Lochs. Gude faith, I ne'er spared to tell him it was a warld's wonner that a sensible chiel like him should spen his siller in travelling sae far frae the bonnie North, an' a' to glour on thae blinking nievefu's o' water, when he micht hae seen muckle better at hame."

"And why didn't you stay in the North?" said Roche, who by no means relished the Scotchman's speech; "and why didn't you stay in the North? faith, then, it would be a long day till we'd send for you. And, if you don't like us, why don't you go back, and not be running down the country in that kind of way?"

"Hoot awa', Roche, hoot awa' wi' your idle havers, ye're a' a pack o' beggarly priest-ridden loons; and you ken ye're fain to send for the

cannie lads o' Scotland, to learn ye how to drive the pleugh or wark your lands, of the whilk ye ken as muckle as an auld aiver hosting in a smiddy. And ye are, I'm jalousing, ettling at wiling the siller out o' the gentleman's pouch wi' your bletherins about thilk lake and thae mountains. But I maun be ganging, for the gloaming shot is bleezin red o'er thae western hills. Gude e'en to ye, sir, but dinna gie credit to a' the clishmaclavers o' that daft chiel; he has na as muckle serious sense as a hen could haud in its gowpen."

"The devil fly away with you," said Roche, as he looked after him, and gave vent to his anger, "the devil fly away with you; if 'twouldn't vex the greatest saint that ever lived, to hear those blackguard Scotchmen running down the country. And don't I remember when that very fellow came here, he hadn't a penny to jingle against a tombstone? but, if he hadn't money, may be he had the manes of making it, for sure it was he could play the fiddle to perfection."

By this time we had ascended another slope, whose brow was covered with a circular grove, where we paused for a few minutes to rest ourselves, and gaze on the scene below. Fine dark woods of ash and oak formed the first distance; beyond these the Lower Lake stretched towards the setting sun, its calm surface reflecting the gorgeous hues of a glorious evening sky, while the mountains, the islands, the shores, and the woods reposed in one broad and solemn tint. In the remote distance the lofty Dingle Mountains shewed their irregular forms in the most vivid purple, intermingled with clouds which glowed with the brightest orange.

Descending the south-eastern slope of the hill,

we crossed a few fields, and gained Bill Mayberry's cottage, where Rooter Leahy was in attendance with my horse, and here Roche consigned me to his guidance. At this point the road divides: one branch, called the old road to Kenmare, going straight up the hill between Mangerton and Turk Mountains; and the other, called the new line, keeping in the low ground, turns off by a plantation of firs towards the base of Turk, which, seen through the vista of a fir grove, seemed to block up the passage with its woods and crags. Arrived at the foot of this seeming barrier, we found a small bridge thrown over a mountain stream, which, issuing from a glen on the left-hand side of the road, brawled most musically along till lost amid the woods to the right. Here we entered the glen, and traced the stream upwards by a rude pathway through the wood, till, suddenly emerging from the leafy covert, we found an open space of rock and heath, which, though in a deep hollow between Turk and Mangerton, was still rising ground. Before us was seen the top of the Waterfall gleaming through the trees, while the space, which I have mentioned, opened like a wild amphitheatre cut from the surrounding woods. To the left, as we advanced, the woods were principally composed of larch and Scotch fir, but on the right-hand side they were entirely of larch, rising with feathery branches, one above the other, up the almost perpendicular side of Turk, from whose crags sprung an occasional holly or arbutus. Looking back, as the ground continued to rise, we caught a glimpse of the woods beneath us, of the Middle Lake, the beautiful peninsula of Mucruss, and part of the Lower

Lake, with its northern boundary of green and cultivated hills.

The stream, whose upward course we were tracing, was itself an object of picturesque interest, brawling at the bottom of a deep rent between the pathway and Turk Mountain; large rocks were scattered along its course, over which it sometimes fiercely rushed, flinging its foam to the breeze, like the tail of a snow-white steed; sometimes it gushed through the rocky fissures, and not unfrequently formed peaceful little pools, which my guide informed me were sometimes so clear that you might almost count the pebbles at the bottom. Arrived at that point where the glen became so narrow as only to leave a passage for the water between the opposing hills—we stood upon a bank, and, looking down, beheld a wilderness of rocks, among which the stream formed little cascades, overhung at either side by the mountains with their woods and evergreens; and directly in front, down the broad face of a dark rock, thundered the Waterfall. The fall is about eighty feet in height, and was, in consequence of the heavy rain of the morning, full, foaming, and magnificent.

“Ah, then, if I had but half the riches that’s hid in the heart of that big black rock, I’d be a made man for ever and a day after,” exclaimed my guide, as we stood gazing upon the Waterfall.

“What riches are you talking about! I don’t understand you,” said I.

“Why, then, I’ll let your honour into the sacret of it,” said Leahy. “You must know, sir, that a long time ago, before your great-great-grandfader was born, the world was full of all



sorts of enchantment and bedevilment; so that a dacent man could hardly shew his nose out of doors, with the good people and spirits, and phookas.—They ain't half so much in the world now, as they was in them days: but, as I was saying, it was hard for a man to shew his nose, for, if a man was to vex one of them, he might as well throw himself at once into the middle of Poul an Iffrin.

“Just about that time, there lived at Clogheen, a strong farmer, by name Larry Hayes, a dacent man he was, but every thing was going wrong in the world with him, and the more was the pity;—for he was what you may call a rale good fellow. But, as misfortin would have it, he couldn't put a cow or sheep upon his little farm, but he was sure to find them in the morning all torn and smashed to bits. Poor Larry was surprised what could have done him so much mischief, for he didn't think there was a creature in the world owed him the laste grudge in life. At last he determined to watch the farm for one night, though he was mighty frightened at the thoughts of the good people and the spirits, but seeing there was no help for it, out he went at the dead hour of the night. He wasn't long walking about the field, when, what should he see but a man standing close beside him, which took a great start out of him, for he didn't know how he came there: however, he gathered courage, and began to discourse the man, when, all at once, as they were talking together, the man vanished away, and a big wolf stood before him. It was Larry was half dead at the sight; however, he blessed himself with the sign of the cross, and then his

courage came again. 'In the name of God, and the queen of heaven,' says he, 'who are you? and where's the man was here this minute?' With that, the wolf began to spake just like a natural born christin. 'I'm the man,' says he, 'I'm enchanted, and it was I that killed your sheep, and I couldn't help it, but if you'll follow me, and do my bidding, I'll make a rich man of you; you needn't be afraid, for no harm shall come to you.'

"So after some consideration Larry said he would, and the wolf brought him up the glen here to the big black rock, where the waterfall is now, there was no waterfall there then; so he opens a door in the rock, and takes Larry into an illigant parlour, where he was changed all at once from a wolf into a beautiful young man. After giving Larry plenty of beef and mutton and whiskey punch, he took and shewed him a room full of gold, and gave him a big bag of it. You may be sure it was Larry was glad to get the gold, and gladder still when he was tould to come for more as often as he pleased; 'only,' says the enchanted man, 'only don't let mortal know any thing you saw to-night: if you keep the sacret for seven years, you're a made man, and every thing will prosper with you; but if you tell it to any one, I'll be destroyed, and so will you.' 'Never fear me,' said Larry, and he made the best of his way home with the bag of gold.

"All the neighbours wondered to see Larry Hayes grow so rich all at once, and without any rason for it; and so did his wife Nell Flanigan, she often axed him to tell her where he got the gold, but all to no purpose; so one night, she followed him, and saw him go into the rock, for

she was determined to satisfy her curoosity.—Oh, the women bangs all for curoosity! Well, when he came out, she taxed him with wanting to keep the sacret from his own wife, and the mother of his children; and, to make a long story short, she tazed him so with her leeching, that he was obliged to tell her the whole story. Immediately, the wolf appeared on the top of the rock, ‘You’re done for now, Larry Hayes,’ roared he in a voice of thunder, that made the mountain shake again and again: and then he was whipt up in a flame of fire to Poul an Iffrin, on the top of Mangerton, where, he no sooner plunged into the lake, than the water burst a hole through the side of the bowl, and, running down the mountain like lightning, covered the rock with the foam of its fall. Larry Hayes and his wife had enough to do to get out of the way of the water; and, in a short time, he became poorer than ever, till at last he had to travel the country with a bag on his back, like a poor Buckaugh as he was.

“From that day to this, no one has been able to get at the cave full of gold; though, the ould Colonel Herbert did his best; for, didn’t he turn the course of the fall? your honour may see the cut he made in the mountain. To be sure, he did say, he only wanted to turn a mill with the water out of the Devil’s Punchbowl, and have a view of the fall from his parlour windy: but, that was only to blindfold the people; for, when he couldn’t find the door in the rock, or the cave full of gold, why, he just let the strame take its own course again, fair and easy.”

Night now began to close around, and obliged us to hasten back to Gorham’s Hotel, with all possible despatch.

"Good evening, Spillane," said I, as I entered the Inn, "You will attend in the morning; I propose visiting the Gap of Dunloe; and, Gorham, you'll have horses ready, and order the boat, with my old crew, to meet me at the Upper Lake."

"Certainly, sare."

## CHAPTER VII.

## AGHADOE.

“YOICKS—Yoicks—Tallyho—down Fan, down you slut—get along Pompey”—roused by such exclamations, I jumped from my bed, and, poking my nightcap out of the window, found they proceeded from Gorham, who, dressed in a green hunting frock, was mounted on his famous black horse, which (being not a little vain of his skill) he caused to curvet and prance, like the horses of Phidias on the frieze of the Parthenon. And then he rode from the door, followed by his dogs, and the shouts of a crowd of waiters, boatmen, and runners, exclaiming—“Well done, Gorham!—’tis you’re the fine horseman, any how.”

My toilet is not a very tedious operation; my breakfast was soon despatched, and, accompanied by Spillane and a guide, I was about to depart for the Gap, when we were delayed by a dispute, which arose between Rooter Leahy and the guide who was appointed to conduct me.

“Yerra, Ginerall Picket, where are you going so fast?” said Rooter, “sure, ’tis myself is to go with the gentleman.”

“Badershin!” said Picket, “Badershin! ’f you’re for a walk this fine morning, Rooter, you’re quite welcome entirely; but, by my own sowl, that’s all



you'll get by it; for, didn't Gorham, the dacent man, tell me to bring back the horses from the Gap."

"You're welcome home to me, Picket," said Rooter, "why, then, do you think to come over an ould soldier in that kind of way? don't I know well enough, the dacent man never said any such thing, and, if he did itself, it isn't to his saying it would be left, but to the gentleman himself; sure I was his honour's guide all along, and he wont have any one else."

"That'll never do, says Gorham!" shouted Picket, "do you take me for a fool, Rooter, to be sketched in that kind of way, by a one-handed pinchioner like you; a pretty time of day we're come to, indeed."

Upon this, Rooter was about to discharge his wooden stump on Picket's crown, when I interfered, and with some difficulty put an end to the dispute, by deciding in Picket's favour: promising, however, to accept of Rooter's guidance on the next occasion.

Mounting our horses, we proceeded down the New-street, and, crossing the bridge, took the road which leads over the hill of Bellevue. As we descended the hill, we had through the woods of Prospect an occasional glimpse of the Lower Lake, with its islands and mountains, till we reached Molly Boke's cross, where the Bellevue is joined by the lower or mill road: from whence, proceeding westward, we in a short time left the main road, and began to ascend the hill of Aghadoe, by a narrow lane or Bohereen, leading to the ancient ruin which crowns its summit.

The remains of the church stand at the back of the burial-ground, which is covered with house-

like tombs: behind the church, close to a gateway is the base of one of those round towers, whose use and origin have served to amuse and puzzle the antiquary; and in an adjoining field, to the west of the burial-ground, are the remains of a circular fortalice, commonly called the Bishop's Chair. From the burial-ground there was a map-like view of the Lower Lake and its surrounding country.

Nor wanted peeping hall and castled height,  
The bank-divided farm, the ruin brown,  
The mazy river wandering blue and bright,  
Like veins on beauty's forehead straying down;  
The smoke calm curling from the neighbouring town,  
Contrasting fair with wild and rugged scene,  
Primeval mountains, nature's awful throne,  
Vast solitudes, where seldom foot I ween,  
Save the red-antler'd monarch of the wastes, hath been.

"A fine extensive prospect this," said I to General Picket, so was my guide called.

"That's the good truth for your honour," he replied; "only it's a mighty lonesome place, and they say it's haunted by spirits, though Tim Marcks says there's no such thing. May be your honour wouldn't know Thicus Morckus; he's a long stocah of a fellow, with a big nose, wears knee-breeches, corderoy leggings, and takes a power of snuff. And, if your honour would like to see him, he lives at Corrimalvin, at the top of High-street, in the town of Killarney. To be sure, some people say all that comes from Tim isn't gospel but that's neither here nor there; so, as I was saying, 'I don't believe in spirits,' says he to me, 'of a day he was mending the road here, and I along with him.'

"'The dickins you don't,' says I, 'and what's your rason for that same?' 'I'll tell you that,'

says he; 'it was a could frosty night in the month of December, the doors were shut, and we were all sitting by the side of a blazing turf fire. My father was smoking his doodeen in the chimney corner, my mother was overseeeing the girls that were tonging the flax, and I and the other gossoons were doing nothing at all, only roasting praties in the ashes.

" 'Was the colt brought in?' says my father. 'Wisha, fakes then! I believe not,' says I. 'Why, then, Tim,' says he, 'you must run and drive him in directly, for it's a mortal could night.' 'And where is he, father?' says I. 'In the far field, at the other side of the ould church,' says he. 'Murder!' says I, for I didn't like the thoughts of going near the ould church at all, at all. But there was no use in saying agen it, for my father (God be merciful to him!) had us under as much command as a regiment of soldiers. So away I went, with a light foot and a heavy heart. Well, I soon came to the bounds' ditch between the farm and the berrin-ground of the ould church. Then I slackened my pace a little, and kept looking hither and over, for fear of being taken by surprise. The moon was shining clear as day, so that I could see the gray tombstones and the white skulls; when, all at once, I thought one of them began to move. I could hardly believe my two eyes; but, fakes, it was true enough; for presently it came walking down the hill, quite leisurely at first, then a little faster, till at last it came rolling at the rate of a fox-hunt.

" ' 'Twill be stopped at the bounds' ditch,' thinks I; but I was never more out in my reckoning, for it bowled fair through the Gap, and made directly up to me. 'By the mortal frost,' says I,

‘I’m done for;’ and away I scampered as fast as my legs could carry me; but the skull came faster after me, for I could hear every lump it gave against the stones.

“ ‘It’s a long stretch of a hill from the berrin-ground down to the road; but you’d think I wasn’t longer getting down, than whilst you’d be saying ‘Jack Robinson.’ Sure enough I did make great haste; but if I did, ‘the more haste the worst speed,’ they say, and so by me any how, for I went souse up to my neck in a dirty Lochaune by the side of the road. Well, when I recovered a little, what would I see but the skull at the edge of the Lochaune, stuck fast in a furze bush, and grinning down at me.

“ ‘Oh, you’re there,’ says I; I’ll have one rap at you any how, for worse than die I can’t;’ so I up with a lump of a black-thorn I had in my fist, and gives it a rap, when what should it be, after all, but a huge rat, which had got into the skull, and, trying to get out again, it made it to roll down the hill in that frightful way. ‘To be sure,’ said Tim, ‘to be sure it was mighty frightful, but it wasn’t a ghost after all; and, indeed, (barring that,) I never saw any thing worse than myself, though we lived for a long time near the ould church of Aghadoe.’ ”

“Very well, Picket,” said Spillane, “so you don’t believe in spirits; but what do you say to the ghost of the Nut-cracker?”

“And who was this Nut-cracker?” said I.

“I’ll tell you all about him, sir,” replied Spillane, “but, in the mean time, we had better move on towards the Gap.”

Accordingly we pursued a road which led along the brow of the hill, till we reached the gate of

Mieniska Cottage, then, turning down the hill, we regained the great road at a place called Mieniska Cross. "Well, but what about the Nut-cracker, Spillane?" said I, as we passed by Fussa Chapel, and pursued our way between the woods and orchards which skirted this part of the road.

"Not far from Killarney, sir," said Spillane, "there once lived a poor man, whose name was Paddy Byrne. He was by trade what is called a hedge-schoolmaster, because in the summer time he preferred teaching his scholars in the clear open air, to confining them within his small cabin. He is the very same Paddy Byrne of whom Mr. Gandsay sings :

"Mister Byrne was a man  
Of very great big knowledge, sir,  
And behind a quickset hedge,  
In a bog, he kept his college, sir,  
He taught 'Reynard, the sly fox,'  
Ay, and more he had to brag on—  
The 'Irish rogues and rapparees'  
'Saint George, sir, and the dragon.' "

Such a one was Paddy Byrne, who kept his academy by the side of Lochaune bower, under the hill of Aghadoe. The place is well known; and any one will point out Lochaune bower, or the deaf pool, so called because it is said that if two people were to stand at opposite sides of the pool, they would not be able to hear each other, though they should call ever so loudly."

"Did you ever try the effect of your bugle there, Spillane?"

"No, I can't say that I ever did, sir, for 'tis a small muddy pool by the road-side; the country people are afraid to pass it late at night, as it is supposed to be enchanted, and is said to be



haunted by the figure of a lady dressed all in white."

"I can tell you, Spillane, what happened to an English friend of mine at the deaf pool, not many years ago. He was accompanied by a Killarney gentleman, who pointed out the little pond to his notice, and at the same time related the tradition you have just mentioned as the origin of its name. 'I am obliged,' said my incredulous friend, 'to receive as truth many of the marvellous stories which are told me respecting these beautiful Lakes, because I cannot disprove them; but the extraordinary tale you have related, of two persons not being able to hear each other at a distance of less than a hundred yards, if they were to speak even in an ordinary tone, to put shouting out of the question, is really too ridiculous, when no other natural cause exists, than a pond of muddy water between them, to intercept the sound.' 'The experiment is soon tried,' said the Killarney gentleman, evidently not much pleased at the veracity of a legend of the Lakes being called in question. 'Take your station here, and I will go round to the other side of the pool, and call to you.' He did so,—at least he moved his lips, and performed all the gestures of a person, at first speaking, and then shouting, but although it was a still summer's morning, no sound whatever reached my friend: who, on shouting in return, was answered only by gestures expressive of his efforts to make himself heard being ineffectual. And thus ended his experiment. But, Spillane, as I am come prepared to give full credence to all that is told me, I will not require you to put the deaf pool to the test; and will, therefore, thank you to resume your story about the Nut-cracker."

“ Well, sir, Paddy Byrne not only possessed the peculiarities common to his class, but had also many little oddities of his own : he was a grave, thickset, little man, with immense bushy eyebrows and a lame step, so that when he attempted to walk, it was with a one-two-three hoppish kind of motion : and then he was so very fond of nuts, which he was continually cracking, that he was universally nick-named the Nut-cracker. It chanced, however, one fine day in the nutting season, that Paddy met with his fate. He had gone to Philequilla Point, in Ross Island, in order to lay in a store of this favourite article (for Philequilla is famous for nuts,) when unfortunately, just as his bag was full, he was tempted to the edge of a rock, by a fine brown glossy bunch. Holding by a branch, and stretching at the nuts, the faithless branch gave way, and down went Paddy.

“ Soresly was he bruised and battered by the fall ; and in this condition he was discovered by some woodmen, who procured immediate assistance, and carried him home, not forgetting the bag of nuts which was the cause of his misfortune. To make a long story short, poor Paddy died, leaving particular directions that the bag of nuts should be placed on his coffin in the tomb. A fine funeral he had ; and after seeing Paddy and his bag quietly deposited together, the people as usual returned to their respective homes.

“ Among the neighbours who went to the funeral was Tim Murphy, a strong farmer, who lived at no great distance from the ruined church of Aghadoe, where we have just been, sir, and in whose house there was gathered (as usual) at night a knot of people, labourers and others, who

were amusing themselves as they sat round the hearth, by talking over the various news of the day. Among other things, the curious whim of Paddy Byrne was mentioned, in ordering the bag of nuts to be placed on his coffin, and buried with him; and this, of course, brought on many stories of ghosts and apparitions which had been seen at the old church. 'I don't believe a word about such things,' said Sheehy, who had been for some time a quiet listener, 'I don't believe in ghosts at all; and I'll bet a half-pint with any of ye, that I'll go to Paddy Byrne's tomb this very night, and bring away his bag of nuts.'

" 'Done,' said Tim Murphy, 'it's a bargain.' And done, said Jack, as he left the house and made the best of his way to Aghadoe churchyard.

" Though the moon was up, it was a foggy night, so that Jack could scarcely see a dozen yards before him, as he walked whistling along the bohereen or little road we came, which winds up the hill of Aghadoe and passes through the old grave-yard. Scarcely had he got there, when he heard a footstep trotting before him. 'Who goes there?' said Jack.

" 'Is that Jack Sheehy?' answered a voice which he knew to be Bill Eaton's.

" 'The very same,' answered Jack, 'and at your service. But where would you be going this time of night? I suppose you're on a bit of a spree, eh! Billy?'

" 'Why, then, it's the very thing I'd be after,' said Billy; 'and if you'll lend a hand you're welcome; a bit of a stray sheep is no bad thing in a poor man's way; and Shaune an Uckrus has a few fat ones up yonder there: besides,

where's the harm in taking it from the likes of him? and nobody'll be the wiser of it but ourselves.'

" 'By de Hokey, an 'tis I that will,' said Jack; 'for sure it was all along of him that I and my poor little bit of a family was turned out of our snug cabin and praty garden. I know well enough he wanted it for a poor relation of his own; for the never a dacent fellow he has belonging to him, though he sets up for a gentleman, with his 'dis' and his 'dat' and his big words, that no one can make out the understanding of. Oh, 'tis he, and the likes of him, is after destroying the country with his bad advices to the ould ancient gentlemen; driving the poor people, and counting the very eggs on them.

" ' 'Tis the good truth for you,' says Bill; 'but may a body just have the bouldness to ax where you was going yourself, Jack; sure it wasn't on a spree you was, like myself?'

" 'Indeed, then, it wasn't,' said Jack: and then he told him all about Paddy Byrne, the bag of nuts, and the wager.

" 'Well, then,' said Bill, 'do you stay here and get the bag of nuts, while I go for the mutton:' so away he went. Left to himself, Jack Sheehy made direct to Paddy Byrne's tomb, and, removing the stone from its mouth easily enough, for there was no mortar ready to close it up, possessed himself of the bag of nuts. And, as he had promised to wait for Billy and the sheep, he thought it no harm in the meantime to crack a few. Now it happened that there was a little boy herding cows in the next field to the grave-yard, who, when he heard the cracking of the nuts going on, didn't know what to make of it; so he

had the courage to steal softly along the ditch, 'till he came opposite the place where he heard the work, and there, half seen through the fog, he perceived the figure of a man sitting on Paddy Byrne's tomb, with a bag in his hand.

"The little boy immediately concluded it to be no other than Paddy Byrne himself; so away he ran, in a great fright, to tell his master, who lived within a few fields of the place. Mick Finegane was his master's name, and, when he heard the little boy's story, he did not feel a bit inclined to venture out to look at Paddy Byrne's ghost; but his old bedridden mother-in-law, who lay in a little room on one side of the chimney, heard also what the boy said.

"A whimsical old hag she was, and used often to annoy Mick with her fancies; but Mick bore them all patiently enough, for she had a good purse in the toe of an old stocking, and Mick, (like a prudent man, had an eye to the main chance. But of all the whims she ever took into her head, her present one was the oddest, and the most annoying to poor Mick; for, calling him to the bedside, she vowed never to leave him as much as a penny piece, if he didn't take her on his back to the old grave-yard, to see Paddy Byrne's ghost. What her motive was is more than I can tell; but, I suppose, as she was a woman, it must have been curiosity. Now, though Mick had no great goodwill towards the lady's freak, yet he thought it a pity to lose the purse after waiting for it so long.

"So, taking her on his back, with many an inward curse, away he went. But when he arrived at the grave-yard, and heard the cracking of the nuts going on, horror almost overpowered all other feelings.



“ ‘ Is she fat ? ’ said Jack Sheehy, who was still seated on the tomb, and, in the dim light, very naturally mistook Mick and his mother for Bill Eaton and the sheep, ‘ is she fat ? ’ This was too much entirely for Mick’s nerves ; so, throwing the old woman down, he roared out, ‘ fat or lean, there’s she for you, Mister Byrne.’ And away he scampered as fast as his legs could carry him. What became of the old woman I never heard, or whether, after this, Jack waited for his share of the mutton, is more than I can say : but ’tis certain he won his wager ; for the next morning it was reported all over Killarney, that Paddy Byrne was seen cracking his nuts in the grave-yard ; and, to this day, many people believe that the ghost of the Nut-cracker still appears in the old church-yard, on the hill of Aghadoe.”

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE GAP.

“THERE’s the green gates of O’Connell, sir,” said Spillane, as we passed the entrance to Grenagh.

“The patriotic colour truly—these O’Connells seem to be great fellows in this part of the world.”

“Great! and why wouldn’t they be great?” interposed Picket, “ar’n’t they the ould ancient stock? and isn’t James O’Connell married to the Madam’s daughter\* down at Lakefield there? and isn’t the Counsellor doing great good for ould Ireland? sure he’ll make the nation our own yet, and bring back the parlimint in spite of government, though that same government is a strong man, they say. And isn’t John O’Connell, of Grenagh here, a great sportsman, and a justice of the pace; and doesn’t he keep the hounds, and give the stag-hunts, and traverse the roads, and see the whole county justified at the ’sizes? Sure ’tis they that ought to be great, and why wouldn’t they?”

\* Speaking of Charles O’Donoghue, Esq. the present representative of the ancient chiefs of Glanflesk, Mr. Wright, in his Guide Book, says, “his mother, who resides in the *village* of Killarney, is universally distinguished by the appellation of ‘The Madam,’ as a mark of respect to the matron of the family.”—p. 18.

Shortly after passing the green gates of O'Connell, we came to Laun, or, as it is sometimes called, Beaufort Bridge. The morning sun illuminated the fantastic points of Macgillicuddy's Reeks, and the broad heathy side of the gigantic Toomies, while the noble river Laun, checquered with a beautiful interchange of light and shadow, not far from where it emerges out of the Lower Lake, swept by the darkening woods of Beaufort, which descended to its bank, and passed, rapid, broad, and full, beneath the bridge of many arches, on which I paused to contemplate the scene.

"What a lovely landscape—how beautiful is this river!" I exclaimed aloud, forgetful at the moment of the presence of others, till roused from my reverie by the sound of a female voice.

"Why, then, that's no more than the good truth your honour has said. 'Tis a beautiful river sure enough, God bless it; and sure one ought always to say God bless it, or may be it would be as bad with them as it was with the ould hermit that lived here long ago."

I turned to gaze on the speaker—she was a tall elderly woman; her head was covered by a white handkerchief, the ends of which passed round her neck, and tied behind; from beneath this covering some stray grisly locks escaped, and hung in wild disorder on her high and wrinkled forehead. She wore a green quilted gown and check apron, and on her shoulders was a large showy cotton shawl; black worsted stockings, and a pair of brogues, completed her attire. Over her right arm was thrown a blue frieze cloak, decorated by a massive silver clasp, and on her left she carried a basket of gingerbread, with which, I soon learned, she was proceeding to the fair of Killoroglin.

The brown and weather-beaten face of this woman, her long hooked nose, and expressive black eyes, seemed perfectly familiar to me, and yet I could not recollect where I had before seen her.

"Ah, then, sir," said she, "'twas what your good honour, may the Lord reward you for the same, gave me on Monday evening last, up at Clough na Cuddy, that helped me to buy this small trifle of gingerbread that's in the basket."

This speech completed my recognition of the speaker. "Well, my good woman," said I, "as we are travelling the same road, and you seem to be acquainted with the old stories of the place, I should be glad to hear about the hermit you were speaking of, if you have no objection."

"Wisha, then, no objection in life, your honour," replied my companion: "Why would I? for sure it isn't for the likes of me, to say agin a jintleman." And, without further preface, she proceeded.

"Your honour then must know, that in the good ould times the country was full of holy men, hermits, and friars, who did nothin at all, but pray day and night; and their prayers brought a blessin on the country, not to speak of the salvation of their own sowsls. But the holiest of all the blessed men of those times was the hermit of Sgarrive a Kuilleen; for Sgarrive a Kuilleen is the name of the bridge we were standing on a little while ago, and the English of it is Holly Ford; for in those days there were no bridges at all, and the people were content to walk bare-foot through the water, whenever it came in their way. But if they hadn't bridges, they had plenty of holy men, and plentiful times, and good honest hearts; which is more

than can be said for the people in our days; though, to be sure, they're a great deal cliverer with their inventions, and all that; but the simple ould folks were the best of all.

“ Well, your honour, as I was sayin, the hermit of Sgarrive a Kuilleen was a blessed man, and he lived in a little hut on the banks of the river, not far from the ford, where the bridge is now; and there was a great resort of people from far and near to him, to get gospels and orations, and be cured of all sorts of sickness and blasts from the good people: for he was a very holy man, and in such favour with God, that he was fed by the blessed angels, who brought him bread from heaven.

“ Well, your honour, that was all well and good, till one stormy night he happened, as bad luck would have it, to be looking out of his hut. ‘ ’Tis a desperate night,’ says he,’ and never a word more; for he was very sleepy, and so he forgot to say ‘ Glory be to God,’ which was a greater sin for him, than the killing of a man would be in the likes of us. But, if he forgot to say Glory be to God, the angels forgot to bring him any bread in the morning. So that he was very sorrowful, for he knew that he must have done somethin’ wrong; though, for the life of him, he couldn’t recollect what it was. At last, he bethought himself of how he looked out at the storm, and that he said it was a desperate night, without saying Glory be to God; and, so when he thought of this, and what a mortal sin it was for him, that was reckoned such a holy man, he got quite in despair, and began to think what penance he should do for his sin. At last, he caught hould of a holly stick, which, he used to carry in his



hand, whenever he went out to walk, and away he ran, like mad, down into the middle of the river, and planted his stick in it, and made a vow never to lave that spot, till his stick should begin to grow.

“ Well, sir, he wasn’t there long, till a noted thief came driving some cattle over the ford, and he wondered to see the hermit standing in the river, before him. So, he just made bould to ax him, what in the world he was doing there? so with that, the hermit up and tould him, how he was looking out at the storm, and how he said it was a desperate night, and how he forgot to say, Glory be to God, and how he made a vow never to lave that spot, till his holly stick would begin to grow.

“ When the thief heard the whole story, just as it happened, he was struck with a great sorrow for his sins ; for he thought, if it was so bad with such a holy man, it must be a great deal worse with himself : so he resolved to make restitution of all he ever stole ; and, determining to follow the hermit’s example, he cut a holly stick, and ran into the river alongside of him, and made a vow never to stir till the stick would begin to grow.

“ Well, your honour, if he went into the water, he wasn’t there long ; for sure enough, his stick began to grow in a minute, and send out the most beautiful green sprouts ; and so he knew that his sins were forgiven, and went up out of the water with a heart as light as a feather. But, if it was easy with him, it wasn’t so with the hermit ; for he was thinking more of the bread from heaven, and the loss of his character with the people, than he was of his sin ; till at last, a big flood came in

the river, and then he was sorry for his sin in good earnest ; and so he was forgiven, for his stick began to grow ; but that didn't prevent the flood from whipping him away, and so he was drowned. But, if he was, it was the happy death for him ; for the thief, that was standing on the bank, heard the most beautiful music, and saw something white going up into the sky ; which, without doubt, was the holy angels carrying the hermit's soul to heaven. And so, your honour, the place is known ever since, by the name of Sgarrive a Kuilleen, and I never passes it, without saying (as a good right I have) God bless it, or, Glory be to God."

Such is the legend of Sgarrive a Kuilleen,\* as told by the old woman, with whom I parted at the cross leading to Killoroglin, after thanking her for the story, and gladdening her heart by another small gift.

"There are some verses, sir," said Spillane, "about a Killarney Hermit ; composed to an old Irish air, by the Right Honourable George Ogle. Although I can't take upon me to say, whether it was the hermit of Sgarrive a Kuilleen, or not."

"What, the Ogle who wrote the song of 'Molly Asthore'?"

'As down by Banna's banks I stray'd  
One evening in the spring——'

If you recollect the verses of which you have spoken, Spillane, I should be obliged by your repeating them for me."

"I think I do, sir, and, moreover, three or four additional verses by Mr. Ogle, which have not been printed.

\* *Sgarbh*, a Ford, and *Cuileam*, the Holly-tree.

“As on Killarney’s bank I stood, near to her crystal wave,  
I saw a holy hermit retired within his cave :  
His eyes he often turn’d to heaven, and thus exclaimed he :  
Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world—thou wert not made  
for me.

“His bed was strew’d with rushes, which grew along the  
shore,  
And o’er his limbs emaciate, a sackcloth shirt he wore ;  
His hoary beard and matted hair, hung listless to his knee :  
Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world—thou wert not made  
for me.

“I thought his heart had broken, so heavy were his sighs,  
I thought his tears had dried up the fountains of his eyes,  
Oh ’twas a grievous thing to hear, a piteous sight to see :  
Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world—thou wert not made  
for me.

“His sorrows pierced my bosom, in all I took my share,  
My sighs his sighs re-echoed, I gave him tear for tear ;  
I had no comfort left to give, it might intrusive be :  
Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world—thou wert not made  
for me.

“Awhile he ceased his mourning, and looked in thought  
profound,  
But anguish soon returning, he started from the ground ;  
With feeble rage he smote his breast, and thus exclaimed he :  
Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world—thou wert not made  
for me.

“How weak are foolish mortals, who sigh for pomp and  
state,  
They little know the dangers, that on high station wait ;  
They little know the various ills, that follow high degree :  
Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world—thou wert not made  
for me.

“Ambition’s but a bubble, a circle in the sea,  
Extending o’er the surface, and ne’er can ended be ;  
Till in itself, itself is lost, the breath of vanity :  
Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world—thou wert not made  
for me.

‘ Why did I trust to honour, I reckon’d by my own ?  
Why did I trust to virtue, when she to heaven was flown ?  
Alas ! too late, I now lament my fond credulity :  
Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world—thou wert not made  
for me.

“ I thought that there was friendship, but that’s a gem  
most rare ;  
I thought that love was sacred, and beauty was sincere ;  
But these are visions all like dreams, which with the  
morning flee :  
Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world—thou wert not made  
for me.

“ Oh, had I been a shepherd upon the mountain’s brow,  
I ne’er had known those feelings, which I experience now ;  
My flocks had been my only care, from every other free :  
Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world—thou wert not made  
for me.

“ Those toils will soon be over, my pilgrimage is past ;  
The gates of heaven are open’d, redemption smiles at  
last ;  
May all my enemies be blest, my wrongs forgiven be :  
Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world—thou wert not made  
for me.

“ He laid him down upon his bed, the threads of life were  
broke,  
His eyes seemed closed in death’s dim shade, I thought  
he ne’er had spoke ;  
Again, with faltering voice he said, ’twas life’s last agony,  
Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world—thou wert not made  
for me.”

“ Thank you, Spillane—yours must be an excellent memory ; but all old ballads, or, even their modern imitations, sink deeply into the heart.

“ Pray, who does Beaufort belong to ?” said I, as we journeyed on towards the Gap.

“ Why, then,” replied Picket, “ the right owner is Mr. Day, only he sould it to Parson Mullins,

Lord Ventry's brother, and left the country, because the priest wouldn't let the childer go to his school, and larn to read the protestant bible. Sorry enough the people was, when he went away; for he was a good gentleman, only he had no bisness to meddle with their religion; and sure the priest had no less than rason at his side, for wasn't he bound to keep the cratur in the right way. But see, your honour, there's Dunloh Castle, and John O'Connell's house opposite it, at the other side of the river."

Dunloh Castle is about a mile from the Lake, seated on a steep bank, rising immediately above the river, which forms some beautiful pools shaded by fine trees. This bank is closely covered with wood, and the meadows which surround it are also richly wooded. The castle commands a noble view of the Lower Lake, and of the singular pass, called the Gap of Dunloh, of the lofty and pointed Reeks, and of the still more lofty and pointed Gheran Tuel.\*

From Dunloh Castle we proceeded to the Gap, a deep, narrow, wild, and irregular valley between the Reeks and the Purple Mountain. The want of correspondence in the sides of this Gap is very striking, and it is the abode of several small lakes. The Purple Mountain is very lofty, though inferior to the Reeks. Weld has said, that the hue from which it receives its name, arises from a plant,

\* Or Carràn Tuàl, i. e. according to Mr. Wright, "the inverted reaping-hook, which the outline of the summit strongly resembles." Wright states, that "the late measurements of Mr. Nimmo (Mr. Porter, I believe, he should have said) have shown Carràn Tuàl to be three thousand four hundred and ten feet above the level of the sea, while Mangerton (formerly considered the higher) is only two thousand five hundred and fifty."

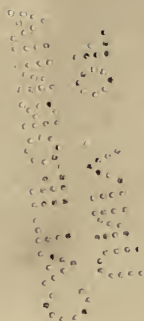




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Engraved by L. & E. Byrne, from a sketch by Alfred Nicholson.

# IN THE GAP OF DUNLOM



with which it is covered ; but this assertion appears founded in mistake, as the colour is entirely owing to a purple stratum of slaty rock, whose shivered fragments cover the upper parts of the mountain. Glenà and Toomies are branches of this mountain ; and the former is more particularly remarkable, for what, in some degree, characterizes the whole mountain—namely, the lap-like form of its parts. Glenà, when viewed from the lake, exhibits a series of concave lines from top to bottom.

Some of the crags in the Gap are very lofty, and almost perpendicular ; and the whole is an exceedingly romantic scene.

*“ Tooty—too—té—Tooty—too—té.”*

“ A tolerable echo that, Spillane ;—Hark ! how it rings through the mountains !—What a wild spot—this dark lake, with its surrounding hills !—See, how its black waves roll against the shore, and break upon the rocks with an angry growl. It seems the very abode of melancholy ; and I should not wonder, if there was some wild story connected with the place.”

“ By the bye, sir,” said Spillane, “ I believe there is a story, something about a great serpent, I think—do you know any thing of it, Picket ?”

“ The serpent, is it ?” said Picket, in reply. “ Sure, every body has hard tell of the blessed Saint Patrick, and how he druve the sarpints and all manner of venemous things out of Ireland. How he ‘ bothered all the varmint,’ entirely. But for all that, there was one ould sarpint left, who was too cunning to be talked out of the country, and made to drown himself. Saint Patrick didn’t well know how to manage this fellow, who was doing great havoc ; till, at long last he bethought

himself, and got a strong iron chest made, with nine boults upon it.

“So, one fine morning, he takes a walk to where the sarpint used to keep; and the sarpint, who didn’t like the saint in the least, and small blame to him for that, began to hiss and show his teeth at him like any thing. ‘Oh,’ says Saint Patrick, says he, ‘where’s the use of making such a piece of work, about a gentleman like myself coming to see you. ’Tis a nice house I have got made for you, agin the winter; for I’m going to civilize the whole country, man and beast,’ says he, ‘and you can come and look at it whenever you please, and ’tis myself will be glad to see you.’

“The sarpint hearing such smooth words, thought that though Saint Patrick had druve all the rest of the sarpints into the-sea, he meant no harm to himself; so the sarpint walks fair and easy up to see him, and the house he was speaking about. But when the sarpint saw the nine great boults upon the chest, he thought he was sould, (betrayed,) and was for making off with himself as fast as ever he could.

“ ‘ ’Tis a nice warm house, you see,’ says Saint Patrick, ‘and ’tis a good friend I am to you.’

“ ‘ I thank you kindly, Saint Patrick, for your civility,’ says the sarpint, ‘but I think it’s too small it is for me’—meaning it for an excuse, and away he was going.

“ ‘ Too small!’ says Saint Patrick, ‘stop, if you please,’ says he, ‘you’re out in that, my boy, any how—I am sure ’twill fit you completely; and, I’ll tell you what,’ says he, ‘I’ll bet you a gallon of porter,’ says he, ‘that if you’ll only

try and get in, there'll be plenty of room for you.'

"The sarpint was as thirsty as could be with his walk, and 'twas great joy to him the thoughts of doing Saint Patrick out of the gallon of porter; so, swelling himself up as big as he could, in he got to the chest, all but a little bit of his tail. 'There, now,' says he, 'I've won the gallon, for you see the house is too small for me, for I can't get in my tail.' When, what does Saint Patrick do, but he comes behind the great heavy lid of the chest, and, putting his two hands to it, down he slaps it, with a bang like thunder. When the rogue of a sarpint saw the lid coming down, in went his tail, like a shot, for fear of being whipped off him, and Saint Patrick began at once to boul't the nine iron boul'ts.

" 'Oh, murder!—won't you let me out, Saint Patrick?' says the sarpint—'I've lost the bet fairly; and I'll pay you the gallon like a man.'

" 'Let you out, my darling,' says Saint Patrick, 'to be sure I will—by all manner of means—but, you see, I haven't time now, so you must wait till to-morrow.' And so he took the iron chest, with the sarpint in it, and pitches it into the lake here, where it is to this hour for certain; and 'tis the sarpint struggling down at the bottom that makes the waves upon it. Many is the living man," continued Picket, "besides myself, has hard the sarpint crying out, from within the chest under the water, 'Is it to-morrow yet?—Is it to-morrow yet?' which, to be sure, it never can be: and that's the way Saint Patrick settled the last of the sarpints, sir."



"Bless me, what a road!—why it's nothing but a heap of loose rocks!"

"Yes, sir, as far as this a jingle can come," said Spillane—they have a song in the town about a party coming through the Gap, but I don't know it all."

"Well, let me hear what you do know."

And Spillane commenced:

"We set off from Killarney one bright sunny morn,  
With clouds on the mountain that threatened a storm;  
In a jingle we go to the Gap of Dunloh,  
And sometimes drive fast, and sometimes drive slow,  
Singing high row, riot, and wont you be quiet?  
And can't you sit easy—just like a daisy—fair and easy?"

"For the road was not always quite equable there,  
But sometimes it was rough, and sometimes it was fair;  
And the horse he was lame, and the vehicle bad,  
And the driver a fool, and the passengers mad.  
Singing high row, riot, and won't you be quiet?  
And can't you sit easy—just like a daisy—fair and easy?"

"That's all I can remember, sir."

"This is really fearful—the pass is so narrow, and the mountains look as if they were ready to crush us. I wish we were fairly through; it would be no joke to have the rock where that thoughtless goat is cutting a caper fall upon us. Picket, can you tell me who made this road?"

"Ah, then, who would it be but myself and the gray major that lives at Dunloh Castle; for sure 'twas he got the presintment, and myself broke the stones, and as a nate jantleman he is, surely, as any in the county—'tis he that keeps the good house, and 'tis he can make the fine speech, for which rason they calls him Tongue Arrigud, which manes the Silver Tongue."

When clear of the Gap, we began to descend;

and Picket conducted me to a little bank on the mountain's side, from whence there is a splendid prospect. The Upper Lake, with all its woods and mountains to the left; immediately beneath, Lord Brandon's demesne, with its round tower peeping above the surrounding trees; and to the right, Cowm Duve or the Black Valley, a deep hollow in the Reeks, with a dark lake at its extremity, and the wall-like mountain, towering above it to an immense height.

For here, amid his Alpine solitude,  
The spirit of the mountain sits sublime :  
His arm a cataract, his foot a flood.  
His wide waist girded by the wrecks of time,  
His broad brow bound with wreaths of rolling rime,  
His voice a storm, starts Echo from her cell,  
Furrows the billow to its bed of slime,  
Raves through the passes of each subject fell,  
And fitful moans and sighs adown the distant dell.

Stern is his form, but, in his calmer mood,  
Mild beauty dallies with his awful crest ;  
His storm voice dies along the solitude,  
As when an infant sings itself to rest ;  
And his smile burns along the glassy breast  
Of yonder lake, where——

“The boat is waiting, sir,” exclaimed my guide.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE UPPER LAKE.

"HERE'S the gate into Lord Brandon's place," said Picket, "by my own sowl, it's locked it is, and your honour can't get in, for his honourable lordship always takes the key away with him in his breeches pocket. Why, then, isn't it a provoking case that his lordship wouldn't be at home before your honour; I'll be bail, if he was, he'd show you every inch of the place himself; for sure 'tis he's the rale jantleman, and as mild as mother's milk. 'Tis long till he'd run out with a loaded gun, like some of your musheroon quality, to prevent people from landing on his ground. Och, no, that isn't the kind he is, for sure isn't he a minister, ay, and a good one too; 'tis long till he'd distress the poor people for tithes or church money out at Castle Island there, where he has his living. And, then, when he comes here among the mountains, it isn't to shoot and sport, but to be out of the way of the world, while he's praying and writing sarmints. O, then, isn't it a wonder he isn't made a bishop of?"

By this time we had reached the boat, where we were received with a general shout, which went circling round the hills.

"Oh, then," said Begly, "your honour's as welcome to us as the flowers of May."

"Oh, then, that he is, that's no lie for you, Begly," said the rest of the crew.

"Thank you, lads, I'm glad to see you. Plunket, give the men some whiskey."

"Long life to your honour," said Doolan.

"It's rale Tommy Walker, sure enough," said Begly.

"Hand the cup here," said Purty. "Pooh, ho—ho, but it's tearin strong."

"Fakes, then it is the right sort," said big Dinny. "Will I give Barret a drop, your honour?"

"Barret! O by all means, I didn't perceive him before.—I am glad to see you, Barret."

"Thank your honour; I just made bold to come up with the boat, to see if I'd catch a bit of a salmon to roast for your honour's dinner."

"Will you have it, Barret?" said big Dinny, at the same time holding up the bottle.

"Will I? may be I won't; why," replied Barret, "will a duck swim? why, Dinny?"

As we crossed the Upper Lake, towards Ronayne's Island, from Plunket's conversation I gathered that Barret, with whom I had made acquaintance at Innisfallen, was by trade a ladies' shoemaker, but by inclination so determined a sportsman, that he seldom exercised the gentle craft. He was what in Killarney is termed a Carrig a fourt man, from a rock of that name on the margin of the Lower Lake, where many a broken tradesman may be seen preparing his fishing tackle to delude the finny tribe; hence, to say that a man is gone to Carrig a fourt, is equivalent with saying he is a broken mer-

chant—one who is either so idle or so unfortunate as to trust to the art of angling for a precarious subsistence.

I was also given to understand, that Barret was rather an entertaining fellow, and valued himself not a little on his knowledge as an antiquary; for he could tell the precise dates when the Abbays of Mucruss and Innisfallen were founded; and could beguile the time with many a legendary tale, when the sun was too bright or the wind too high to permit the pursuit of his favourite sport. As long as this sport continued, however, there was no getting a word from him, except a few broken exclamations, such as “Egad, a noble salmon!”—“By Jove, I’ve hitched him!”—“There’s nothing like an orange fly!”

On the Upper Lake, all traces of the lower country are completely lost, and the views are confined to its own valley and the surrounding mountains; but these are so varied and so magnificent, the valley so rich in wood, and the lake, with its numerous islands, so beautiful, as to leave nothing in point of scenery to be wished for. It affords the most exquisite fore-grounds and middle distances for the painter, but is not exactly the place in which to study the purple hues of distance, which are so finely exemplified in the Lower Lake.

“This is Ronayne’s Island, sir,” said Plunket, as the boat struck against the landing-place, “there’s a fine prospect from the top of it; Barret will show you the path.”

From the verge of the water, Ronayne’s Island rises steep and rocky, possessing but one little green nook, which serves as a landing-place, and



on which are the remains of a cottage. The island is covered with wood, and has a double crown, each of which points commands a pretty view of the lake, and neighbouring islands.

Behold the winding course of yonder lake,  
Not broad, but, like a noble river, crown'd  
With many an island green, whose smiles awake  
More lovely, from the shadows cast around,  
Of those gigantic hills, dark, rugged, and embrown'd.

“Barret, have you brought the large book from the boat? Here, give it to me—Weld says something about this island, I think—let me see.—Ah, Weld wants an index very much indeed—but I have found it.” And accordingly I read aloud, as follows:—

“One man, however, there was, upon whose romantic mind a deeper impression was made: he was an Englishman, of the name of Ronayne. The spot which he selected for his retreat was this small island, which yet retains his name. He avoided all society, and seldom left the island.”—

“Very romantic indeed.”

“Psha!” said Barret.

“What are you pshawing about, Barret?” said I.

“Why, then, I’ll tell you: Did ever any one hear such a story as your honour was reading just now; what, old Philip Ronayne, an Englishman? why, sir, he was bred and born in the County Cork, and I don’t believe he ever put foot out of ould Ireland. And then such stuff about romantic and ’voiding society, psha! Phil Ronayne, sir, was a quare ould fellow, with one eye blue and the other gray, that used to come here sometimes in the sason for shooting and fishing, mighty fond

he was of the sport; by the same token that he was mighty near shooting a boatman once, who stole a brace of birds out of his cabin, that he built down by the landing-place there. They say he built the cabin himself; and, for sartin, he was mighty ingenous in making rings for pigs' noses; and he made a sort of a machine, that he gave Colonel Herbert; and, as to tying flies, there wasn't a man in the county could come near him; and then, as to 'voiding society, why, bless you, he made as free with the people as any thing, and used often to come into Killarney of an evening, and take a tumbler of punch with the ould folk. To be sure, he didn't like to have people come tazing him, and spying about his cabin, and small blame to him for that same; so at last, when the blackguards were making too great a hand of him entirely, he went away for good an' all."

"Indeed, Barret, your account is quite different from Mr. Weld's; and you really ought not to have spoiled so pretty and so romantic a story;—but we had better descend to the boat."

Leaving Ronayne's Island, we glided by several others, named either after some particular person or some natural peculiarity, as Mac Carty's Island, Arbutus Island, the Eagle's Island, &c.; then, turning to the right, passed a rock called the Giant's Coffin, at the left-hand side, as we entered the river Galway.

"Do you see that big black rock, sir?" said Begly; "'tis called the Giant's Coffin, and for a very simple rason to be sure, because it looks for all the world like one; and 'tis so big entirely, that if ever it was a coffin at all, which for cer-

tain it never was, it must have belonged to the giants of ould."

At the landing-place it was my singular good fortune to recognize an old school-fellow.—But it is useless here to detail the circumstances of this extraordinary meeting, after a separation of fifteen years.

Tempted by the offer of a commission, Mr. Lynch left school a mere boy, and, within a few weeks after, while veterans died of fatigue and exhaustion by his side, he awoke from a sweet and refreshing sleep in the battle of Waterloo! His military career, however, was as short as it was premature and honourable; he retired from active service at an age when most men enter upon it, and, with the independent half pay of an ensign, and the glory of a Waterloo medal, established himself in the romantic region of Killarney; a region well suited to his boyish poetical temperament, and enthusiastic feelings. Most readily did I submit myself to his proffered guidance; "and so," Lynch, "which way do we move?"

"Plunket," said Mr. Lynch, "do you meet us at the Heading with the boat. And now forward, if you please.

"What a charming glen! this is beautiful indeed!—What do you call it?"

"This is Derrycunnihy; but you have not seen half its beauties yet. Ah, here is Mr. Hyde, most apropos for us, as he will give us admission, through this rustic gate, to his pretty cottage, from whence we can proceed to the cascade, and then by the new line of road to the Heading—but here he comes."

The Rev. Arthur Hyde, with much politeness,

conducted us through his shrubbery. His cottage, with its projecting thatched roof and flower-covered trellis, is extremely pretty. It is seated in a garden surrounded by woods, commands a view of the Waterfall, and has the river Galway running, or rather brawling, close beside it.

Crossing a rustic bridge, we proceeded along the northern bank of the river, and, entering a wood at the other side of Mr. Hyde's carriage road, began to climb the steep side of the Waterfall.

"Beware of that bramble," said Mr. Lynch, "Now catch hold of this tree, and spring up the rock. Here we are at the top of the fall, where the water gushes between two dark rocks, and tumbles foaming beneath us. Cast your eyes down to the depth of the valley, and observe how invitingly the cottage looks, with its little green lawn, the very image of peace and seclusion—then those dark mountains; these surrounding woods; and, looking up the stream, that calm home-scene. But you seem fatigued, my friend, therefore suppose we qualify some of this Derrycunnihy water with a drop of old malt whiskey, and drink to the spirit of the fall. I'm old soldier enough to carry my canteen in my pocket."

"I have no objection," said I; "you seem quite inspired, Lynch, however, without the whiskey."

"Derrycunnihy, I continued, has not a very poetical sound; let me see what hand I can make of it.

The man who would see Derrycunnihy fall,  
Must come with good whiskey, or not come at all;  
Singing—down, down, down, derry down;

And a pocket well lined, for minus the money, he  
May as well stay at home from sweet, sweet Derrycunnihy,  
To sing down, down, down, derry down.

But if cash and if whiskey both come at his call,  
Oh, then he may see Derrycunnihy fall,  
And sing down, down, down, derry down ;

And he'll be the boy, like a flower to the honey-bee,  
For the lads of the lakes, and sweet, sweet Derrycunnihy,  
Sing down, down, down, derry down.

I defy 'the grand master' himself to improvisa-  
torize better !”

“A truce to your badinage,” said Mr. Lynch,  
putting on a prodigiously solemn face. “The  
versification may be smother ;—but my verses,  
I maintain, are not less in character with the  
scene than yours.

O here's a sweet glen ! where the foam of the fall  
O'er the dark frowning rock rushes on to the lake ;  
Where the mountain nymph, Echo, awakes at its call,  
And the startled deer fearfully fly through the brake ;

Where the holly and yew throw their shade o'er the brook,  
As onward it brawls by yon cottage so lone,  
That peacefully smiles from its own flowery nook,  
As charm'd with the musical voice of its moan.

Oft, oft, when my heart 'mid the dwellings of men  
In its gloom may repine, will my spirit recall  
The brightness and calm of this lone little glen,  
Where rushes thy foam, Derrycunnihy fall.

“Ah ! you never had a soul for poetry ; there-  
fore let us descend, take a view of the fall from  
below, and make the best of our way to the  
Heading, where by this time the boat must be  
waiting for us.”

At the infinite hazard of our necks, we de-  
scended from our elevated situation, and with



some difficulty gained a rock in the centre of the stream, at the foot of the fall.

“Look up—observe how wide the water spreads from the first compact fall, encroaching on the woods and rocks at either side, so that the very foliage seems to yield a thousand little tributary streams. See, they unite and again fall—fall—foam and fall, till lost amid the woods which shadow its course.”

“How snowy-white is the foam, and how great the contrast between it and the jetty tint of the rocks!”

From hence, proceeding by Mr. Hyde's carriage road, we gained the new line between Kenmare and Killarney, and, following its course towards the latter place, in a short time reached the Heading, which is an archway or tunnel of some extent, cut through the rock, to permit a passage for the road.

The road from this spot was worthy of remark, being a platform, cut with great labour, along the base of Cromigleun Mountain. On one side was the mountain, steep, rocky, and wooded, and on the other a precipice overhanging the Bay of Newfoundland. Many a fantastic branch shot athwart the road, while their bare and gnarled roots wound around the rocks, and anchored in their crevices. Frequently immense rocks were seen standing like a wall at either side of the road, for whose passage they had evidently been forced to make way.

“Descending from the Heading to the water-side, we found the boat in waiting, and immediately embarked.

“Your honour's welcome to us,” said Doolan.  
“And isn't the Strap an' Gad a fine place?”

“What do you mean by Strap an’ Gad, Doolan?”

“Why, then, just the Heading there, your honour; and the reason they calls it the Strap an’ Gad is because there was a famous robber, one Martin Mahony, that used to rob and strip the whole country round, like a thief as he was—and whenever he was hunted, he used to run to the big rock, where the Heading is now, and there he had a strap or gad hanging down, which he used to catch a hould of, and make a leap up the rock, and then he’d pull the gad after him, so that there was no one could follow him, and there was no catching him at all.”

Here there was a general pause.

“Barret,” said Mr. Lynch, “I believe that is the Oak Island; it is also called Russ Bourky, and I want to know whether Oak Island is the literal English for Russ Bourky?”

“Russ Bourky is wrong, it should be pronounced Russ Buarach; and the English of it is spansel wood,” replied Barret, at the same time assuming a degree of importance, from the supposed superiority of his information.

“Spansel wood? why there seems to be no sense in this interpretation of yours.”

“You wouldn’t say that, sir,” replied Barret, “if you knew the story that gave rise to it, for the island, you must know, was enchanted by O’Donoghue; but may be you don’t believe in O’Donoghue, for there are many that comes on the lakes only to make fun of him, when may be they’d better let it alone.”

The fact was, that Barret had told his fairy tales so often, that constant repetition had all the efficacy of demonstration in impressing upon

his mind a firm conviction of the truth of his own stories. It was, therefore, necessary to use a little angling art, in order to hide all appearance of unbelief, which would infallibly have put a stop to his loquacity. "Why do you say that, Barret? I'm sure I have as good a right to believe in O'Donoghue as any one else. Besides, I feel confident there must have been such a person, since the voice of thousands, and the testimony of tradition, unite to corroborate the fact; therefore pray tell me the story, for, I assure you, in my heart I love a legendary tale."

Satisfied, therefore, that I was not an unbeliever, Barret commenced his story.

"Why, then," said he, "I suppose you have heard how O'Donoghue, the great prince that lives in the Lake of Killarney, appears but once in every seven years; but you are not to suppose from that, that he puts on his nightcap, and sleeps away all the rest of his time; on the contrary, it is well known that, though invisible, he often walks about the lake, its shores, and its islands, visiting every spot which he loved before the time of his enchantment, while he was yet an inhabitant of this upper world. I have myself often heard, while fishing on the lake, the most beautiful music stealing along the water; and though the lake was quite calm in the immediate vicinity of my skiff, I have seen it rolling in foam at the distance of only a few yards, and have heard the blast of the whirlwind as O'Donoghue swept on his way. Nevertheless, he does not always please with the sweetness of his music, or awe with the terrors of the tempest, but is known sometimes to descend to less dignified amusements; delighting at one time to sur-

prise some bewildered mortal with the magnificence of his palace under the lake, and at other times amusing himself with astonishing the poor mountaineers by some dexterous deception; and it is of one of these I am going to tell you. A hem!—

“ You must know, then, that a long time ago, Tim Curtin, a comfortable farmer, resided in Esknamucky Glen, a little to the east of this island. He was reckoned the snuggest man among the hills; for besides a large tract of mountain, where he had plenty of yearlings and ponys and large flocks of goats, he had a great deal of low land on the banks of the little river Galway, which runs through the glen, where there was good tillage, and a fine stock of milch cows. Valuable as these holdings were, he thought little of them all, in comparison with his daughter Peggy, who was the cleanest, tightest, and prettiest girl to be seen from Estnamucky to Lime-rick. Whenever she went to fair, pattern, or berrin, she was sure to draw all the bachelors after her; while the girls could only vent their anger by finding fault with the colour of her new riband, the fit of her gown, or the cock of her cap. Nevertheless, Peggy Curtin was far from being happy, for she had given her heart to a neighbour's son, who, however worthy, wanted the one thing needful; and Tim Curtin, with all his riches, was a miserly old fellow. So he told her ‘that it wasn't for the likes of her to be thinking of such a beggarly boy as Tom Sullivan,’ (for that was the name of the young man;) and was always trying to make a match for her with some rich miserly scrub like himself; but, as luck would have it, he was always breaking off about a



cow, or a pig, or a horse, more or less, so that Peggy came off clear, with only the fright.

“ Now Peggy, for all her father’s commands, couldn’t for the life of her help thinking of Tom Sullivan; and Tom, somehow or other, was always accidentally in the way, whenever Peggy went down the glen to milk the cows, or whenever the old man happened to be from home. Well, sir, things went on in this way for a long time, till at last the old man made up a match for Peggy with the richest man in the country; and, as there was no dispute about pig, horse, or cow, poor Peggy saw no chance of getting off this time.

“ You may be sure it was she was bronach enough when she heard the news; so she sent word to Tom Sullivan to meet her in the island, to consult about what was best to be done. Now, you must know that in the summer time, when the water is low, this island is joined to the glen by a narrow neck of marshy ground; and it was a beautiful summer evening when Peggy Curtin tripped lightly across it, and entered the wood in search of her lover, who had arrived before her in his little skiff, and, with a thumping heart, was waiting for her coming.

“ ‘ Och, Tom,’ said Peggy, as she came up to her sweetheart, ‘ Och, Tom, it’s all over with us now agrah, for my father has made a match for me, for sure and sartin, and I have no way of preventing it; so I don’t know what to do in life, for ’twill break the heart in me to part with you, but it can’t be helped.’ ‘ Arrah, then, Peggy,’ said Tom, ‘ arrah, then, Peggy my jewel, don’t be talkin of partin, if you wouldn’t be after killing me entirely; but sure I’ll be kilt whether or no, if I see you married to another, and go to the



bad entirely, so I will, and die with fretting.' 'Oh, then,' said he, looking at the lake in the wildness of his grief, 'oh, then, O'Donoghue, if you're alive, as they say you are, wouldn't you take pity on a poor boy, for, sure, it is you that have the riches down in the lake there; but where's the use in talking, for you can't hear me, and there's an end of the matter, and the more's the pity?'

"While Peggy and Tom were thus bemoaning their hard fate, Tim Curtin, with a spansel in his hand, was standing in the bawn looking at his cows milking, and wondering what was become of Peggy, or where she was gone to; when, as bad luck would have it, who should come into the bawn but the little gossoon that Peggy sent with the message to Tom; so when he heard the father asking after her, what should he do, but up and tould him all about it.

"Away ran Tim, as mad as blazes; but no sooner was he got to the middle of the wood, than he was stopped short by the sight of a large tub full of gold; to be sure, it was O'Donoghue that put it there on purpose, for he knew well enough what kind of a man he was, and had a mind to befriend the young people. Be that as it may, Tim, who, as rich as he was, had never seen so much gold before in all his life, was ready to go mad with joy, and quite forgot Peggy and Tom, and every thing else, in his desire after so much treasure; but how to remove it he couldn't think, for two of the strongest men in the country would hardly be able to stir the tub, though often he tried with all his strength. And he was afraid, if he went to look for help, that he wouldn't be able to find the place again. At last he bethought himself of the spansel which he held in his hand; so he tied it

to a tree, just to mark the place, (for all the trees in the wood were of the same kind,) and away he run for help as fast as he could. You may be sure the grass didn't grow much under his feet 'till he came back; but if he was looking from that day to this, he couldn't find the gold again, for the never a tree in the island but had a spansel tied round it. Tim Curtin was quite distracted with the disappointment, and spent all his time looking after the gold; and it was many a long day before he came to himself. In the meantime Tom Sullivan grew suddenly to be the richest man in the parish; and many people suppose that O'Donoghue gave him some of the gold, though Tom would never own to it.

"When the old fellow recovered the use of his senses, he made no objection to the match, for he saw that Tom was richer than himself. So he was married to Peggy at last, and a great wedding they had of it: and the island is known ever since (as a good right it has) by the name of Russ Buarach, or Spansel Wood.—Thunder alive, if there wasn't a great salmon riz!" exclaimed Barret, "and the day is getting dark, and a fine curl on the water."

## CHAPTER X.

### THE DESCENT.

LEAVING the Oak Island, the new road, and the Heading, behind us, we passed the Bay of Newfoundland, and proceeded towards Coleman's Eye, a narrow pass between two rocks, which gives entrance to the river, connecting the Upper with the Middle and Lower Lakes. This pass is so narrow as to oblige the boatmen to draw in their oars. While going through, which was the work of a moment, one of the boatmen exclaimed, "Look there, your honour, there's the print of Coleman's foot, that he left on the rock when he leaped across"—and certainly there was a singular impression on the rock, somewhat in the shape of a gigantic foot. "This is, doubtless, the Coleman," said I, "whose leap, Crowley, the mail coach driver, regards as a family boast—he seems to have had a very large foot."

"O, then, you may give your davy of that," said Doolan, "and a good right he had to have a big foot of his own, and 'tis he that knew how to handle it any how, after such a leap as that; for sure he was one of the giants of ould, and he was at war with Fin Mac Cool, who came with his big dog Bran, and all the other giants, to hunt Coleman; so Coleman was running away from

them, as a good right he had ; and then, when he came to the place that's called after him, he made a leap across, and ran round the lake, and hid himself in the Oak Island, near the Coffin Point—but Fin Mac Cool was up to him, for he and all his giants swam across the lake, and there they found my lad ; and if they didn't slain him there, 'tis a wonder to me. And, sure, isn't his coffin there ? and isn't the place called Coffin Point ? and isn't this called Coleman's Eye, in memory of him ? so it must all be true, or how would they come by their names ?”

While Doolan was telling his story, we were floating in a little basin or bay at the other side of the pass, from whence we proceeded along the various windings of the river, the boatmen occasionally pointing out particular rocks, to which they had given fanciful names, such as “ the Round of Beef,” “ the Man of War,” “ the Cannon, and Cannon Balls”—but,

Leave we all these, and every varied change  
Of that broad stream, each named and nameless rock,  
The long, vast, stony, dark, descending range  
Of hills, where rove secure the dun deer flock,

till we arrive at the extremity of the Long Range, where the Eagle's Nest towers bold and abrupt above the river, which sweeps suddenly round its base.

The cliff, called the Eagle's Nest, is famous for its echoes. As Mr. Weld says, “ It is scarcely in the power of language to convey an adequate idea of the extraordinary effect of the echoes under this cliff, whether they repeat the dulcet notes of music, or the loud discordant report of cannon”—I will not attempt it. Strange to tell, not-

withstanding his assertion, Mr. Weld has taxed the powers of language to the utmost, through two or three pages of his volume, to describe the aforesaid echoes. I mean to be more moderate, and therefore merely request the reader to cast an eye on the opposite page, which contains a musical notation of the effect; and as for the cannon, here it goes—bang!—the mountains seem bursting with the crash—now it rolls, peal upon peal, through their craggy hollows, till at length, dying away in the distance, all seems over—hark! it rises again, other mountains mimic the thunder, and now it is lost in a low growl among the distant hills.

“Come, all you brisk and joval swains,  
What loves to rove the rural plains,  
Give ear to me whilst I rehearse,  
Your pleasing cares give over—  
'Tis of these hills and valleys round,  
That's all overgrown with roses,  
To the Eagle's Nest we will travest,  
And join our notes with tchoris.”

“Tchoris, gentlemen, if you please,” shouted Doolan.

“Whack fol de ri do di do.”

’Tis a song I always sings for the gentlemen I brings to the Eagle’s Nest,” said Doolan, “and ’twas for myself ’twas composed it was, by Billy the mule—I beg his pardon ten thousand times surely—I mean Mr. William Sullivan, the poet of Cloghereen.”

The river on whose stream we floated was sometimes broad, deep, and calm, and sometimes interrupted by shallows and rapids. Now it wound



among the hills, widening into little lakes, and now it became so narrow as scarcely to afford a passage for the boat.

“What are you murmuring to yourself, Lynch?” said I, as we proceeded on our way to Dinis Island. “Are these the verses you always repeat for gentlemen whom you bring to the Eagle’s Nest?”

“Oh, it’s only a foolish stanza from an old poem, which, if you have any desire to hear, I will give you with all my heart.

Pass we the joys and sorrows boatmen find,  
The clear calm lake, the opposing river’s roar,  
The storm, the rock, the gentle favouring wind,  
The drooping branch, the weed-entangled oar,  
The joy for whiskey got, the growl for more,  
The thundering cannon’s loud redoubled shock,  
The bugle’s mellow note, when that is o’er,  
Rousing the echoes of the Eagle’s Rock,  
And——

There’s a hole in the ballad, for I have forgotten the last line, which however is no great loss, as Doolan, I have no doubt, can make up for the deficiency, by telling us a story about the Eagle’s Nest. Come, begin, Doolan, begin,”

“Why, then, ’tis I would do that same,” replied Doolan, “if I knew rightly what to tell your honour. Let me see—did your honour ever hear how the soldier went to rob the eagle’s nest, and take away the young little eagles? The eagle’s nest, as I showed your honour a little while ago, is just on the face of the white rock; the hole of it is something like an eagle’s wing; and without any doubt a hard job it would be to get at it; but, says the soldier, ‘I’ll rob it,’ says he. ‘May be you will why,’ says the eagle to

himself, for he heard every word the soldier said, so he just pertended to fly away out of sight, up into the clouds entirely. When the soldier saw that, 'I have you now,' says he; so with that he lets himself down from the top of the cliff by a big rope, till he came opposite the nest, when just as he was going to lay his hand on the young chaps, who should pop down, out of a thundering cloud, but the ould eagle himself. 'Good-morrow, mister soldier,' says the eagle, says he, 'and what may your business be with me, that you're after taking so much trouble to call at my lodgings this fine morning?' 'Oh, nothing at all, your honour,' says the soldier, for he was amazed to hear the eagle spake, and a little bit frightened, over and above, at the sight of his two bright eyes, with the hooked beak between them, 'nothing at all, your honour, only to see how all the family is, and pay my respects to the young gentlemen.'

" 'That's all botheration and blarney,' says the eagle, 'don't think to come the ould soldier over me with that kind of story, for don't I know well enough it was to rob my nest and steal my childer you came, you thief you? but I'll soon know the ins and outs of it, for I'll just make bold to ax a neighbour of mine, that lives in the rock here—Hollo there, Mistress Echo, did this fellow come to rob the eagle's nest?'

" 'To rob the eagle's nest,' says Mistress Echo.

" 'There now, do you hear that, you villain you, what have you to say for yourself now?' says the eagle in a great pet—but the soldier, without waiting to answer him, began to climb up his rope as fast as he could.

“ ‘Not so fast, mister soldier,’ says the eagle, ‘not so fast, my fine fellow; as you came to pay me a visit, ’tis only fair I should show you the shortest way home;’ so with that he gave him a clink over the head with one of his wings, and then with a kick of his claw, sent him down into the river in a jiffy—it was well for him, it was into the river he fell, or surely he’d be smashed to bits; and I’ll engage neither he nor any one else minded visiting the eagles to rob them of their young ones, from that day to this.”

“What in the world, Lynch, are you laughing at so immoderately? What have you got hold of?”

“Here,” said Mr. Lynch, handing me a scrap of paper, which I perceived had been dropped by Barret, “here, read it.”

His Honour Mr. Trant, Esquire,

Dr. to James Barret, Shoemaker.

	£.	s.	d.
To clicking and sowling Miss Clara . . . .	0	2	6
To strapping and welting Miss Bidy . . . .	0	1	0
To binding and closing Miss Mary . . . .	0	1	6
	<hr/>		
	£0	5	0

Paid, July 14th,

James Barret.

“Look there, your honour, there’s Paddy Clane’s Leap,” exclaimed Begly, at the same time pointing to a rock on the right bank of the river.

“ You have had wonderful leapers at Killarney, Begly—but pray what of Paddy Clane’s Leap?”

“ You must know,” said Begly, “ that Paddy Clane was a quare ould fellow, that kept a public house in Killarney; by the same token, many’s the good drop I drank there; but, as I was saying, Paddy Clane was a quare fellow, and fond of a joke. So off he sets, of a stag hunt day, from Killarney; and when the boats were all coming up the river, what would they see but Paddy standing on the top of the rock there. ‘ Stop, bys,’ says he, ‘ I’m going to leap across.’ So, with that, they all stopped to see the big leap, and Paddy kept them there, purtending every minute to leap, then stopping to take off his coat, and then his waistcoat, and so on, making the offer at it ever so often, till the hunt was over, and then he walked away, laughing at the fools—and so the place ever since is called Paddy Clane’s Leap, though to be sure he didn’t leap at all.”

“ A pretty cock and bull story that,” said Plunket—“ why don’t you tell about yourself and the lady? ah, there’s where you lost your luck, my boy,” at the same time pointing to a snug nook on the left bank of the river, “ there’s where you lost your luck, and sure you ought to be shot through a wran’s quill. A lady, my lady! eh, Begly!” At this allusion the boatmen seemed highly delighted, and continued to tease poor Begly for the remainder of the day, with “ a lady, my lady.” Now, though I confess myself acquainted with the story which gave rise to this allusion, yet, as a lady is concerned, I beg leave to decline repeating it; and shall

therefore merely say, as Mr. Weld does on another occasion, that "Those who visit the delightful regions of Killarney may be gratified, if they please, with the recital of this legendary tale."

Now we wheel round by Miss Plummer's Island, and now we come in sight of the old Weir Bridge. Spillane, as a warning to the people on Dinis Island, as usual, sounds,



Put down the pot-at-oes,



Put down the pot-at-oes,

and the boatmen prepare to shoot the bridge, that is, to be hurried down the rapids, from the old Weir Bridge to Dinis Pool.

"Is all right? Barret, do you take the boat hook, to keep her off the rock; now, boys, two or three good strokes to give her way—now draw in your oars—steady there"—and away we go—"hurrah! hurrah!" we shoot like an arrow into Dinis Pool. "Very well steered indeed, Mister Plunket."

From Dinis Pool the river divides—one branch, turning to the right, soon enters the Middle Lake; the other turning to the left, after a longer and more circuitous course between Dinis Island and Glenà Mountain, joins the Lower Lake at the beautiful Bay of Glenà.





*Engraved by L. & E. Byrne, from a sketch by Alfred Nicholson.*

OLD WIER BRIDGE.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100 101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118 119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347 348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 445 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 465 466 467 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 528 529 530 531 532 533 534 535 536 537 538 539 540 541 542 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 550 551 552 553 554 555 556 557 558 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 566 567 568 569 570 571 572 573 574 575 576 577 578 579 580 581 582 583 584 585 586 587 588 589 590 591 592 593 594 595 596 597 598 599 600 601 602 603 604 605 606 607 608 609 610 611 612 613 614 615 616 617 618 619 620 621 622 623 624 625 626 627 628 629 630 631 632 633 634 635 636 637 638 639 640 641 642 643 644 645 646 647 648 649 650 651 652 653 654 655 656 657 658 659 660 661 662 663 664 665 666 667 668 669 670 671 672 673 674 675 676 677 678 679 680 681 682 683 684 685 686 687 688 689 690 691 692 693 694 695 696 697 698 699 700 701 702 703 704 705 706 707 708 709 710 711 712 713 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 723 724 725 726 727 728 729 730 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 742 743 744 745 746 747 748 749 750 751 752 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 760 761 762 763 764 765 766 767 768 769 770 771 772 773 774 775 776 777 778 779 780 781 782 783 784 785 786 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 817 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 832 833 834 835 836 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 844 845 846 847 848 849 850 851 852 853 854 855 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 894 895 896 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 904 905 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968 969 970 971 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 980 981 982 983 984 985 986 987 988 989 990 991 992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000 1001 1002 1003 1004 1005 1006 1007 1008 1009 1010 1011 1012 1013 1014 1015 1016 1017 1018 1019 1020 1021 1022 1023 1024 1025 1026 1027 1028 1029 1030 1031 1032 1033 1034 1035 1036 1037 1038 1039 104

[illegible]

“How are you, Nelly Thompson?” said Mr. Lynch, as we landed on Dinis Island, to a tall well-looking woman, who, surrounded by her children, stood on the shore to receive us.

“Oh, very well, I thank your honour; your honour is welcome to Dinis.”

“Well, Nelly, do you get dinner ready as fast as you can, and, in the mean time, we’ll take a walk round the island.”

“What an enchanting spot! this cottage peeping from amid the woods, and commanding so delightful a view of the Middle Lake.” We pause for a moment to gaze on Glenà, and then the river, rushing under the old Weir Bridge, attracts our notice; hark to its roar amid the rocks—how it echoes through the woods of the island; but, above the roar of the river, and the echoing woods, hark to the welcome notes of Spillane’s bugle, warning us to dinner.

A delicious dining-room this, with its broad window looking out upon Turk Lake—but a truce to lakes, islands, and mountains, waterfalls and echoes, while we employ ourselves on the contents of “the Gorham’s” budget; a budget which, unlike the Chancellor of the Exchequer’s, will, I have no doubt, satisfy all parties concerned.

Soon after we had dined, Plunket, our coxswain, made his appearance, and informed us, that if we did not make haste, it would be too late to see Turk Lake properly; and that the boat had been brought round from the river to the shore facing the cottage, where it was ready for us.

“Then send Nelly Thompson here,” said Mr. Lynch, “till we settle our account with her; and that done, we will be with you directly.”

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE MIDDLE LAKE.

“WELL, Nelly, what are we to pay you?” said Mr. Lynch, as Nelly Thompson made her appearance.

“Oh, nothing at all, your honour—nothing in life—I won’t take any thing from your honour, or any one belonging to you, or any one you ever bring to the island.”

“But that won’t do, Nelly; you have supplied the boatmen with potatoes, and we have given you a great deal of trouble—here is five shillings—will that pay you?”

“Oh, then, and sure it will, and long life to your honour,” said Nelly, quietly pocketing the money, notwithstanding her assertion that she wouldn’t take any thing from his honour. “And sure, then,” she continued, “’tis as good payment as I’ve had from many a great lord before now. Indeed, then, ’tis myself would as live have a company of tradesmen from the town of Killarney, any day in the year, as some of your poverty-struck quality. Why now, only think, there was the Marquis of Lansdowne came here with a fine band of music and a poet, your honour, that he was taking about the country with him as a show; for, sure, the people used to run after him where-

ever he went, only to see him. By the same token, he was a little bit of a man, with a rosy face upon him, and an eye that was never quiet in his head an instant, but kept always going—going—going, and looking now as sharp at you as a hawk, and then as soft as buttermilk. Well, the marquis comes here, and, indeed, down he and the marchioness walk to the kitchen, and her marchioness-ship sets herself by the fireside, and began sprigging a piece of cambric muslin, while he got a handful of praties, and put them between a cloth to steam them for himself. And, after all, what do you think, sir? 'tis no matter; but, indeed, he didn't give me a five-pound note, which would only be the proper reach to a poor woman from the likes of a prince, as surely the marquis is, for he owns half Kerry. I'd rather have a tinker from Cloghereen, if he'd pay better, than any of your lords."

"*Tooty—too—té—too—too—too.*"

"Come, come, there's Spillane calling us," said Mr. Lynch; and we were soon gliding over the unruffled surface of the Middle or Turk Lake. As our boat proceeded eastward from the island, the mighty mountain Turk rose on our right, wooded nearly to its pointed summit, and descending sheer and abrupt to the water's edge; while on the other hand we had the rocky and richly variegated peninsula of Mucruss; behind us lay the wooded islands of Brickeen and Dinis, with its peeping cottage, backed by Glenà and the Eagle's Nest; and before us might be seen the broad brow of Mangerton, with part of the cultivated demesne of Mucruss, the Green hills, Turk Cottage, and the Devil's Island, rising abruptly between us and the Bay of Dundag. The gentle



lake lay outstretched like a broad mirror, reflecting the varied tints of a beautiful summer's evening sky, and those of the wild and noble forms of its surrounding shores.

"Look over there," exclaimed Doolan, resting on his oar, and pointing towards Turk Mountain; "look over there, that's the deepest part of all the lake, where they say the corabuncle is."

"Pray, Doolan, what is that you said?"

"About the carbuncle?" added Mr. Lynch.

"Only just that that's the deepest part of the lake," replied Doolan, and that 'tis there the corabuncle is down at the bottom, and, without any doubt, it may be sometimes seen shining up through the water, like a cat's eyes under a bed. Ould Ned Williams dived for it, one day he was out with the ould Lord Kenmare; but if he did, he was frightened out of his life, with a great big greyhound, that threw out of his mouth flames of fire, and blue blazes, at him under the water; so that when he came up again, the ould lord, no, nor all the lords in the world, wouldn't get him to go down again."

I could not suppress a smile—"Very wonderful, indeed, Doolan."

"May be you don't believe in it," said Doolan, "and may be, you wouldn't believe in what happened to myself and Ned Moriarty, of a day when we were little gossoons in West Mucross over there."

"And what was that, Doolan?"

"Oh, then, I'll tell you that—Does your honour see the rocks over there, near the ould coppermine? well that's O'Donoghue's wine-cellar Ned and myself was down there, one day, looking for round shtones to make marvels (marbles)

of.—‘Ubbubboo, look there,’ says Ned, ‘sure the wine-cellar, doesn’t look the same way it did ever and always.’ Up I looks, and sure enough, there was a doorway like one of the ould arches in Mucruss Abbey.—‘Let’s go in,’ says I; so in we went, and what should we see, but a great cellar full of barrels, on golden stillons; ‘Let us take a drop out of one of the barrels,’ says Ned; ‘To be sure we will,’ says I,—‘but just as he was going to turn the cock, we hard a nise in the off part of the cellar; so away we legged, as fast as our ten toes could carry us. When we recovered the fright a bit, we thought it was mighty foolish not to bring something away with us, for a token, if ’twas nothing else; so we said we’d go back again; but we lost our luck, for if we was looking from that day to this, we couldn’t find the ould arch in the rock, nor the big barrels with their golden stillons under them.’”

Preparations were now made to land at a little orchard, at the foot of Turk Mountain; through which orchard, we passed on our way, to examine Turk Cottage, with its garden and shrubbery. From thence, returning to our boat, we followed the eastern shore of Mucruss, till we arrived at the Bay of Dundag, and then, turning to the west, proceeded along the coast of the Peninsula.

“There, sir, is the Devil’s Island,” said Plunket, at the same time calling my notice to a large mass of insulated rock; between which, and the shore, we were at that moment passing.

“The Devil’s Island?” said I; “his Satanic majesty, it would seem has a pretty estate in the kingdom of Kerry, for there’s the ‘Devil’s Punch-bowl,’—‘the Devil’s Island,’—the Devil’s Glen,’ and—”

“The Cliff of Damnation,” said Mr. Lynch.

“But why is this island called the Devil’s Island? do you know the reason, Doolan?”

“Wisha fakes then, I don’t,” said Doolan, who was seldom at a loss for a reply, “if it wouldn’t be because it belonged to the devil himself—and sure enough, now I thinks of it, that’s the very rason, for they say it wasn’t an island always, but that the devil tore it away from the shore, and threw it out there, into the lake, one day, that some of the ould monks from Mucruss were teasing him, and trying to drive him out of the country; for he thought, as they wouldn’t let him live in pace and quietness, when he was on the shore, that he’d have a little island of his own, where he could stay in spite of all the monks in the world; and so he had, and so he did—for a long time, playing all sorts of tricks upon them; till, at last, they got the better of him, and drove him away entirely.”

“There,” said Begly, pointing to some wave-worn rocks, “there is the wine-cellar Doolan was telling your honour about.”

“And here,” said Plunket, “is the marble quarry, and Mucruss mine; perhaps your honour would like to land, and take a view of Doolagh.”

“Oh, certainly, let us land,” said Mr. Lynch; “and do you, Plunket, go on with the boat—we will meet you at Brickeen bridge.”

Upon our arrival at Doolagh, I found it was the very lake which I had before seen from the Green hills, and which Roche called Lough-na-brach darrig. It is a beautiful retired pool, in the centre of the peninsula, surrounded by woods, rocks, and gently swelling lawns; indeed, the Peninsula is rich in varied beauties.

For here, whate'er boon nature could impart,  
Sublime, or beautiful, is scatter'd round ;  
As if to show her triumph over art,  
The goddess plann'd this favoured spot of ground.\*  
Now hills ascend, now valleys sink profound,  
Here gleams the near, and there the distant lake,  
And gentle slopes, and wildwood shaws abound,  
For ever changing in the forms they take,  
While mingling music steals from vocal bush and brake.

From Doolagh, there is a carriage-road, which runs from Mucruss house, through the whole length of the Peninsula. Sometimes, as we walked onwards through the woods, we caught a glimpse of either lake, sometimes could only hear the murmur of the water, and were occasionally surprised by the sudden appearance of a secluded rock-surrounded bay : our path, now winding among rocks, from whose clefts sprung the arbutus, the holly, and the oak ; now ascending, now descending, and (to the shame of those who have charge of Mucruss be it spoken,) sometimes interrupted by a marsh ; one in particular, called Lochawn Sloch, or the dirty pool, would have obliged us to turn back, if we had not sent our boat on : thus, being under a necessity of venturing forward, we with some difficulty effected a crossing, and shortly after, emerging from the woods, we stood on Brickeen bridge, which con-

\* "It was, indeed, a handsome compliment," says Smith, in his history of Kerry, "which was paid to this place, by a late Right Reverend Prelate (Dr. Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne,) whose high taste, in the beauties of art and nature, as well as goodness of heart, and solid learning, all the world equally admired and acknowledged ; who, being asked what he thought of this seat, immediately answered, that the French monarch might possibly be able to erect another Versailles, but could not, with all his revenues, lay out another Mucruss."

nects the extremity of the Peninsula, with Brickeen Island. On one side was the Lower Lake, and we were particularly struck with the contrast between its agitated waters, and the calmness of Turk or the Middle Lake, which lay on the other side of the bridge.

On either hand a spreading lake doth lie,  
Each beautiful, I ween, though not the same ;  
For one beneath the kisses of the sky,  
Serenely rests in joy, like matron dame,  
And one, like virgin coy, seems ruffled o'er with shame.

Descending from the bridge, we re-embarked, and, passing under its Gothic arch, found ourselves on the Lower Lake, which we began to cross towards Ross Island mine.

"Do you recollect Sir Walter Scott's visit to the lakes?" said I to Plunket.

"O then, and sure I ought, for sure it was myself that steered his lordship. There was a lady, and a couple of gentlemen, with him. The lady was one Miss Edgeworth, and I hard say as how she was a fine writer too entirely, and first came to be thought so through the means of rack rents. But I know this well enough, that 'tis the rack rents are ruining and bedeviling the country completely. A fine vice (voice) she had with her any way, for sure she was singing a song about the big gentleman,—

'Row, your sows, row, for the pride of the highlands.'"

"Oh, you're out there," said Doolan, "'tis myself can tell the very words of it—

'Row, my boys, row, for the pride of the islands.'  
them were the very words,

'Stretch to your oars for the evergreen pine !'



And every time the lady would come to 'Row, my boys, row,' then the gentleman, with the long nose and the short chin—one Mister Knockhard, I think they called him, would make us all stretch out, and pull away like so many racehorses."

"And is this all you recollect, Doolan, about the celebrated Sir Walter Scott, the accomplished Miss Edgeworth, and the amiable editor of the Quarterly Review?"

"The never a much more, sir, only the part of the lake Sir Walter liked the best, was the river under Dinis there; but, sure, he didn't stay half long enough to see any thing worth spaking about; and they say he's no friend to ould Ireland or the Cat'lics, and that's the reason, I suppose, John O'Connell didn't give him a stag hunt. But 'twas quite another thing when Moore was here—there was great doings for him."

Here Doolan was interrupted by Plunket, with "You may say that, Doolan; and only think, sir, he went with my Lord Kenmare in his lordship's own boat, and of course myself was there, seeing I am his lordship's own coxswain. That same Mr. Moore, they say, was a great writer of songs—and 'twas her ladyship called him 'the muses' own little darling Irish nightingale.'"

"'Twasn't her ladyship called him so, 'twas the other lady," said Doolan, interrupting Plunket in his turn—" 'twas her ladyship called him the great 'steric\* poet, whatever she meant by it."

"Hould your tongue, Doolan, and have some manners with you, will you?" cried Plunket; then, looking at me, he continued, "Mr. Moore, sir, was a great writer of songs, and, sure enough, Spillane played some of them for him at the

*Quere, Lyric?—Printer's devil.*

Eagle's Nest ; and he said that it made him quite proud like, and that he'd write a song all about it, and so he did."

"And 'tis I that have the very song by heart," said Doolan, whom Plunket's reproof had failed to silence, "for, sure, I got it from a jantleman that was out with us on the lakes one day last summer.

"Oh, to hear Spillane play on his bugle so nate,  
To the sowl of the bard is a wonderful trate ;  
But when his own song bids the echoes awake,  
Och, with pride then his heart is quite ready to brake.

"For surely that song shall still dwell in the stone,  
And by strangers be woke, when the bard's dead and gone.  
And Echo, when axed, by the stranger, who made it,  
Will answer, 'Tom Moore,' for Spillane only play'd it."

"I suspect, Doolan, the gentleman was a wag who gave you this silly stuff for Mr. Moore's exquisite poem, which I remember perfectly, and will repeat, to prove that you have been most impudently imposed on.

"'Twas one of those dreams that by music are brought,  
Like a light summer breeze, o'er the poet's warm thought,  
When, lost in the future, his soul wanders on,  
And all of this life, but its sweetness, is gone.

"The wild notes he heard o'er the water, were those  
To which he had sung Erin's bondage and woes ;  
And the breath of the bugle now wafted them o'er  
From Dinis' green isle to Glenà's wooded shore.

"He listened, while, high o'er the Eagle's rude Nest.  
The lingering sounds on their way loved to rest,  
And the echoes sung back, from the full mountain choir,  
As if loath to let song so enchanting expire.

"It seem'd as if every sweet note that died here,  
Was again brought to life in some airier sphere,  
Some heaven in those hills, where the soul of the strain,  
That had ceased upon earth, was awaking again !

“ Oh, forgive, if while listening to music, whose breath  
Seem'd to circle his name with a charm against death,  
He should feel a proud spirit within him proclaim,  
' Even so shalt thou live in the echoes of Fame.

“ ‘ Even so, though thy memory should now die away,  
'Twill be caught up again in some happier day,  
And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,  
Through the answering future, thy name and thy song !’ ”\*

By this time we had reached a rude stairs in the embankment, thrown up by the miners on Ross Island, where we landed ; and while I was engaged in looking at the works, Mr. Lynch, in a solemn tone, thus commenced :—

“ My friend,” said he, “ this was a favourite retreat of mine, before the speculating genius of commerce had invaded its solitude. At that time there was indeed the remains of a mine to be seen, but it was a neglected grass-grown spot, full of deep pits, the ancient shafts of the work, whose watery depths appeared to have been, as was traditionally said, unexplored since the days of the Dane. The few ruined buildings which surrounded them served but to give the place a more deserted and melancholy aspect. Here have I sat for hours, gazing on the wide expanse of that beautiful lake, which lay stretched out in all its glory between me and the opposite shores of Mucruss and Glenà ; their fantastic caves and wooded crags backed by that noble amphitheatre of mountains. No sounds then disturbed the silence, but the murmur of the waves, or the distant notes of a bugle ; but now all is changed, and I seldom visit this spot since speculation has once more peopled its solitude and re-edified its

\* These verses are reprinted from the Ninth Number of the Irish Melodies, by permission of Mr. James Power.

ruined habitations. It is now by far too noisy a spot for me—its quiet character has given place to the roar of engines, the din of hammers, and the thunder of explosions.”

“Very fine, indeed. Lynch is in rather a morbid mood of mind this evening,” thought I to myself, but I said nothing, and so we quitted the mine and entered Lord Kenmare’s nursery grounds. Through this nursery we walked, then stopped to gaze for a few minutes on its pretty little cottage, and then proceeded to Ross Castle, where we mounted one of Gorham’s jingles. “Gee up there”—Away we go—the driver singing.

“Arrah, Neddy, my darling, and where are you jogging,  
Sure, would you leave Judy, who gave you a noggin  
Of real Irish whiskey, and offered herself too  
With thirty thirteens in good English white pelf too?  
Arrah, what will I do in this doldrum, och, bother!  
—If Neddy won’t have me, I’ll look for another.

Sing whillilu, smalilu, Judy, don’t pother,  
If Neddy won’t have you, why, look for another.”

As we approached the town of Killarney, the driver again burst out into song.

“If ever I marry again,  
I’ll marry an inn-keeper’s daughter;  
I’ll sit in the bar all the day,  
Drinking nothing but whiskey and water.  
Sing tally heigh ho, you know,  
Sing tally heigh ho the grinder,  
And if ever a woman says no,  
’Tis you are the fool if you mind her.”

And here we are, safely arrived at the door of Gorham’s Hotel.

## CHAPTER XII.

## MANGERTON.

“MANGERTON—Mangerton—what’s the matter?” I muttered, as, starting from my sleep, I beheld Mr. Lynch at my bedside.

“Mangerton—Mangerton,” said he, “a fine morning for Mangerton, you have not a moment to lose; the climate is so uncertain, that though the mountain is clear now, it may be in a short time covered with a huge cloudy nightcap—so up and away.”

Dressing myself in all haste, I bustled down stairs, contrived to bustle through a tolerable breakfast, ordered horses, and was about to bustle off with Mr. Lynch for the mountain, when two or three inn-runners stood before us, with rather more imposing appearance than that of apparitions, generally speaking, and began to contend for the appointment of “guide to his honour’s honour.”

“I’m his honour’s guide,” said Leahy; “didn’t his honour promise to take me to Mangerton with him, and sure ’tishn’t back of his word you’d have the gentleman be going?”

“Tis me his honour will have,” said Picket, “so you may just as well not be bothering the gentleman, long life to him.”



“ Fakes, then, and indeed he won't do no such thing,” said Mountain Mahony; “ his honour knows well enough it was I bespoke Mangerton, the very first day his honour came to Killarney; and sure 'tis I that have, as I ought, the best right to the mountain any how.”

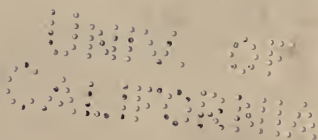
“ Picket,” said I, “ you know that I promised to take Leahy; therefore, Leahy, forward if you please.”

“ Well,” said Mountain Mahony, heaving a deep sigh as we moved on, “ well, did you ever know the likes of that, and I, after waiting so long for him?”

After leaving the village of Cloghereen, we turned to the left, and pursued a narrow road which, passing close to the mill-pond, led up the base of the mountain; this road, however, we soon abandoned for a mountain path that struck off to the right, and shortly brought us to the foot of the steep ascent, up which our horses managed to climb by a sort of rude track that ran along the bank of a ravine, which had been the bed of a torrent, almost until we arrived at the Devil's Punchbowl.

On our ascent, and his descent, we met one of that class of peasants, termed in the country “ Kerry dragoons,” who, seated in a most extraordinary manner between his baskets, which each contained a firkin of butter, galloped fearlessly down the mountain, without seeming to have the smallest apprehension for his neck.

I have stated that each basket contained a firkin of butter; and, upon this subject, Mr. Weld says, he “ was informed by a friend, that when he first visited Kerry, at which period improvement and civilization were in their infancy,





Engraved by L. & E. Byrne, from a sketch by Alfred Nicholson.

# THE DEVIL'S PUNCH BOWL.

it was very usual to see a cask of butter on one side, and a large stone on the other to balance it; but it has since been discovered that one cask is the best counterpoise to another, and every horse is now doubly laden."—Very true, indeed!—but did Mr. Weld think of asking how people were to manage who had only one cask to take to market?

Dismounting from our horses, we gave them in charge to a mountaineer, of whom several had followed us in the expectation of reward for any accidental employment, each assuring us that he, and he alone, was the true "man of the mountain." We then proceeded to examine the Devil's Punchbowl, a mountain lake, remarkable only for its depth, the coldness of its water, and a certain small but tremulous echo. Climbing the southern side of "the bowl," which is the highest part of Mangerton, we passed by a spot where hones are dug for and found, and from thence advanced, by the summit of the mountain, to the eastern verge of the lake.

"Here's a scene for description?" said Mr. Lynch—"Look to the south, and tell me if here is not a noble prospect? the river Kenmare, that huge arm of the ocean, stretching itself for miles and miles between those blue hills that rush down to its very edge, as if they meant to kick it out of its channel. See how its waves glitter in the bright sun-beams, which have struggled through that heavy cloud; and do but observe those islands which dot its broad bosom, like the beauty spots on your fair lady's cheek.

"Look to the west," continued Mr. Lynch, mimicking the voice and action of a show-man, "and behold Ireland's boast, and Kerry's wonder

—the beautiful Lakes of Killarney—mark that river winding its course among the mountains, from lake to lake, and uniting the wide-spread grandeur of the one with the compressed charms of the other. And there behold Lord Brandon's round tower, at the head of the Upper Lake. Behold the sea of mountains rolling their rugged waves to the east and to the west. One might really fancy that the country which we view had been a stormy sea, struck by the mighty wand of a magician, and fixed for ever. And then the little mountain lakes, how they sparkle over this waste, like stars in the gloomy firmament."

Here Mr. Lynch paused, and then resumed, "I have taken the trouble to ascend Mangerton this morning to be show-man to your honour, but one sentence more must finish my description.—Look to the north, and behold the white smoke of the town of Killarney, with a green hill behind it, and the blue distant mountains of Tralee shutting up the scene with their vast, cloudy, and dim-discovered forms."

"Thank you very much, Lynch. We now stand on the ridge which forms the eastern verge of the Devil's Punchbowl: pray what is this glen beneath us called? Though a work of danger, I should like to descend."

"It is called Cowm na Coppul or the Glen of the Horse," replied Mr. Lynch; "but before we proceed to explore it, let me recommend a sandwich, after which I will detain you five minutes to listen to a story, the scene of which being placed in the Horse's Glen, may, perhaps, render your visit more interesting."

To both these proposals I readily assented; a few sandwiches were produced, we sat down, and,



after their disappearance, Mr. Lynch commenced as follows :

“ There was once a poor man who rented a few stony acres on a little hill at the foot of Mangerton Mountain, in the kingdom of Kerry. Now the kingdom of Kerry, and the great mountain of Mangerton, with the Devil’s Punchbowl on the top of it, are as well known as any other wonder in the world ; but the wonderful adventures of Billy Thompson, (for this was the name of the poor man I have mentioned,) and his cow, being as little known as if they never had occurred, I will proceed to relate them, to the confusion of all who are so hardy as to doubt the power of the good people.

“ You must know then, that Billy was a little fellow, about five feet nothing high, and as smart and as tight a boy was he as any man of his inches, no matter who the other is. And what was better than all this, Billy was a very industrious, hard-working lad ; and, by the same token, a very good proof he gave of it, for his bit of ground, when he got it, was powdered all over with huge stones, so that a weasel could hardly thrust his snout between them ; and over these again there was a thick coat of furze, so that the whole place looked for all the world like a great green hedgehog. But Billy had a long lease and a short rent, so he went to work with all his might and main, and burned the furze, and made fences of the stones, and built himself a cabin on the top of the hill, and a mighty bleak place it was to build it on. However, Billy didn’t much mind that, for if he had a little body, he had a great soul, and scorned to be looked down upon by any one ; besides, he was fond of a prospect, and, if he was, he had it to his heart’s content.

“ No sooner had Billy Thompson his bit of land cleared, his potatoes sown, and his cabin built, than he began to think it was high time to look for a wife. Before long he was married to Judy Donoghue of Glanflesk, who got a good fortune from her father, it being no less than a feather bed, six rush-bottomed chairs, an iron pot, a settle-bed, a collop of sheep, a Maol cow, and a pig, though there was great huxtering about this last matter, and the match was broken off at least six times on account of it; but Billy stood out stoutly for the pig, till the old man gave in at last, and so they were married.

“ It’s an old saying, and a true one, that ‘there are more married than keep good houses,’ as Billy soon found to his cost; for Judy was very prolific, presenting him occasionally with two youngsters at a time, till at last it was said of Billy, as of the wren, ‘although he’s little, his family’s great.’ Now it happened unfortunately for Billy, that while Judy was increasing his family, one misfortune after another was decreasing his stock; his sheep died of the rot, and his pig got the measles, so that he was obliged to sell it for little or nothing. ‘Well,’ said Billy, who was a good-humoured fellow, and wished to make the best of every thing; ‘Well, it can’t be helped, so there’s no use in breaking one’s heart, and any how, we can’t want the drop of milk to our praties as long as the Maol cow’s left to comfort us.’ The words were hardly out of his mouth, when Paddy Glissane came running up to tell him that the Maol cow was clifted in the Horses’ Glén; for Billy, you must know, had sent his cow that very morning to graze on the mountain.

“ ‘ Och ! Ullagone ! ’ cried Bill, ‘ what’ll we do now at all, we’re ruined for ever and a day. Och, Maol ! how could you be such a cruel unnatural baste, as to clift yourself, you that I tought was as cunning as a christian, when you knowed as well as myself that we couldn’t do without you at all ; for sure enough the childer will be crying for the drop of milk to their praties ; and Judy ’ll leech the life out of me for sending you to the mountain, and she agin it all along.’ ”

“ Such was Bill Thompson’s lament, as, with a sorrowful heart, he made the best of his way to the Horses’ Glen, intending to get the hide of his clifted cow, and conceal the carcase under some rock, until he could borrow a horse to bring it home ; for, thought he, ‘ ’tis better to have something than nothing, and there’ll be a good price got for the skin surely, and the mate’ll make fine broth for the grawls (children) any how.’ ”

“ The sun was riding high by the time he got into the Glen, and then it took him some time before he could find where the poor beast was lying, but at last he did find her, all smashed to pieces at the foot of a big rock. ‘ Worse, and worse ! there’ll be hardly any thing got for the skin, and the mate’s scarcely worth a thráneen (a straw,) but where is the use to make bad worse ? ’ said Bill ; and he began to skin the cow as fast as he could, but having no one to lend him a hand, by the time the job was finished, the sun had gone down. A faint light, however, still streaked the top of the mountain, while the hollow of Cown na Coppul was thrown into deep shadow by the rocky precipices which enclosed it ; a low wind murmured along the dark breast of the fathomless pool, which lay in the bottom of this

mountain valley, and its waters answered to the night breeze with a deep and hollow growl, as the black waves rolled sluggishly against their bounds. From the south-eastern verge of the water, the mountain rose steep and abrupt, but made a somewhat wider sweep to the west; so that in this place there was a marshy plain between the pool, and the wall-like hill, which towered above it; this plain was strewed all over with huge gray rocks, that looked in the dim twilight like so many spectres.

“Now, Billy Thompson was so intent on his job, that he did not perceive the lapse of time; but, when his work was finished, he raised his head, and, looking about, was surprised at the lateness of the hour; and when he heard the murmuring wind, mingled with the hoarse reply of the dark and sluggish pool, multiplied as these sounds were by a thousand hill-born echoes, his heart failed him, for his imagination converted these sounds into the ærial whisperings of the fanciful beings, with which his fears had already peopled the recesses of the gray and shadowy rocks which surrounded him. All the tales he had ever heard, of the Pooka, the Banshee, and the little red-cap’d mischievous fairy, floated through his mind; when, by an effort expecting to end his fears, he suddenly snatched a tuft of grass, wiped his knife, and seized hold of the reeking hide, intending to make the best of his way out of the Glen.

“It is well known, that a four-leaved shamrock has the power to open a man’s eyes to all sorts of enchantment, and it so happened, that there was one in the little tuft of grass, with which Billy had wiped his knife. Whether from grief, or fear, or from both together, I know not;



but instead of throwing it away, he put the grass into his pocket along with the knife; and when he turned to take a last lingering look at the carcase of his cow, he beheld, instead of his poor Maol, a little old curmudgeon sitting bolt upright, and looking as if he had just been flayed alive. If Billy was frightened at the sight, it was still worse with him, when the little fellow called after him in a shrill squeaking voice, 'Bill Thompson! Bill Thompson! you spalpeen, you'd better come back with my skin; a pretty time of day we're come to, when a gentleman like me can't take a bit of a sleep, but an Ounshaugh of a fellow must come and strip the hide off him; but you'd better bring it back Bill Thompson, or I'll make you remember how you have dared to skin me, you spalpeen.'

"Now, Billy Thompson, though he was greatly frightened at first, had a stout heart of his own in him; so he began to muster up his courage, for he saw it was a clear case, that his Maol cow was carried away by the good people, and he thought if he was stiff with the little curmudgeon, he might, may be, get her back again; besides, if the worst came to the worst, he thought he could safely defy him, as he had a black-handled knife in his pocket; and whoever has that, 'tis said, may look all the ghosts and fairies in the world full in the face, without quaking. Billy Thompson, therefore, took heart, and, seeing there was a civil distance between them, he began to discourse the little fellow; at the same time, however, keeping his hand on the black-handled knife, for fear of accidents.

" 'Why then, your honour, if it's the skin you're after wanting, you must know it's the skin of my



poor Maol cow, that was clifted yonder there; the Lord rest her sowl, for a better baste never walked on four legs, 'tis a long day till I see the likes of her again; and sore and sorrowful the childer will be for the want of her little drop of milk; but it can't be helped, and there's no use in talking; so God be wid your honour, any how;' said Billy, as he pretended to take his departure.

" 'Why then, is that what you'd be after, Billy ma boughill' (my boy;) said the little imp, at the same time jumping before him with the speed of a greyhound; 'do you think I'm such a go-mal as to let you walk off with my skin, without so much as 'by your lave.' But I'll tell you what it is; if you don't drop it in the turn of a hand, you'll sup sorrow, may be.'—

" 'Badershin!' said Billy, at the same time, drawing out his black-handled knife, and putting himself in a posture of defence; 'may be you will, but the never a one of me will give you the skin, till you give me back my Maol cow; for don't I know well enough that she wasn't clifted at all, at all, and that you, and the breed of you, have got hould of her.'

" 'You'd better keep a civil tongue in your head any how,' said the little fellow, who seemed to get quite soft at the sight of the knife, 'and how do you know but I'd befriend you, for you're a stout fellow, Bill Thompson, and I've taken a fancy to you; so if you'd just be after giving me the skin, I don't say but I might get you the cow again.'

" 'Thankee kindly for the loan of your pickaxe,' said Billy, winking slily; 'give me the cow first, and then I will.'

“ ‘ Well, there she’s for you, you unbelieving hound !’ said the little imp.—And for certain what would he hear, but his Maol cow screeching behind him for the bare life ; for he knew the screech of her among a thousand ; and when he looked behind, what should he see but his cow, sure enough, running over the rocks and stones, with a long spansel hanging to one of her legs, and four little fellows with red caps on them, hunting her as fast as they could.

“ ‘ There’ll be a bit of a battle for her, Billy, said the little curmudgeon, there’ll be a bit of a battle for her ; two of the boys that are after her, belong to another faction ; so, do you see, while they are fighting about her, you can drive her away fair and easy, and no one will be a bit the wiser of it, barring myself—but I’ll be no hinderance to you,—and that’s more than you deserve from me, Billy Thompson.’

“ ‘ My jewel you are !’ said Billy, quite delighted with the hope of getting his cow again, though he was half afraid the little fellow intended playing him false, and he didn’t much believe what he said. Nevertheless, it was all true enough, for no sooner did the four little chaps with the red caps come up with one another, than they began to fight. In the mean time, the Maol cow, finding herself at liberty, ran towards Billy, who lost not a moment, but, throwing the skin on the ground, seized the cow by the tail, and began to drive her away as fast as he could.

“ ‘ Not so fast, Billy,’ said the little imp, who stuck close by his side ; ‘ not so fast, Billy, for though I gave you the cow, I didn’t give you the spansel that’s hanging to her leg.’

“ ‘A bargain’s a bargain,’ said Billy, ‘so, do you see, as I got it, I’ll keep spansel and all.’

“ ‘If you say that again,’ said the little imp, ‘I’ll just be after calling the boys that are fighting below there, and five to one will be more than a match for you, Billy Thompson, as cunning as you think yourself with that black-handled knife. But I don’t want to be too hard on you, so if you have a mind for the spansel, I’ll give you it for the little tuft of grass you have in your pocket.’

“ ‘It’s done,’ said Billy, who by this time had got to the top of a cliff, from whence he could see his own farm, in the distance, shining in the clear moonlight, while directly beneath him lay the deep hollow of Cown na Coppul, where the four red-capped fairies were fighting away as fierce as ever the Black hens and Magpies fought. Now Billy Thompson was fond of a bit of a skirmish, and was sure to be seen at the head of his faction on a fair day, when he often flourished his stick in triumph. So finding himself at a safe distance, he thought it no harm to stop a bit, just to see how the good people handled a blackthorn.

“ If he loved a real battle, there was one that matched him completely, for the glen resounded again with the shouts of the fairies, and the clash of their sticks. But there was one of the little fellows who fought ten times better than all the rest, striking double-handed blows right and left; till Billy, in the delight of his heart, quite forgetting his cow and the necessity of silence, shouted as loud as he could, ‘Well done, redcap! Here’s a Thompson! here’s a Thompson for redcap!’ The glen echoed with the deep tones of his voice, and the astonished combatants, looking up, perceived the cause of their contention





Engraved by L. & B. Burne, from a sketch by Alfred Nicholson.

# THE GLEN OF THE HORSE.



was gone, and set off at full speed to recover the cow.

“ ‘ You’re done for now, Billy Thompson,’ said the little imp, who stood near him, ‘ but lose no time in giving me the tuft of grass, and I’ll lend you a lift.’ ‘ There, take it,’ said Billy.’ No sooner was it out of his hand, than he received a blow, which in a moment dashed him to the ground with such force, that he was quite stunned. When he came to himself, the sun was shining ; and where should he be but lying near the bounds ditch of his own farm, with his Maol cow grazing beside him ; and to be sure he would never have got her again, or have come off so well, if it wasn’t for the four-leaved shamrock and the black-handled knife.

“ Billy Thompson could hardly believe his eyes, and thought it was all a dream, till he saw the spansel hanging to his cow’s leg ; and that was the lucky spansel to him, for, from that day out, his cow gave more milk than any six cows in the parish ; and Billy began to look up in the world, and take farms, and purchase cattle, till at last he became as rich as Damer ; but the world would never after get him to go to the Horses’ Glen. And he never passes a fort, or hears a blast of wind, without taking off his hat, with a ‘ God save ye, gentlemen,’ in compliment to the good people ; and ’tis only right for him so to do, if there be any truth in Moll Bardin, who told me the whole story just as she says it happened, and as I have related it.”

“ As we intend returning through the Glen of the Horse,” said Mr. Lynch, “ we had better despatch a messenger with orders to have our steeds taken to the foot of the mountain—and now for our perilous descent.”

This we accomplished by sitting and sliding down into the hollow of Cown na Coppul, of which it becomes unnecessary for me to say any thing further, in the way of description, after Mr. Lynch's story.

A toilsome walk brought us to the foot of the mountain, where, finding our horses, we rode towards the village of Cloghereen.

Here I may be permitted to remark, that whoever undertakes to ascend Mangerton, should be provided with a well-stored basket of prog; since there a man can get nothing to eat but stones, which are rather indigestible; and nothing to drink, but a drop out of the Devil's Punch-bowl—cold, comfortless stuff it is! Now, though we were not quite so foolish as to ascend Mangerton without any supply, yet the keenness of the mountain air was such, that our small stock of provisions soon proved rather an insufficient offering to the cravings of the inward man;—your little trifling sandwiches are not the thing; and unless the reader takes some more substantial food with him, when he proceeds on a similar excursion, I stake my reputation as a traveller, on the fact, that he will make as much haste to the next inn, as we did to Paddy Glissane's public-house in the village of Cloghereen.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE STAG HUNT.

THE first beams of the rising sun had just crept in lines of brilliant light through the crevices of my window shutter, when I awoke from a profound and dreamless sleep: with a few yawns I succeeded in attaining a consciousness of existence; in other words, I was wide awake, and sensible of some unusual stir and bustle in the Inn. Listening for some time to catch a stray word, which might discover the cause of this confusion, I at length plainly distinguished the rough voice of Doolan O'Donoghue in high dispute with the waiter.

“Thunder an’ tear an’ ouns,” said he, “is it to have his honour lose the stag hunt, and he so lucky to have one, when it wasn’t expected at all? and how should his honour expect it when he wasn’t here at the races’ week, when there’s always sure to be a couple of them? but since his honour has the luck to have a stag hunt, all as one as if it was given out on purpose for him, I’ll take care he shan’t lose it; so I say there is no use in argufying, you must wake his honour, and tell him that Doolan is waiting to know if he’ll have his ould crew.”

“ I tell you I won't do no such thing” said the waiter ; “ for didn't the gentleman bid me not to wake him, because why? he was mortal tired after going up Mangerton.”

O, ho ! a stag hunt, thought I, Doolan is in the right, it would never do to lose a stag hunt. So hastily jumping out of my bed, I threw open the shutters, and having partially dressed myself, rung the bell, which immediately put an end to the dispute, by bringing the waiter to my door, whom I ordered to procure my old boat and crew, and to have every thing in readiness for the stag hunt. I hastened down to breakfast, in order to be early in the field ; for, on looking out, I perceived Killarney was already sending forth its hundreds, all anxiously hurrying to enjoy the sport. A stag hunt creates quite a sensation in Killarney ; on such occasions the town pours forth almost its whole population, even many of the old women disdaining to be left behind. It was all life and animation ; the whole place was in commotion with the rattling of carriages and jaunting cars, crowded with “ beardies and brushes” (so, in Killarney phrase, are dandies and artists termed,) lakers and their ladies : and well corded to each vehicle appeared huge baskets of provisions. Blue-jacketed boatmen were seen running to and fro, in all the spirit-stirring energy of business ; in fact,

It was the morning of a glorious day ;  
At dawn the trackers of the deer were out,  
And mann'd each pass above Glenà's lone bay,  
To keep the red deer down with frequent shout.  
The merry town pour'd forth its giddy rout,  
Down to the quay of Ross they rush amain—

And not only to the quay of Ross did they rush,

but, seeing it was impossible to procure boats for such a multitude, hundreds, rather than lose the sport, determined to walk round by the new line of road ; and not a few set out mounted on their own good steeds, while their wives and daughters, crowding jingle and jaunting car, passed swiftly by the more humble cart, with its usual accompaniment of bed and quilt, for the accommodation of less wealthy or less aspiring folk.

The important business of breakfast despatched, and having been joined by my friend Mr. Lynch, we proceeded to mingle with the crowd who were hurrying towards the place of embarkation, on the Island of Ross.

Arrived at Ross, we found a wide-spreading fleet, of all sorts and sizes of boats, from the eight-oared barge to the light skiff and paddled canoe. The band of the Kerry militia occupied a large boat, as this was a fete given in honour of the accomplished Countess Kenmare, for whom, and for "John O'Connell" (so I was informed,) the fleet were then waiting ; Mr. O'Connell generally on such occasions being commander-in-chief. In a few minutes his six-oared barge was seen approaching ; indeed, it would have been impossible to mistake it, for the green flag of Ireland fluttered at its stern, upon which might be discovered, embroidered in large characters, ERIN GO BRAGH. Then the barge itself was green, ornamented with a stripe of virgin white and a running wreath of shamrocks, with which also the oars were decorated from top to bottom.

The portly form of Mr. O'Connell himself, as he stood most majestically steering his patriotic barge, was soon recognised. He was greeted, as may be supposed, with a mighty shout, after which



he issued a general order that no boat should go ahead of the Earl of Kenmare's, which just then made its appearance, and immediately proceeded to lead on the fleet.

Lo, off they push with shout and music's swell,  
A fairy fleet upon an island sea,  
Wide flash'd the water as the light oars fell,  
Answer'd the boatman's song, the buoyant glee  
Of hearts full set on mirth and revelry;  
And many a streamer gay is floating there,  
With rainbow colours and embroidery,  
Wide waving on the gently breathing air,  
That seem'd in love to fan a scene so bright and fair.

As we glided by the wild and rocky shores of Ross, several sail-boats started from the nooks and corners where they had harboured, and, unfurling their white wings to the wind, flew swiftly on before the breeze, adding greatly to the beauty and effect of the scene; the waves sparkling before their prows, their sails now glancing in the sun, and now beautifully contrasting their snowy hue with the darkness and majesty of some frowning rock or hill.

Thus did the little fleet pass gaily on till we came to the entrance of the river between Brickeen and Glenà; here the sail-boats were abandoned, and here commenced struggle and confusion, boat thwarting boat in the windings of the river; now an oar entangled 'mid the weeds, and now a boat run aground, until we gained Dinis' Pool, where the company were landed on the Glenà bank, while the boats were being hauled up the rapids under the old Weir Bridge.

It was an animated sight, when standing on the bridge, to view the efforts of the boatmen dragging their respective barges against the stream; and

then to behold the gay groups, each after the other, emerging from the covert of rock and wood, and approaching that part of the river where they were to re-embark, and where boat after boat, as it surmounted the rapids, took in its company, and proceeded up the river.—The whole fleet being assembled under the Eagle's Nest, the hills manned to keep the deer down to the river, and the hounds and huntsmen up in the hollow between Glenà and the Eagle's Nest, where the deer lay which they had tracked for some days before, silence reigned around, every one anxiously waiting the signal shot. Those who had walked or rode, now covered every rock and height on the banks of the river, and many even had forsaken their boats in order to have a better view from the shore.

Behold the congregated rocks, whose groups,  
Like islands, stand along the river's side,  
Are cover'd o'er with gay expectant troops  
Of youths, and dainty dames in flaunting pride.

But beside these there were many who joined business with pleasure. There was the fruit girl with her basket of apples; and as it is not in the nature of things that at an Irish merry-making the all important whiskey should be forgotten, many women might be seen handing the "cruiskeen lawn" among the crowd, while the huxter, with her sieve full of dillisk, bread, and biscuits, was all as ready to appease the cravings of hunger. Sundry old ladies were there, who had been prudent enough to bring their own stores, and might be seen in many a snug spot drawing forth the home-baked loaf and pocket bottle, glancing in the sun, to regale both herself and crony. And now all is ready.

Hark to the signal shot! the mountain's roar!  
The burst of that brave pack! the frequent shout  
The watchers on the hills begin to pour,  
As bursts the red deer from the wild woods out!  
Lo! down he dashes through that giddy rout,  
With glancing eye and antlers' branchy pride,  
While fast the big round tears begin to spout;  
One moment stands he by that river's side,  
Looks, lingering, up the hills, then plunges in the tide.

After the first burst, every eye was strained to get a view of the stag. "There he is"—"No"—"Whisht, ye'll see him in a minute"—"Hark, that's O'Sullivan's cry ringing through the hills"—"There Geoffry Lynch makes his appearance"—"And now John O'Connell's huntsman," were the various exclamations from every side.

Sometimes the stag makes his escape up the mountains, leading hound and hunter a long and weary chase. On this occasion, however, matters were better managed; for the stag, after several vain attempts to ascend, made his appearance, and ran along the river's side for nearly a mile, in full view of the boats and those on the shore, till, finding himself too closely pressed by the hounds, he plunged into the river. Then came the struggle, the chase, and the race, for the honour of taking him, which was at length done by Mr. O'Connell. A handkerchief was bound round the poor animal's eyes, his legs tied, and, thus secured, he was lifted into the boat. The boat then put in to the shore, in order to allow every one a peep at the stag; to obtain which, the fleet gathered round, and all hurried towards one point on the shore, where soon stood nobility and mobility, huntsman and peasant, indiscriminately grouped together.

Close to Mr. O'Connell's barge was that of the Earl Kenmare, into which stepped the round,

rosy, and reverend Lord Brandon, at the same time, apparently, addressing some courtly compliments to the Lady Kenmare—then there was the good Lord Headley with his famous piper, and my worthy friend Gandsey. The Herberts of Cahernane, with the union jack, in despite of the admiralty regulation, floating at their stern. And around these, and other first rates, crowded the small fry, anxious to catch the looks and the words of their superiors. Amidst the confused murmur of this strange assembly, a distinguished orator arose to present Lady Kenmare with the tip of the stag's ear, which he did, accompanying the action with a speech, that fully entitled him to his popular appellative of "the silver tongued."

"I feel," said he, "I feel"—and there was a general shout—"this to be the proudest—most glorious moment of my existence; indeed, words can never sufficiently express the intense depth of my happiness in thus having the honour to present the wild monarch of the hills to the beautiful, all-accomplished, most lovely, and superlative lady of our lakes." Here the speaker placed his right hand on his left breast, waved a white cambric handkerchief, looked around for applause, and then performed a graceful bow. The fleet now began to drop down the river, as the stag was to be released in Glenà Bay, from whence they were to proceed to Innisfallen, where the evening was to be closed with feast and dance.

A lively scene ensued on the arrival of the fleet at the old Weir Bridge. Dinis and the shores were covered with people, waiting to behold the boats shoot the bridge; and, as we were nearly the first to perform this feat, we had an opportu-



nity of seeing the others descend. Down came boat after boat ; some striking against the rocks, and nearly upset ; others steering clear of all obstructions ; among which number was my friend Plunket, who, being coxswain to the Earl Kenmare, had been obliged to leave me, in order to pilot his lordship. I had, however, no cause to complain, so well did honest Tim Lyne supply Plunket's place. As each boat descended, the crew gave a shout, which was answered from the shores ; and then all proceeded on to Glenà Bay, where being ranged at each side of Mr. O'Connell's barge, the stag was freed.

The gallant stag is ta'en, the chase is o'er  
The sturdy rowers urge the flying boat—  
Within Glenà's lone fairy bay once more  
That joyous fleet doth in its glory float,  
As calm as skiff upon some castle's moat:  
And there they set the antler'd monarch free,  
With shout, and loud halloo, and bugle note ;  
Proudly he stems the wave, right glad to see  
His native wilds once more, and be at liberty.

Shortly after freeing the stag, the whole fleet put into Innisfallen, with colours flying, and the band playing. Upon landing, the different parties dispersed about the island, where they formed themselves in little groups, to partake of the collations they had brought with them. Dinner over, some perambulated the walks, others seated on the shore, enjoyed the scenery, and listened to the distant notes of music ; while by far the greater part amused themselves with dancing on the green turf near the banqueting-house, where the Kerry band were stationed, and not a few of the young men displayed their skill in a rowing match around the island.



“ Glanced many a light caique along the foam,  
Danced on the shore the daughters of the land.”

Upon this scene the moon arose broad and bright.

“ That’s fortunate for you,” said Mr. Lynch ;  
“ for it would be a sad thing to go away, without  
a moonlight row on the lake ; suppose I order  
the men to pull us to Glenà Bay, and from  
thence back to Ross.”

Departing for Glenà, we glided gently across  
the moonlit waters. If I were writing a novel,  
here would be the place for pictorial sentiment ;  
but as I am not, and as Mr. Weld has given a  
wondrous description of Glenà as seen by moon-  
light, I shall merely say that Glenà, always  
romantic and beautiful, is rendered doubly so  
by moonlight and music.

Oh then, at such an hour to sail along  
The silver’d waters by some mountain’s side,  
Whose trees shall rustle overhead a song  
Bassed by the murmur of the chafing tide,  
By the breeze brought, and echo multiplied  
Oh then, at such an hour amid such sounds,  
To sail with her, your own—your gentle bride—

But truce to such dreams—they are over.

On our return homewards, Thady Begly com-  
menced whistling the exquisite old melody of  
*Aileen a roon*. Although no air is more fami-  
liar to me, in my mood of mind at the instant  
I felt charmed with its wild simplicity ; the  
sound of every note went directly to my heart ;  
till Doolan suddenly checked my enjoyment by  
placing his hand on Begly’s mouth.

“ Why then,” said he, “ don’t be after going  
to whistle that diabolical tune, for sure and sartin  
there’s something diabolical in it ; and ’twill be

many a long day till you whistle it again, when you hear the whole story about it.

“ You must know then, that Father Phill Clancy happened one day to be in Killarney about a little business of his own, and was kept by one thing or another, till the night came on ; a desperate dark night it was ; so as there was no use in attempting to go home, he was obliged to content himself with a snug lodging, and a smoking tumbler of whiskey punch. Well, just as he was mixing the second tumbler, word was brought him, that Moll Barry of Claunteens was at the last gasp, and that she couldn't leave the world in pace, if Father Phill didn't give her the blessed sacrament. Now, Father Phill didn't like to leave his warm tumbler of punch and snug room, and small blame to him for that ; but if it was a Turk, how could he refuse him, and he at the last gasp ? let alone Moll Barry, who was a relation of his own, and a good Christian. So seeing there was no help for it, up he gets on his bit of a pony, and away he gallops along the Castle Island road, as fast as the dark would let him. It wasn't long till he passed the park-gate, and the little bridge over the Dinah, and, to make a long story short, he got on well enough till he came to the ould fort at Knockeen Dubh—a lonesome place it is, and they say the good people live in it ; and sure enough there's a sort of a cave covered over with smooth flags in the middle of it. But be that as it may, 'tis sartin that when Father Phill came to the fort, he heard the most beautifullest music in the world, so that he couldn't, for the life of him, help standing to listen ; well, all at once, the music stopped, and two of the finest voices that was ever hard before or

since, begun to tune up *Aileen a roon* in prime style. If Father Phill was pleased with the music, he was much better pleased with the song; so, after listening for some time, he thought he'd just ride into the fort, and see who it was that was singing so beautiful entirely. Well, fakes if he did, the moment he got into the fort what should he see but two great mastiffs of bull-dogs, sitting overright one another, and singing for the bare life; and no sooner did his reverence make the sign of the cross, than away they flew in a flame of fire,—and Father Phill, setting spurs to his pony, galloped on as fast as he could. It wasn't long till he came to the house at Claunteens; but he was the day after the fair, for poor Moll Barry was dead and gone; and then he knew well enough that it was the devil himself (the Lord presarve us!) that stopped him at the ould fort, to prevent his giving the poor woman the blessed sacrament. So you see it's no wonder that I don't like to hear a Christian whistling the devil's tune. For 'tis as true a story, as that you are sitting there; and didn't I hear it word for word out of Father Phill's own mouth? and sure I wouldn't go to belie him, now that he's dead and gone, for 'tis not my way, you see."

As Doolan concluded his story, we had reached Ross Quay, where we found numbers, who like ourselves had just landed, and were hastening home to Killarney. Indeed, the rattle of jingles and coaches was to the full as great as it had been in the morning; and we, not to be behind-hand with the rest, contributed our share, by mounting one of Gorham's vehicles, and jingling it away to the town; Spillane all the time playing on his bugle, with might and main.

"You had better stop, Spillane," said Mr. Lynch, as we approached Killarney; "you know, we have some very antimusical magistrates."

"I believe," replied Spillane, "they'll let musicians alone again, as long as they live; for wasn't there Mr. Dumass, more strength to his elbow, and more wind in his bellows!—and didn't Moriarty, for the same reason, prosecute Blake, the captain of the Peelers, and make him pay the piper, with a vengeance? it was a dear song to him, any how."

Scarcely had we entered the town, when our ears were assailed by a most tremendous uproar.—"Here's a Barry"—"Here's a Leary"—"Five pounds for a Barry's head"—"Ten pounds for a Leary"—"Here's up-street for Barry"—"Here's down-street for a Leary"—resounded through the town.

"Spillane, what's all this uproar about? the stag-hunt whiskey seems to be stirring among the good people of Killarney."

"O sir, it's only a bit of a skirmish between up-street and down-street, and the faction of the Barrys and Learys; it's nothing to what they used to have long ago, when one part of the town fought against the other, with old scythes and swords and stones; and the women used to come behind a man, with a parcel of stones in an old stocking, and knock him as dead as a herring." Presently there came a cry of "The Peelers"—"The Peelers"—and immediately three or four green-coated, black-belted horsemen, with a fiery magistrate at their head, dashed into the thick of the crowd; and after some time, succeeded in putting an end to the fray.

"Why then," said a gigantic countryman, who

stood near me ; “ why then, isn't it a mortal shame for Mr. Galway to drive among the people at that rate ? how does he know, but he'd kill the poor craters, and they as thick as midges ? 'tis long till Mr. Cashell would do the likes, any how.”

“ And who is this Mr. Cashell ? ” said I, to Spillane. “ He's a good gentleman, and a magistrate, sir ; and has a beautiful good lady to his wife ; her own name is Wilson ; she came from Scotland, and has a brother that is a great writer, and a fine poet.”

“ Oh, then, she is sister to the ingenious Professor of that name.”

Once more I enter Gorham's Hotel, where a comfortable bed, and sound sleep, soon rendered me alike insensible to the fatigues or pleasures of the day.



## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE LAKE OF KILLBRAN.

Now I have breakfasted, what's to be done? I'll see what the Gorham advises.

"Waiter, if Mr. Gorham is not particularly engaged, I should be glad to speak to him."

"He's just gone to look after the eagles in the yard, sir, but I'll go and tell him."

"No—stop, I'll go myself—I should like much to have a look at his pets—I remember Doolan mentioned them to me."

On my return I found Mr. Lynch lolling upon the sofa in my room. The usual greetings over, he anticipated my question of what's to be done, by commencing as follows:—"You are now," said he, "pretty well acquainted with the wonders of Killarney, and I suppose you intend shortly to take your departure; nevertheless, if not restricted by time, there are one or two rambles which I wish to lead you; and though they may not be, perhaps, so interesting as those which you have already enjoyed, I think you are just that sort of person who wishes to see every thing, good and bad, as the Irish phrase runs, before you depart for the chalky cliffs of happy England. For instance, you have not seen the park, in which there is a very pretty glen—there's the wild country too beyond the park,

with the little Lake of Killbran, about which I have a story—the Glen of Ahahunnig—the Druidical Circle—and Labig Owen, or Owen's Bed, at Philadown, in Glanflesk."

"All which I am determined to see," said I, "if you will undertake the office of guide."

"That office I will readily undertake, said Mr. Lynch, and so I think we had better proceed at once."

"With all my heart—horses shall be at the door directly."

"Horses! what do you want horses for? No, no, you must make use of your legs to-day."

"Be it as you will," said I. And away we went along the Main street, till we reached its extremity; then turning to the right, we entered upon the Castle Island road.

"What deplorable cabins!" I exclaimed, as we passed a row of the most miserable dwellings I had ever beheld, and which stood a disgrace to Killarney.

"I wonder at you," said Mr. Lynch, with a smile, "to speak thus of Mrs. Falvey's freeholds. I assure you the fair owner is very partial to this property, having, I understand, rejected several very good offers made to her by Lord Kenmare, if she would only let these deplorable cabins, as you call them, be pulled down. But, no, it would never do to destroy so many comfortable habitations; besides, what would become of Killarney, if the inmates of these hovels were obliged to emigrate; alas, if that were the case, there would be a lamentable want of beggars in the town; for here dwell those kind-hearted people who were the first to hail your arrival, and who will anxiously crowd to witness your departure."

Leaving Mrs. Falvey's freeholds and the hospital behind, we in a short time reached the entrance to Lord Kenmare's park, distant about half a mile from Killarney. The park is situated on one of the hills which rise behind the town, and is agreeably broken. It is richly wooded with ancient oaks; but its chief attraction is a romantic glen, through which rushes the Dinah, now cascading over dark rocky ledges, now brawling along its pebbly bed, and not unfrequently dimpling into little pools; while the woods at each side overhang, and frequently overarch the stream, which in some places appears to gush from their very branches. At each side of the stream there is a commodious walk, sometimes running close to the water, sometimes rising high above it. And from the bridge there is an agreeable view; for on looking down you behold the stream brawling along till completely lost amid the woods. I was informed that this spot was formerly a place much resorted to by the towns-people; at that time there were rustic chairs and pavilions scattered through the glen, which was frequented by evening parties, who would here sip their tea and keep up the merry dance, to the astonishment of the startled deer, even until the moon rose upon their revels. But the place is now neglected; the walks are overgrown with grass and weeds, the seats, the pavilion, and even a wooden bridge, which once served for ornament and use, have disappeared—nay, the very deer have been banished, and the park is now undergoing a course of tillage.

From the glen, which is in the northern part of the park, we walked to the hill on the opposite side, at the summit of which we found a gate, dividing

Mr. Cronin's portion of the park from that kept by Lord Kenmare in his own hands. We then strolled leisurely towards Mr. Cronin's, or, as it is usually called, the Park house.

Passing out of the park by the back gate, near Mr. Cronin's house, we found ourselves on the old road leading to Kanturk, and along this we proceeded, in order to reach the Lake of Killbran. There was nothing attractive in the country on either side, which consisted of wild stony farms, that seemed to promise but a poor recompense to the hand of industry. After walking about a mile we turned off to the left, into a by-road, at a place where I remarked a rude stone-capped well, called the Spa of Tullig. About half a mile further, we passed a little wooded glen, or rather hollow, on the left-hand side of the road, and shortly after reached the Lake of Killbran. This is a small lake, situated on a green height, from whence there is a wild prospect of a broken country, interspersed with bogs and valleys, till bounded to the north by the mountains, in the neighbourhood of Tralee. The land was remarkably barren and destitute of wood, except here and there a few trees scattered about the cabins of the peasantry, or where the plantations of Gleun a Heelah and Farm Lodge appeared—but these were as specks, compared with the extent of the landscape, and could therefore little affect the general character of barrenness.

"And is this," said I, "what you have brought me to see? truly, I think we have had a most unprofitable journey."

"Come, that's not fair," returned Mr. Lynch, "I told you that you must take the good and the bad together; it was not for the sake of the

prospect I brought you here, but merely because it is the scene of a legend with which I am acquainted. I believe that every lake in Ireland has some story attached to it; but the first notice I received of this, was that there lived a big worm, as big as a colt, in Loch Bran. Having little else to do, I made a journey hither, to inquire into the matter, and, accosting the first countryman I met, asked him if there had not been a 'big worm' seen in the lake.

" 'Oh then, sure enough there is one,' said he, 'as big as a coult, with a great bushy tail, that comes up out of the water sometimes; by the same token, that Jerry Finigan was near being kilt by him; for he went for his coult in the gray of the morning, and was just putting the bridle on the big worm, when he broke away and ran into the lake. And of another time he was near killing a man, a cousin of my own—one Moriarty, who was ploughing near the lake—a quare lake it is any how, and couldn't have been a lake always, for when the water is low you may see the remains of an ould ditch running across the bottom of it; and there was a big piece of timber found in it, with an auger hole bored through it; so I suppose there was people living there, till the flood came and drowned them.'

" Having made inquiries of this kind in various quarters, I at length succeeded in obtaining the best information which can be procured relative to the Lake of Killbran, and which I here beg leave to present you with.

" In the good old times there existed in Ireland a race of mortals, who, under the denomination of 'poor scholars,' used to travel from parish to parish, and county to county, in order to increase



their stock of knowledge. These poor scholars were, for the most part, men of from twenty to five-and-twenty years of age; and as they were also agreeable, social fellows, who during their peregrinations had acquired a fund of anecdote, could tell a good story, and never refused to lend a helping hand in any business that was going forward, they were received with a caed mille faultha\* at every farmer's house throughout the country, where they were welcome to stay as long as they pleased.

“It happened one evening in the month of July, that one of these peripatetics, a stout, platter-faced mortal, by name Darby O'Reily (the very same it was who invented the famous stone soup,) made his appearance at the house of the widow Fleming, who dwelt not far from the old church of Kilcummin. Now, the widow Fleming, who since her husband's death had taken the entire management of a large farm upon herself, was very glad to see Darby O'Reily for a variety of reasons. In the first place, it was the hay harvest, and Darby would lend a helping hand, and keep the men in good humour at their work with his merry stories; then he could teach the children great A. B. C. of an evening, and then she was a lone woman, and Darby was a pleasant companion, and an old acquaintance moreover. Whether this last idea was of deeper root than the others, is not for me to say, but certain it is that Darby received on the present occasion more than a common welcome from the widow Fleming. After having partaken of the good cheer which the widow set before him in the greatest profusion, and having renewed his acquaintance with the

\* A hundred thousand welcomes.

inmates of the house, even to Darby the dog, that was called after him, and the cat; he proposed to step down to the parish jighouse, just to shuffle the brogue with his old sweethearts, hear the news and see how the neighbours were getting on, for it was near a twelvemonth since he had been in that part of the country. Now, whether it was the mention of sweethearts that disagreed with the widow, or whatever else might have been the cause, it is certain that she was much against Darby's going to the jighouse; but seeing that she could not with any decency or effect gainsay his intentions, she was obliged to assent, at the same time, however, warning him to be back early, and not to keep up the house. Away he went to the jighouse, where he found himself quite at home, and as welcome as the flowers of May. Fine fun he had of it, for the pipes played merrily up, while he footed it bravely with the prettiest girls and best moneen jiggers in all the Barony. To speak the truth, he wasn't a bad hand at a jig himself, for there were few could equal him in the 'heel and toe' step, and then he put such life and spirit into his motions, that he made the house ring again with his grinding and merry snap of his fingers. But your dancing is drougthy work,—at least Darby O'Reily was of that opinion, although there was no fear of his dying for the want of a drop to drink; as he had news for the old, and stories for the young, till at last it was Darby here, and Darby there, and who but Darby? The soul of merriment, and the prince of good fellows, every one striving who should be the first to treat him, Darby soon became as comfortable as any gentleman could wish to be.

But while Darby was drinking, and dancing,

and making merry, he never remembered it was time to go home, or bestowed a single thought upon the widow Fleming's good advice, which was very ungrateful of him, considering the civil way she had behaved to him, and that she was even then herself sitting up waiting his return.

“The longest day will have an end, and the greatest merriment must at length give way to repose, as Darby found to his sorrow, when the party broke up, and he had to stagger away as well as he could. He was so much ‘in the wind,’ that he didn’t well know which way he was going; and, as bad luck would have it, he went every way but the right; for instead of keeping the straight road, by way of making a short cut, he turned off through the fields, and, after wandering about for as good as an hour, where should he find himself but in the old fort at Clauteens. A bad place it is to get into at the dead hour of the night, when the good people are going their rounds, and making merry, as Darby soon found; for though it was easy enough to get into the fort, he couldn’t get out again for the life of him; it even appeared to him as if the fort had increased its dimensions to a boundless extent. He wandered up and down and round about for a long time without ever being able to get out, and was obliged at last to content himself where he was, so down he sat on a stone. ‘There’s small fun sitting on a could stone in the moonshine,’ muttered Darby; ‘and sure it’s a pitiful case to be bewitched by the fairies—the good people I mean, and stuck fast in the middle of an ould fort; but there’s no help for it, so what can’t be cured must be endured.’ No sooner had he come to this very wise conclusion, than he

heard a most tremendous hammering under the very stone he was sitting on.

“ ‘ O Darby ! ’ cried he, ‘ what’ll become of you now ? ’

“ Plucking up his courage, he boldly took a peep beneath the stone, when, what should he see, but a Cluricaune sitting under a projecting ledge of what had been his seat, and hammering as hard as he could at the heel of an old shoe. Although Darby was very much afraid of the fairies, he wasn’t a bit in dread of a Cluricaune ; for they say if you catch a Cluricaune and keep him fast, he’ll shew you where his purse is hid, and make a rich man of you. But it wasn’t thinking of purses Darby was, for he’d rather be out of the fort than to get all the purses in the world. So when he saw the Cluricaune, it came into his head, that may be he’d lend him a helping hand, for they say the little fellow is fond of a drop himself. ‘ Success to you, my boy, you are a good hand at a shoe any how,’ said Darby, addressing himself to the Cluricaune.

“ ‘ Ah ! Darby, my jolly buck, is that you ? ’ said the Cluricaune, getting up from his work, and looking him full in the face.

“ ‘ The very same, at your honour’s sarvice,’ answered Darby.

“ ‘ What brought you here ? ’ said the Cluricaune, ‘ I’m thinking you’ve got yourself into a bit of a scrape.’

“ ‘ Fakes then, your honour, I’m thinking the very same,’ said Darby, ‘ if your honour doesn’t lend me a helping hand.’ So he told him how he stopped at the widow Fleming’s, how he went down to the jighouse, and being a little over-



taken in liquor, how he wandered through the fields until he found himself in the old fort, and wasn't able to make his way out again.

“ ‘ You're in a bad case, Darby,’ said the Cluricaune, ‘ for the good people will be here directly, and if they find you before them, Darby, they'll play the puck with you.’

“ ‘ Oh, murder ! ’ cried Darby, ‘ I throw my life upon the heel of your honour's shoe.’

“ ‘ Well,’ said the Cluricaune, ‘ you're a rollocking lad as ever tipped a can, and it's a pity any harm should ever come of taking a drop of good drink. So give me your hand, and I'll save you. And as you never did any hurt to me or mine, I'll do more than that for you, Darby. Here, take this charm, and you are made for ever, my man.’

“ ‘ And what's the nathur of it ? ’ said Darby, at the same time putting it into his right hand breeches pocket, and buttoning it up tight.

“ ‘ I'll tell you that,’ said the Cluricaune ; ‘ if you only pin it to the petticoat of the first woman in the land, she'll follow you the wide world over ; and that's no bad thing for a poor scholar.’ So saying, the Cluricaune took him out of the fort, put him on the straight road, and, wishing him success with the charm, burst into a fit of laughter, and disappeared.

“ ‘ Good riddance of you any how,—but 'tis an ugly laugh you have with you,’ said Darby, as he made the best of his way to the widow Fleming's, who was in no great humour ; and no wonder, to be kept up so late by such a drunken bletherum as Darby. Now, when he saw the widow in a bit of a fret, ‘ Ho ! by my sowl,’ said he, ‘ I've the cure in my breeches pocket.’ So with that he outs



with the charm, and pinned it slyly to the widow's gown. 'I've charmed her now,' says Darby, 'if there's any truth in that little chap of a Cluricaune.' And certainly there was soon a wonderful change in the widow, who, from being as glum as a misty morning, became as soft as butter. So very careful was she of Darby, that, late as it was, she made down a good fire, lest he should be cold after the night, brought him a supper of the best the house could afford, and had as much cooram about him as if he was lord of the land. Darby grinned with delight at the success of his charm; but he was soon made to grin at wrong side of his mouth, for the widow in the midst of her love chanced to discover the charm that was pinned to the tail of her gown.

" 'What's this you've pinned to my gown, you rogue you?' said she, at the same time flinging it into the fire.

" 'Botheration,' roared Darby, 'I'm settled for now;' and no wonder he should roar, for the charm took instant effect; and the fire jumped holus-bolus after Darby, who made for the door, and away he went as fast as his legs could carry him. But if he did, the fire came after him, roaring and blazing, as if there were a thousand tar-barrels in the middle of it. Away he ran for the bare life, across the country, over hedge and ditch, for as good as two miles; neither stopping nor staying till he came to a deep well on a high farm, between Tullig and Gleun a Heelah, when who should he meet but his old friend the Cluricaune. 'Arrah Darby!' says the little fellow, 'you seem to be in a wonderful hurry; where are you going so fast, man, that you wouldn't stop to spake to an old acquaintance?'

“ ‘Bad luck to you, you deceitful hop of my thumb,’ said Darby; ‘for sure it’s all along of you and your charm that I’m in the neat way I am this blessed night.’

“ ‘And that’s my thanks for saving you from the good people,’ says the Cluricaune. ‘Very well, Mister Darby, there’s the fire at your heels, and who’s to save you now?’

“ ‘O! thunder alive! sure you wouldn’t be after sarving Darby that way.’

“ ‘Well,’ said the Cluricaune, ‘I’ll take compassion on you this once; so here’s my advice, leap into the well, and you’ll be safe.’

“ ‘Is it into the well you mane,’ says Darby, ‘why then do you take me for a fool entirely?’

“ ‘O! you’re a very wise man to be sure, seeing you’re a scholar, Darby; so you may take your own way if you like, and welcome. Good-night to you, Darby O’Reily,’ said the spiteful little fellow, slapping his cocked hat on his head, and walking off with a most malicious grin, ‘Good-night to you, Darby O’Reily.’

“ ‘Murder! murder!’ shouted Darby, for by this time the fire had come so near that it began to scorch him; when seeing there was no alternative, and thinking it better to be drowned than burned, he made a desperate plunge into the well.

“ ‘Souse he went into the well, and souse went the fire after him. Immediately the water bubbled, sparkled, growled, and rose above the verge of the well, filling with the velocity of lightning all the adjacent hollow ground, until it formed one of those little sparkling lakes which are so numerous in this hilly country.

“ ‘Darby was borne with the speed of a whirlwind on the top of a curling billow, and cast

senseless on the shore. The first thing he saw on awaking from his trance was the sun shining over him; the first voice he heard was that of the widow Fleming, who had travelled far and near in search of him; and the first word Darby uttered, upon thoroughly recovering himself, was, 'Bad luck to the good people, for sure 'tis they that have been playing tricks upon me all the night.' Then he up and told the widow Fleming and the neighbours the whole history of his night's adventure.

" 'It's drunk you were, Darby, and you know it,' said the widow; 'you're a bad boy, Darby.'

"But whatever was the cause, whether Darby got the charm from the Cluricaune or not, it is certain that the widow Fleming not long after became Mrs. O'Reily, and that Loch Bran or the Lake of the burning Cole, is to be seen to this day."

## CHAPTER XV.

### AHAHUNNIG.

THE road from Kilbran to Killarney is a continued descent; on our return, we stopped for a few minutes at the Spa of Tullig, which, as I have before said, is a little stone-capped, neglected, mineral spring, situated on the side of the road, and having a rough furze-clad hill rising immediately behind it. Leaving the Spa, we crossed a little stream near it, regained the Kanturk road, and, turning to the right, entered a pass or hollow in the road formed by two hills which descended on either side. These hills were wild, heathy, and covered with furze; a few naked rocks were scattered through the hollow, and not unfrequently a patriarchal goat showed his reverend beard as he stood looking down in apparently philosophical contemplation on the travellers below.

As we continued our course through the pass, we had a fine view of the mountains, the Lower Lake reposing at their base, with a broken country, and the rich oak woods of the park, forming a beautiful foreground. On our descent we gradually lost sight of the lake, and, arrived at Tier-nabowl, we could only see the tops of the woods and mountains, save where to the left Coltsman's Castle presented itself to view, backed by the

mighty Mangerton, and the mountains of Loch Kittane and Glanflesk.

Tiernabowl is the name given to this district generally. Tierna signifies a lord or chief; bowl, according to the country people's translation, a spot or place. Hence Tiernabowl appears to imply the chieftain's seat. It was formerly a lordship of the Mac Sweenys, and is still inhabited by many of that name; but a few miserable cabins by the road-side, with some sheltering trees, are all that Tiernabowl can now boast of.

Instead of pursuing the road to Killarney, we turned off by a pathway to the left, for we had seen, from Tiernabowl, a hollow or glen which appeared worthy of being explored. Following this path, we had immediately beneath us a stony ravine, and bounding the eastern horizon appeared those singularly shaped mountains called the Paps. On reaching a farmhouse, we descended into the Glen of Ahahunnig, and lost sight of every thing, except the hills which immediately enclosed us.

The part of the glen into which we had descended was rugged and uncultivated, having only an unequal covering of furze mingled with grey stones, which lay scattered about the bottom, and are traditionally said to have been the relics of fairy warfare. There was also here a want of correspondence in the sides of the glen; the one sloping down, while the other fell suddenly to the verge of the brawling stream, and exhibited a white gravelly surface, as if the soil had gradually crumbled away, and left it bare and abrupt.

Pursuing the course of the stream, or rather its bed—for, like most hill-born streams, it is nearly dry in summer—we entered the wooded part of the glen. Near the commencement of the wood,



which is of oak, sweeping at either side down to the stream, we observed one tree of a particular formation, and close to it a large stone bearing the following nearly obliterated inscription :

“ M SWY ( *M'Sweeny* ) TOOK ME FROM MY PLACE  
MAY HE, LIKE ME, MEET DUE DISGRACE.”

“ That singular tree,” said Mr. Lynch, “ and the inscription, remain in remembrance of rather a melancholy story.”

“ I should like to hear a melancholy story,” said I, “ above all things—pray make it as dismal as you can, for I see you are inventing.”

“ No ! I give you my word,” replied Mr. Lynch, “ I am not inventing, at least upon the present occasion. It was a long time before I could learn any thing concerning this tree and inscribed stone, although I had made repeated inquiries, till chance threw me in the way of an old man who related the tradition, which tradition, together with the narrator, have since nearly passed away from the memory of man. The Mac Sweenys were originally inhabitants of the north of Ireland. There were three chiefs of that name, all descended from the O'Neils—viz. Mac Sweeny *Fànaide*, Mac Sweeny *Bàdhuine*, and Mac Sweeny *na-dtuadh*, or Mac Sweeny of the battle-axes. These chiefs were all of the same family. In the thirteenth century, a party, headed by the two latter, made an adventuring excursion into Munster, where they joined in the feuds of the south, and, becoming auxiliaries to the Mac Carthys of Muskerry and Carberry, acquired some disputed ground under the chiefs whom they served. From him of the battle-axes the Mac Sweenys of Tiernabowl are descended.”

“ You are as good a genealogist, Lynch, as Ulster himself.”

“ There is now no chieftain,” continued Mr. Lynch, “ of the name in Kerry. The last chief of the Mac Sweenys, many years ago, inhabited a thatched farmhouse in the neighbourhood of Tier-nabowl. A proud man he was of his descent, and though he had lost the greater part of his estates in the revolution of 1688, and was outlawed before the surrender of Limerick, he still managed to to keep up the style and consequence of an Irish chief. The bard and the jester haunted his fire-side ; and crowds of idle followers, who knew no restraint but their lord’s will, were ready to obey him. In fact, under the command of Mac Sweeny, a formidable gang of freebooters, termed Rap-parees from the half pikes or short sticks which they carried, sprung up, who devastated the country for miles around. And although plundering both the partisans of James and William, the security afforded by the woods, as well as the strength of Mac Sweeny’s mountain fastnesses, rendered pursuit from either side after cattle or goods an idle task.

“ One evening, in the stormy month of November, the desperate dwellers in Tiernabowl were collected around a blazing turf-fire, anxious for the return of their chief, who had gone the preceding night on some secret expedition, when suddenly above the sighing of the rising wind was heard the tramp of a horse.

“ “ ’Tis the coppul duve,” exclaimed Gilla-roo, who was Mac Sweeny’s confidential man, and who received his name from the long, matted, red locks which overshadowed his weather-beaten countenance ; ‘ ’tis the coppul duve, and here’s the Mac Sweeny coming, surely.’

“ A shrill and well-known whistle verified Gilla-roo's assertion, and instantly out rushed the clansmen, each bearing in his hand a blazing torch of the dry and splintered bog deal. Great, however, was their wonder at perceiving, seated on his dark horse before the chieftain, the fair form of a maiden, who was consigned with few words to the rough guardianship of Gilla-roo.

“ ‘ Keep her safely,’ said Mac Sweeny ; ‘ when I was the lord of unproclaimed lands, the proud Margaret Barry rejected my suit—Now that I am a poor outlaw, with no ground but what I stand on, my own, she shall be mine.’

“ Before daybreak the following morning, Mac Sweeny departed from Tiernabowl at the head of his retainers, on a plundering excursion. It was his last, and few who accompanied him ever returned. Gilla-roo alone, much to his dissatisfaction, was left behind to guard the fair captive—slight guard did so delicate and drooping a girl seem to require. Gilla-roo was kind to her in his own rough way ; he procured for her every comfort in his power, and permitted her to range the glen. Fatal permission ! the second morning after the chieftain's departure she was found suspended from this very tree, after having carved her malediction on the rock.

“ It is said that, on the eve of this event, the form of the ill-fated Margaret is seen flitting through the glen, and her voice has been heard, not after the wailing manner of the Banshee, but in shouts of triumphant laughter, which quicken the breath and curdle the blood of the hearer.

“ Years have passed away—more than a century has elapsed, and the story is nearly forgotten. This tree and this stone alone remain as memo-

rials of deeds, and of days, which the peasant no longer remembers, save when, perhaps during the darkness of the night, he traverses the Glen of Ahahunnig, and, piously crossing himself, mutters a prayer for the repose of 'the White Maiden of Tiernabowl,' although in ignorance of her name and unfortunate history."

When Mr. Lynch had concluded his story, we arose to pursue our way through the glen, and though the golden light of a setting sun made its way through the interstices of the branches, and shot athwart our path, I almost expected to see the form of the White Maiden emerge from some of the recesses of the wood. Issuing from the glen, we found ourselves close to the bridge of Ballycasheen on the Cork road.

"Suppose," said Mr. Lynch, as we stood on the bridge, "that, instead of going direct to Killarney, we visit the Druids' Circle; it is not far from this, and there is yet sufficient daylight."

"With all my heart," said I; "my object is to see every thing."

From the bridge we ascended part of the hill, and, turning into a field on the left-hand side of the road, in a short time reached our object.

The Druids' Circle consists of a circular embankment, resembling those commonly called in Ireland Danish Forts; within which are placed seven rude upright stones. These stones are about three and a half feet in height, are distant from each other about four feet and a half, and from the embankment twenty-five. The circumference of the area within the embankment is about one hundred and three feet. Thirty-six feet distant from the embankment on the southern side, and seven feet from each other, stand two upright stones, of much

larger dimensions than those within the circle. They are about twelve feet in circumference, and seven in height.

While Mr. Lynch and I were busily engaged in measuring this ancient monument, a countryman returning from his day's work, prompted I doubt not by curiosity, approached us.

"*Deus Mieregud* (God and the Virgin save you)," said he.

*Deus Miragud agus Espadrig* (God and the Virgin, and St. Patrick save you)," replied Mr. Lynch, which is more than many other conscientious Protestants would have said; for, abhorring all such idolatrous invocations, they usually answer the common salutation of "*Deus miragud*," with "*Ge moo Dea lat*," that is, God be with you. Mr. Lynch, however, was not quite so scrupulous, and his reply was the more agreeable to our visitor, who quickly began to talk without restraint.

"Why then," said he, "them are quare stones sure enough, and it's a wonder how they came here; they must have been very strong men that could lift them any how."

"That's very true, indeed," said Mr. Lynch, "but did you ever hear any old story about them? I suppose it must have been the giants, who lived in Ireland long ago, that brought them here."

"Why then that's the very thing that's said about them, surely; but myself believes they were rale people, who was enchanted by Donald Egeelagh, that lives in Loch-lane."

"Indeed! and how was that?" said I.

"Your honour must know then, that, a long time ago, there was two giants you see, and they had seven sons, and these two big stones are the giants, and the seven little ones are their



childer, and they thought to conquer the country and bate all before them, so they made war upon Donald Egeelagh (Daniel of the lake,) who lived down at Ross there—a mighty great prince he was, and a great enchanter; so when he couldn't get the better of the giants and their seven sons by fair fighting, he went to his enchantments, and turned them into stones, and here they are from that day to this. It's myself wouldn't believe a word of it, if it wasn't that Tim Mulcahy swore (and sure he wouldn't sware to a lie,) that as he was passing by late at night of a May eve, what should he see but the two big stones turned into giants again, and the seven little ones, that are their childer, dancing like any thing round and round in the middle of the fort. And sure there's something quare in the looks of them, for stones? there was a jantleman once came axing myself about them, and when I showed them to him, he said they were the very things he wanted, for he saw them all the ways from the top of a big church in the city of Room, and sure how could he do that if there wasn't enchantment upon them?"

"Very fair reasoning certainly," said Mr. Lynch; "but as it is growing late, we must bid you good by—stay, here's a trifle to drink our healths."

"Och, by the powers, and it's I'll do that same cleverly, and success to your honour; and may you and yours never want by night or by day, but have all sorts of luck and fortin."

The last red streak of light was fading away from the western sky, as we entered the town of Killarney; and that had again given place to the sober grey of twilight, as we re-established ourselves in Gorham's comfortable parlour.

No lamps, as in London, arose twinkling along the street, each after each giving its gaseous star to view, at the magical touch of the lamplighter. The only lamps Killarney can boast of are the two which grace the rival inns. They indeed shine unrivalled; and by their light, as we looked from the parlour window, might be discovered various groups of boatmen and others, recounting the toils, the gains, and the adventures of the day: by the rays of Gorham's lamp, I observed my old crew in close consultation.

"I wonder what the fellows are at!" said I to Mr. Lynch, "no good, I am certain." But all wonder was soon put an end to by Doolan, who, perceiving us at the window, approached hat in hand, with—"Thunder alive! your honour, only think of the mistake we made in not christening a rock for your honour, that it might ever and always have your honour's name upon it. Why, then, that was a mistake and a half sure enough; but it's no matter, for better late than never; and there's Murphy (Father Murphy they calls him, for 'tis he christens the islands) says it will do as well now, and that he'll engage to christen a rock after your honour."

"As to a rock being christened after me, Doolan, my honour is really very indifferent about that honour; Crofton Croker Island being already quietly established in the north channel of Lake Huron, thanks to my worthy friend Captain Bayfield. But I understand your application—all christenings are accompanied by merry-making, so here's a crown towards the purchasing whiskey. And now I have a right to ask how the ceremony is performed."

"Why, then, I'll tell you that, sir—but, sure

wherever else you may have an island, you have not one at Killarney, where, above all places in the wide world, you ought; so the next time we go out on the lake, you see, we'll take Murphy with us, because why he'll be the priest; and when we come to the rock or island that's to have your honour's name upon it, then Father Murphy will stand up, and say, 'In nomine Occuli mei, atque Betty Martini occuli, I call you Croker's Island;' with that he'll throw a bottle of whiskey agin it, then a shot will be fired, and we'll all give three shouts for Croker's Island; then we'll land, and drink your honour's health; and that's the way we christens the islands."\*

\* I cannot resist making a long extract from "poor Anne Plumptre's" Tour in Ireland, that lady having been actually present at a Killarney christening.—"Several islands," writes Miss Plumptre, "were pointed out to me by the names which they bore, some others were not particularized; and, inquiring what their names were, I was told they had none.—'How happens that?' I asked. They did not know; the others had been named by different parties visiting the lakes, and nobody had had the fancy to give them names; if I had no objection, they should like very much to name one after me: then pointing to a rock very near us, they said, that had no name, we might land and christen it. I would not, however, permit my name to be given: as the habit of the world has been ever to pronounce it as if it were a plum-tree, I was sure that the island would never be called any thing but Plum-tree Island; and a tradition would soon be affixed to it, that it was once covered with plum-trees. I therefore declined being godmother, at least so far as giving my own name to it was concerned; but the men seemed to have a great desire that it should be christened, and begged that I would give it some name, any that I fancied. 'Very well,' I said; 'it shall be called Kean's Island, after Mr. Kean, the great actor.' Oh they had often heard of him; they should like that name exceedingly; they wished he would come to Killarney. We landed then; it

“And a very good way it is, Doolan—wishing you much pleasure at the christening, I now wish you good night.”

“And a very good night to your own honour,” returned Doolan, “and long life to you.”

“He forgot to tell you,” said Mr. Lynch, who had remained silent during this audience, “that there is one rock in the Upper Lake which has been christened a thousand times after as many people; so, you see, you are not very likely to establish your name among the rocks of Loch Lane. Miss Plummer was far more fortunate.”

“Miss Plummer,” said I, “should be, I fancy, Miss Plumptre—to be sure, there is no use in arguing against popular names, yet allow me to tell you my reasons for venturing this conjecture. If you have read that lady’s quarto”—

was a pretty rock, with some arbutuses and other shrubs and plants growing upon it; the people were all ranged in a circle, in the midst of which the bugle horn-player, who I found was the established clergyman upon these occasions, came forward in the proper formulary, in a jargon of English, Irish, and Latin, perfectly unintelligible to me; then applying to me as godmother, I gave the name, which he repeated with the addition of a little more jargon; and the ceremony was concluded with throwing down upon the rock a bottle of whiskey, which was dashed to pieces. This part, I own, surprised me not a little; I should never have expected to see a bottle of whiskey thus disposed of; but the island they all said would not have been regularly christened without it. Now, they added, it could never have any other name than Kean’s Island, and as such it would be pointed out to all future navigators on the lake. I should like much to know whether it ever has been so to one. The conclusion was, a hope that the crew might have a bowl of punch, when they got home in the evening, to drink the godmother’s health. I then perfectly understood the general eagerness for the christening.”

“ I never read quartos,” said Mr. Lynch.

“ Well, I, who have read it, can inform you that Miss Plumptre gives an account of the naming of an island or rock after Mr. Kean.”

“ And what of that ?”

“ Now I am coming to the point—for which said Miss Plumptre most good-naturally paid the piper, by treating the boat’s crew. I have no doubt this was done in a liberal manner, and that the island in question has gone by her name, mispronounced Plummer, instead of Mr. Kean’s. I am further confirmed in my conjecture, from not finding Miss Plummer’s enumerated in any list of the islands which had been published before the appearance of Miss Plumptre’s book—look, for instance, at that in the *Postchaise Companion* through Ireland, where it is not.”

“ All this is very important ;” said Mr. Lynch, but it is growing late, and I must depart—remember that to-morrow we set out for Loch Kittane and Philadown, and shall probably spend a night in the glens.”



## CHAPTER XVI.

## LOCH KITTANE.

IN pursuance of our intention of visiting Loch Kittane and Philadown, having furnished ourselves with every thing necessary, we left Gorham's on foot early in the morning, and took the road which leads to Mucruss. As this route has already been sufficiently described, I shall merely say that the road to Loch Kittane turns off to the left, exactly opposite the abbey gate, having a farm-house on the left, and on the right the hill of Killagy, easily recognized by the little tower which rises from the burial-ground on its summit.

We, however, did not proceed so far as the abbey gate, but, a short way beyond the carriage entrance to Castle Lough, turned off by an old neglected road, termed a Bohereen. In this matter I merely followed the guidance of Mr. Lynch, and I have no reason to regret my passiveness on the occasion, as by so doing I had a magnificent view of the Lower Lake. This was obtained by leaving the road and gaining a hill, a movement, to use the military phrase, accomplished without the loss of ground. Immediately beneath us lay Castle Lough Bay, with the wide stretch of water extending from thence to the opposite mountain of Glenà. To the south was

the wooded and varied peninsula of Mucruss, behind which towered the pointed Turk, stretching away to the Eagle's Nest, with here and there a glimpse of the Middle Lake at its base. And in the distance appeared Macgillicuddy's Reeks and the Giant mountains of the Upper Lake. To the north was seen the woods of Castle Lough, Cahirnane, and Ross Island. The western portion of the lake did not from this point of view present so wide a sheet of water as the eastern, because Innisfallen and the Brown Island, appearing like a continuation of Ross, stretched far into the lake, narrowing its waters, and giving this division rather the appearance of a large winding river than part of a wide-spreading lake. On the northern shore might be discerned Grenagh and Lakefield, backed by the woods of Mieniska, the hill of Aghadoe, and the distant mountains of Castlemain and Tralee, which, from the haze of an autumnal day, it required a keen eye to discover. The whole formed, as prospect hunters would say, as fine a view as can well be imagined.

Extent is somehow always confounded with picturesque beauty, when applied to the landscape by writers who are not artists. I know just sufficient of art to save me from making the assertion; but I will be equally candid, and confess that the woods, the mountains, and the works on Ross Island—the contrast between rude nature and green cultivated fields—the lake, now broad and unbroken, save by a few gem-like islands, and now narrowed to the dimensions of a river—now sweeping into magnificent bays, and now presenting a long unbroken line of richly wooded coast—while over the whole was shed

the cloudy effects of autumn—now a tender streak of light glancing along the waters—the waves now leaping in dazzling brightness, and now rippling down into darkness and repose. All these varied objects and effects gave me so much delight, that I felt little regret at the slight progress I had made in the knowledge of art—if art indeed could make me look without admiration on a scene like this.

Turning to the east, we had before us a wild country, and close to us, in a hollow of the hill, a little heart-shaped lake, called Lough Ardagh, remarkable only for the profusion of camomile which grew on its borders.

Descending the southern side of the hill, we gained the road to Loch Kittane, which we had not long pursued before our attention was arrested by a busy hum, proceeding from a cabin on the road-side; and we soon discovered it to be what is commonly called a hedge school, or Kerry college.

The road leading to Loch Kittane runs along the base of Mangerton, having that mountain on the right, with the Devil's Punchbowl and the Glen of the Horse. The foreground is composed of rock and heath, and was covered with numerous flocks of goats. The country to the left of the road consists of dreary bogs and extensive heaths; here and there, indeed, an attempt at cultivation appears; and in such places the wretched fields are surrounded by walls of the loose grey stones which had been collected from the surface, while frequently a considerable portion of the fields themselves were occupied by large heaps of the same kind. Sometimes, however, a round cultivated swell, and a secluded

green hollow, would show themselves amid the unprofitable waste by which they were surrounded. The road, nevertheless, was tolerably romantic ; and, with the assistance of Mr. Lynch's conversation, I found sufficient to amuse and interest me, until we reached the shore of Loch Kittane, at that point where the river, emerging from its north-western extremity, proceeds to join the Flesk, which, after many a winding, and receiving many tributary streams in its course, discharges its waters into the Lower Lake of Killarney.

Loch Kittane, at the distance of about four or five miles to the south-east of Killarney, is situated in a nook formed by the mountains of Mangerton and Crohane. In size it is nearly the same as the Middle Lake of Killarney, that is, if the various bays and indentations of the latter are left out of the account. Loch Kittane can boast of but one small island, and its greatest sweep of water seems to run from south-east to north-west. Its northern shore consists almost entirely of bog, but it is a bog which might easily be improved ; in the north-eastern corner, on rising ground, is a cultivated farm, which, though in any other situation it would hardly be noticed, yet here, from the contrast between it and the surrounding shores, has an agreeable effect. The western shore is also a cultivated hill, but the eastern and southern boundaries are entirely rocky and precipitous mountains, except to the south-east, where a rugged glen, called Kippoch, runs for a short distance between the mountains of Crohane and Mangerton ; this hollow is partially cultivated, and contains a few cabins, but the irregular outlines of the mountains which back it are highly picturesque.

In the course of our ramble round the lake, we entered a cabin in Kippoch, in search of legendary lore, and here we found only a little boy; his father and mother he said were gone to Killarney, and from the extreme caution of his answers, and the difficulty of extracting any information from him, I verily believe that he took us for tithe proctors, collectors of church rates, or excisemen.

"Is the ground good here?" inquired Mr. Lynch.

"I don't know," was the reply: certainly the question was rather a suspicious one.

"Do you keep many cows?"

"I don't know."

"Are there any blackberries here?" (we had observed a great profusion of them.)

"I don't know."

"Have you a head on your shoulders?"

"Eagh!"

"Did you ever hear of a big worm in the lake?"

This question seemed to rouse the boy a little; I suppose from the natural desire we all feel to deal in the marvellous.

"The worm is it? fakes then, sure enough there is a big worm in the lake."

"How large is it?"

"Why then, it's as big as a horse, and has a great big mane upon it, so it has."

"Did you ever see it?"

"No, myself never seed the sarpint, but it's all one, for sure Padrig-a-Fineen did."

"And where does Mister Fineen live?"

"Beyond there, in Kippoch, where the trees are."



On this intelligence, we set off for Mister Fineen's dwelling, to which the trees were a sure guide, as there were no others in the neighbourhood, and even these did not muster to more than half a dozen, in the immediate neighbourhood of a couple of cabins.

Arrived at Mr. Fineen's, we found two smoky cabins, inhabited by as many families; a parcel of children were playing in the dirt before the door of one of them, and the youngest of the group was rolling about among the pigs on some wet litter, in a state of nature.

Mister Fineen was absent, but his better half, a fresh-looking country wench, informed us that he had never seen any such thing as a worm or sarpint, but that once upon a time, and a very good time it was, he thought he saw something like a dog or a quare baste rolling in the water.

Disappointed in our expectations, we were about to retire, when the owner of the next cabin stepped forward and—and what? (I suppose the reader thinks—and told us a story:) he did no such thing.

What then? he stepped forward, and most hospitably offered us potatoes, and butter, and eggs, and milk; which invitation, let me tell you, among the classic mountains of Kerry, is not to be refused.

The appearance of Loch Kittane, from its proximity to the mountains, is in general dark; and not unfrequently the mountain breeze lashes its waters into foam, and sends them in thundering waves against the shores. Like all lakes, it is sometimes calm and bright, but, whether calm or stormy, it is a romantic spot, and wants but the fostering hand of man to render it delightful.

For the tasteful angler, Loch Kittane has many attractions, being, in addition to its situation, well stored with excellent trout. Its chief fault is the total absence of wood on its banks; if trees were added, Loch Kittane would be highly romantic; for during our circumambulation, we discovered many a fairy nook, where Mr. Lynch would fain have built a picturesque cottage, and have taken up his abode. On this subject he grew quite poetical, as the following verses will testify.

Loch Kittane! Loch Kittane! amid dark mountains pillow'd,  
Where Mangerton meets with the hill of Croháne,  
Whether sleeping in peace, or by mountain breeze pillow'd,  
Still dear to my heart is the lone Loch Kittane.

For oft by its shores have I wander'd alone,  
Or reclined 'mid the heather, bright springing around,  
Where the hum of the wild-bee came joined with the tone  
Of streamlet and wave, in one musical sound.

Then magical fancy has framed me a bower,  
Far down in the hollow of rocky Kippoch,  
A home of the heart! where no storm-cloud should lower,  
Save that which pass'd over the breast of the Loch—

But the calmer to leave, and more peacefully clear  
The ripples that circle its one little isle,  
As though the storm frown'd but the more to endear  
The peace and the sunshine which light up its smile.

More bright and more beauteous a spot there may be,  
Than the wild lake where Mangerton meets with Croháne;  
But none that are brighter or dearer to me,  
Than the rock-pillow'd wave of the lone Loch Kittane.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## PHILADOWN.

"GLEN—a valley, a vale, space between two hills," so says the dictionary. Now, whether the aforesaid sage authority be right or wrong, I care not a jot: whether a valley, a vale, and a space between two hills, are one and the same; whether a glen is a valley, a valley a vale, or a space between two hills both valley, vale, and glen; or whether a space between two mountains may signify the same as a space between two hills, are points which I leave to the decision of quibbling and word-ferreting critics.

But one thing is certain, and that is, that at present I have nothing to do with any word but glen. From this, however, arises the question as to what are the ideas attached to, or conveyed by, the aforesaid word? Does not the reader feel a thousand, nay, ten thousand romantic ideas floating through his brain at the very sound of the word glen? Are there not immediately torrents foaming, mountains ascending, green knolls smiling, and dark woods waving? to say nothing of verdant hollows, terrific chasms, deep recesses, frowning cliffs, murmuring rivulets, sheltered farms, and flower-covered cottages. Are not all these pretty words mingling in glorious confusion

floating and flitting before your mind's eye at the mention of a glen? besides sundry ideas of peace, sunshine, rusticity, love, and poverty, with other things, or ideas of things, too tedious at present for particular mention. If this is not the case with you, "gentle reader," as Mr. Lynch would say, I envy not your poetical powers. But as I have nothing whatever to do with poetry at present, I may as well proceed at once to the glen of the river Flesk, commonly called Glanflesk, in which is situated the cliff of Philadown, containing the famous Labig Owen, or Owen's bed.

Commencing, therefore, as I ought to have done before, with the conclusion of the last chapter; I must acquaint those, who are desirous of further information, that before Mr. Lynch had finished his rhymes, we had left their subject Loch Kittane behind us, and were proceeding at a good pace towards Philadown.

After pursuing for some time a hilly road along the base of the mountains, commanding to the left a view of a coarse broken country, such as might be expected in a land of hills, we came in sight of the ruins of Killaha castle, built by one of the O'Donoghues, the ancient chiefs of Glanflesk. Passing this castle, of which I shall have occasion to speak hereafter, we descended to the lower or main road leading from Killarney to Glanflesk. Until the new line by the Upper Lake was made, this was the only road by which a carriage could proceed from Killarney to Kenmare, a distance of about twenty-four miles. The new line now supersedes the old road, so far as Kenmare is concerned; but, nevertheless, the latter promises to be much travelled, as a cross-road is making from Glanflesk to Macroon, which will

shorten the distance from Killarney to Cork about seven miles. Be this as it may, turning to the right we began to enter the glen, and had not advanced far, before we met a smart, olive-complexioned little man, dressed in a black coat, blue trowsers, and an oilskin covered hat, vulgarly termed "a glazier."

"How do you, doctor?" said Mr. Lynch.

"Quite well, I thank you, and how is every inch of yourself? is it to Philadown you're going?"

"The very place, doctor; you'd guess eggs, if you saw but the shells. Will you accompany us to Labig Owen?"

"I have no objection."

"That's well said, my little doctor, for as you are potent in the glens, your friendly aid and countenance may be of service to us."

The doctor proved a very entertaining companion, possessing the free and easy manners of an untravelled Irish gentleman, and making but little professional display, except when now and then as we advanced up the glen, he would discover his knowledge of simples, by adverting to the plants which we met on our way, especially if any of the natives happened to be present. Doubtless the doctor had often relieved the inhabitants of the glen from the effects of shilelagh and whiskey, and they, in return, evidently regarded him as a second Galen. Certain it is, that we were indebted for a great deal of attention to the respect our companion was held in by the country people.

We had not proceeded far, before our notice was attracted by a pair of shelties, saddled and bridled, standing before the door of a wretched



hovel, from the eave of which were suspended the neck of a broken bottle, and a sod of turf; the one intended to inform the traveller that here he might regale himself with a draught of Irish nectar, and the other that he might also be accommodated with that fragrant plant commonly called tobacco.

"What say you, doctor, to some mountain dew?" inquired Mr. Lynch.

"Faith, I'm not particular," replied the doctor, "But I think a drop may not be amiss to your friend. May I prescribe for you, sir?" said he, bringing a very good-humoured smile to bear full upon me.

I stammered out something, I really forget what, or whether it was meant for yes or no, but while we were debating the matter, a tall middle-aged man, with a sun-burnt visage, stepped forth from the hut, and stood erect before us. He had evidently been sacrificing to the rosy god, and, like the generality of his countrymen, in proportion as his head became confused by whiskey, his heart dilated with love and friendship.

No sooner did he spy the doctor, who had been making sundry movements to avoid the recognition, than with three gigantic strides, such as would not have disgraced O'Donoghue himself, he at once enclosed him in a firm embrace.

"Arrah then, docture, is it yourself? 'tis myself then that is right glad to see you up the glen. May be you'd be going to Philadown now—but you'll be after stepping into the Cabra and taking a drop first, and then 'tis I'll go with you myself, and get you a ladder, and show it all to the jantlemen sure."

In vain did we protest against accompanying him into the hut. "Sure I'm an O'Donoghue,"

was the reply, "and my foot is in the glen." There was no resisting this speech; at least we thought so, and submitted quietly.

If the outside of this hovel wore a miserable appearance, the interior was much worse, affording, between its low, damp, mud walls, just room enough for three or four wassailers, and the withered, smoke-dried beldam, who superintended their orgies, and dealt out the inspiring potion. The hearth displayed just fire sufficient to light a pipe, and fill the hut with smoke, which, after gracefully curling about the heads of those within, found vent through the door and a hole in the roof, for chimney was there none.

"In Ireland so frisky, with sweet love and whiskey,  
We manage to keep care and sorrow aloof;  
At our whirligig revels, make all the clue devils  
Creep out with the smoke through a hole in the roof."

The love and friendship of Mister Daniel O'Donoghue, which would have overwhelmed us with whiskey, being in some degree appeased, we departed, but not before the said O'Donoghue had insisted on our mounting the shelties we had seen at the door.

It was fortunate for us that we did not linger, for scarcely were we out of sight of the hut, when such discordant shouts and yells rent the air, that, to speak classically—the furies appeared to have broken loose.

"What can this mean?" said I to Mr. Lynch, "these shouts—hark! they approach us—something desperate is going forward."

We pulled up—unable to assign any satisfactory cause for the fearful sounds which assailed our ears, and seemed to proceed from the peace-

ful spot which we had left but a few moments before.

"The robbing thieves of the world," muttered O'Donoghue. "Well, we are out of the matter quietly—thank goodness," said the doctor.

"The spillers of decent men's drink—the ruiners of the country; never welcome them, among us," continued O'Donoghue: "but 'tis the boys of the glen that have a heart and a hand, and that knows how to sarve such like fellows out any day of the year, Huroo, here they come, or they'll catch it."

"Silence!" exclaimed the doctor, as two unfortunate excisemen, with old cavalry sabres clattering at their sides, appeared in full view, riding for their lives from a shower of stones, the carcasses of dead animals, and even pitchforks, which were hurled after them by an infuriated crowd of peasants.

On perceiving us, instead of coming towards where we stood, being perhaps uncertain whether we were friends or foes, the poor hunted excisemen turned off the road, and were soon out of sight as well as their pursuers, who, perceiving they could not overtake them, cut across by a mountain path, with the view of intercepting their retreat from the glen.

"What business have the likes of them in the glen at all?" said O'Donoghue. "Sure then 'tis quare laws that won't let the poor lone widow sell her drop of potteen in pace and quietness. But 'tis the boys of the glen that have both hearts and hands, and will be after making all scheming blackguards, like them fellows, think twice before they come among them agin."

“ I agree with my worthy friend the doctor,” said Mr. Lynch, “ in thinking that we are well out of this affair—and now suppose we move forward.”

Glanflesk is a long valley, through which deep and sullen flows the Flesk; its banks are divided into fields of oats and potatoes, with meadow and grazing ground, having here and there a cabin; and sometimes a nest of cabins, at the foot of the hills. The hills themselves, which rise from, and hem in the valley at either side, are bare, rocky, and rugged, without altitude sufficient to give them sublimity, or brokenness of outline sufficient to render them picturesque, and having neither tree nor shrub to grace their sides. The road winds along the base of these hills, sometimes nearing the bank of the river, and sometimes receding from it, thereby leaving space for the fields already mentioned. At the opposite side of the river, the space between it and the hills is somewhat wider, and is called “ the Inch,” as all level ground near a river is termed in Ireland. The Inch of Glanflesk is divided into upper and lower. The hills at the opposite side of the river from the road, exhibit in some places comfortable farms, and verdant spots, snatched as it were from the wilderness around. Yet, notwithstanding this untempting description, the glen is not entirely without charms for the tourist. He will sometimes meet with grotesque masses of rock, and sometimes be astonished at the shivered fragments which strew the sides of the hills. As he travels along, he will be amused by gazing upwards at the fearless goat browsing far above him, while perhaps, higher still, the hawk, the eagle, or the heron, may be seen soaring far away, till the speck is lost in the clouds: and

now, perhaps, his attention will be directed downwards, to some green retreat, some spot of beauty; the more beauteous from the waste by which it is surrounded. Sometimes the clouds and vapours may be seen floating around the hill-tops in a thousand fantastic forms, and when these are gone, and the hill-tops are clear, little white clouds of curling smoke may be perceived arising from the furze and heather, which the laborious peasant is burning, in order to increase the coarse herbage of his farm. If the weather has been wet, both eye and ear will be delighted—the one with the foam, and the other with the dash, of a thousand torrents. There are few things which so completely baffle the pen and the pencil as these mountain waterfalls. The rapid and incessant motion of the water, which flows not in a continued stream, running always the same from rock to rock, but comes down in flushes, flourishing in successive circles, covering a point of rock at one moment with a sheet of water, and leaving it bare the next. It is impossible adequately to paint or describe all the endless variations, and I doubt whether any description, although such may perhaps recall ideas to those accustomed to observe mountain falls, would give much information to a person who had never seen one. In the boasted cataracts of America this shifting motion can have little or no effect upon the general scene, which is on too magnificent a scale for the observance of such minutiae, but in the falls of this country it is a circumstance which adds much to the beauty, or at least to the amusement, of the scene.

A sudden turn in the road disclosed to view the wooded hill, or cliff, of Philadown, which came



as refreshing upon our view, as the twinkle of a lighthouse to the weary mariner.

Here we were soon surrounded by a crowd of the Glensters, or Glanfleskians, while Daniel O'Donoghue hastened to hold the stirrups, and help us to dismount. He then vaulted into the saddle of one of the nags himself, and galloped off in search of a ladder; as there is no reaching that part of the cliff called Labig Owen, or the bed of Owen the outlaw, without such assistance.

After the bare tract we had traversed, the cliff of Philadown, from the circumstance of its being wooded, appeared peculiarly pleasing; and the wood itself was not the less agreeable, for having assumed the rich and varied hues of autumn, which he beheld glancing beneath the glorious light of a golden eve. On the return of O'Donoghue with the ladder, well pleased did we explore the recesses of Philadown, and right gaily did we spring from rock to rock, now catching at the long purple heath, and now sustaining ourselves by the trunks and branches of the trees, till further progress was stayed by a formidable rock.

Having placed the ladder against this barrier, we mounted, and found ourselves on an irregular platform, to which there was no other means of access, as on every other side the cliff was perpendicular, deep, and masked by wood; so that it is obvious, a single desperate man, in possession of this hold, might, if well provisioned, keep it against hundreds.

To render this station still more impregnable, it was overhung by the cliff above, which at once afforded security and shelter.

A long horizontal fissure was pointed out to me as the chimney appertaining to the fireplace of

the famous Owen; and I was also shown a hollow, which was his reservoir for water, as it received all that dripped from the cliffs above.

“And who,” said I, “was this famous Owen?”

The doctor, to whom this question was addressed, immediately prepared himself for reply, by assuming the attitude of a speaker, and the glensters crowded around, prepared to wonder and applaud.

“Owen,” said he, “Owen was a famous outlaw of the olden time, who for a long period kept possession of this strong hold, out of which, as you may perceive, it would not be an easy matter to drive a resolute and desperate man: but in those days the difficulty was much greater; for, besides that the glen was thickly wooded, there was at that time no such thing as a road through it. Owen was also an O’Donoghue, as, indeed, were all the inhabitants of these glens; and though a few other names may now be found among them, yet, even these are connected by marriage with the O’Donoghue: thus connected, and in possession of this natural fortress, it is no wonder that Mr. Owen considered himself not only secure, but at perfect liberty to pursue his system of depredation, and indulge his cattle-lifting propensities.

“Moreover, was he not the strongest man of his day? for even to the present hour, popular tradition represents him as having been able to take a cow by the horns and dash her down the cliff; indeed, this is said to have been his usual savage mode of killing cattle.

“But Owen’s chief strength and exultation lay in the favour of the O’Donoghue himself, or, as he was called, O’Donoghue Geoffry, who at that time resided in Killaha Castle.

“The Sassenagh had been the spoiler of the O'Donoghue; many broad lands had he lost; and in return, it was but natural, while dining on some of Owen's stolen beef, that he should feel a peculiar relish, and a keener appetite, when he reflected that he was partaking in the spoil of the spoiler.

“Notwithstanding all these causes for security, it happened that the support which Owen the outlaw deemed the strongest, namely, the protection of his chieftain, was really the weakest of all: for the great O'Donoghue himself, in his hatred towards the Sassenaghs, was not very mindful of their laws; and, once upon a time, a few of his predatory freaks, on rather a large scale, brought down upon the chief of the glens the vengeance of the powers that were; so that all the authorities, civil and military, were united against him.

“Now this great chieftain, taking into consideration that self-preservation is the first law of nature, determined to redeem himself, by giving up his clansman, the redoutable Owen, on whom he laid all the blame of his own transgressions. By an act of treachery, Owen was decoyed from his bed on the rock, and guards were posted to prevent his return. Disguised as a crippled beggarman, he wandered for months through the country, and at last was surprised by a party of English soldiers at the cottage of a poor woman in the glen.

“‘Nance — Nance,’ exclaimed the outlaw, frowning defiance upon his pursuers beneath, ‘cut my hamstrings;’ thereby meaning the straps which attached the wooden stumps to his legs. These, his memorable words, have since passed into a Glanfleskian proverb. But the woman was too

much alarmed at the near approach of the soldiers to free Owen from his assumed disguise; he easily became the captive of the English, and without much ceremony took his lord's place on the gallows tree.

“Thus ended the life and adventures of Owen the outlaw; and Labig Owen has since remained without a tenant, except when for a short time it was occupied by the murderers of a Mr. Hutchinson; but their skulls are now bleaching on the Bridewell in Macroon; Labig Owen is now only visited by the fashionable tourist, the note-hunting author, or the artist on his summer ramble.”

When the doctor had concluded his story, there was a general murmur of approbation among the glensters, who, though they scarcely understood a sentence of what he had said, were lavish of their praises, expressed in such exclamations as “Arrah, then, hasn't the docture fine Ingelish wid him?”—“Mo grinchree,\* docture, 'tis you can tell a story, any how.”

From Labig Owen there is a pleasing view of the windings of the Flesk, the opposite mountains, the farm of Upper Inch—and even Philadown itself, in consequence of the bend which it makes, adds part of its wood to the prospect. A short way above Philadown the glen divides into two branches, one running towards Kenmare, and the other by Ballyvourney towards Macroon, forming a figure something like  $\lambda$  turned thus.

Through that branch of the glen which leads to Kenmare, descends the river Loocha; and through the branch leading to Macroon murmurs the Clydagh—both meet not far from Philadown;

\* The sunshine of my heart.

and from the "meeting of the waters" the united streams take the name of Flesk.

Descending from Labig Owen, we crossed the road, and sat down on the margin of the river Flesk, which, from its being shallow, here became garrulous: and here, drawing forth our store of provisions, we began to appease, as the little doctor called them, those stomachic symptoms vulgarly denominated hunger.

While thus employed, we occasionally gave small pieces of bread to the children, who were mingled with the glensters' men and women, by whom we were surrounded as objects of wonder. This act at once engaged the hearts of the mothers; we soon perceived a stir and whisper, and shortly after five or six of the women tucked up their petticoats, crossed the ford, and proceeded towards Inch House, an old ruinous slated building, surrounded by a nest of cabins. The house was the first residence of the chiefs of Glanflesk, and is said to be much older than Killaha Castle, though in far better repair, being still inhabited.

In a short time we perceived the women returning with piggins (small wooden vessels) full of milk, as a slight offering for our kindness to their children.

The sun had gone down before we had finished our repast; and, pedestrians as we were, to think of returning to Killarney, a distance of eight Irish miles, after the fatigues of the day, was out of the question: but what was to be done? where was a lodging to be procured? The question, however, was soon settled by our friend, Daniel O'Donoghue, who volunteered the use of his cabin and all it contained for our service; and, as a further in-



ducement, offered to slay a fat lamb to give us welcome.

Without many words, the invitation was accepted; and, having mounted the shelties, we crossed the ford, and proceeded towards Inch House, near which stood the cabin of our worthy host, Daniel O'Donoghue.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## A NIGHT IN THE GLENS.

It must be acknowledged that there was some little difference between Gorham's Hotel and Daniel O'Donoghue's cabin ; which latter was a long low structure, having the usual accompaniment of a yard full of all sorts of dirt and litter. The very approach to the door presented an obstacle to entrance, which a London exquisite might have considered insurmountable ; for this approach consisted of a narrow, slippery, badly paved causeway, leading between two filthy stagnant pools, which, as they were disturbed by a brood of hard-drinking ducks, sent forth no very grateful effluvia. The causeway being passed, we entered, and began to survey the interior. And now for the general effect—an outer room, with a partition wall dividing it from a smaller inner room, in the centre of which partition was a doorway, but without a door, and even that to the outer room, which gave entrance to the house, could only be regarded as an apology for a door, having so many chinks and crevices that every vagrant breeze whistled through at will. But a door was of little consequence, as the entrance to the cabin stood also in the capacity of window, being constantly left open during

the day, in order to admit light to the outer room, and at the same time to allow free passage for the smoke; acting in the capacity of deputy to the huge vent, which to very little purpose occupied the full breadth of the gable, and overhung not only the fire, but also a sort of bedstead placed on one side of the hearth. As a balance on the other, a seat of rude mason-work was constructed.

The rest of this apartment was occupied by a large deal table, a few straw-bottomed chairs, a tub and two keelers placed near the door, containing potato skins and sour milk, into which two gaunt greyhounds and a parcel of vociferous young pigs (*bonnoves*) were dipping their muzzles with all the voracity imaginable, squeaking and growling the whole time. Against the partition wall already mentioned, at either side of the doorway, was placed the coop and the dresser; the one full of cackling hens, and the other containing a grand display of earthenware, basons, jugs, and plates, wooden mugs, trenchers, and a saltcellar, two wine glasses, one able, and one unable to stand without being propped up, and, grandeur of grandeurs, a teapot, with two cups and three saucers. In the upper shelf were sundry holes; through which were stuck half a dozen iron spoons: from a nail on one side of the dresser was suspended a small looking glass, with a red painted border; and underneath stood, in a row, an iron pot, a brass skillet (manufactured from a gun of the invincible armada,) a pot-oven, and a griddle. The apartment was surmounted by a black smoky roof, from the couples of which dangled long fibres of soot and cobweb over the earthen floor beneath. So much for the outer room; now for the inner.

One side was occupied by two bedsteads, between which and the wall was hung a piece of matting; at the opposite side was a window about a foot square; over head was raised a loft made of hurdles, and having a ladder for ascending and descending—a bundle of straw lay in one corner for the hounds; two chairs and a chest in the middle of the room, which answered the purpose of a table, completed the furniture of the dormitory.

We were congratulating ourselves upon the prospect of a good night's rest, for the beds, notwithstanding my description, appeared excellent, and had snow-white sheets; but further inspection was checked by the bleating of a lamb—"Ba, ba."

"Our host," exclaimed Mr. Lynch, "is doubtless going to kill the promised lamb for supper; but I dare say you have as little inclination as myself for such summary cookery. Let us procure for the poor animal a reprieve."

It was not without considerable persuasion, and even then much against his will, that Daniel O'Donoghue was prevailed upon to lay aside, at least for the present, his murderous design. This matter was scarcely arranged before our ears were saluted by—*Tweedle dee, tweedle dum—eek hum, hum eek*—the sounds of a fiddle and bagpipe; and directly piper and fiddler entered the outer room, followed, I very believe, by all the Donoghues in the glen—men, women, and children; while our careful host, to screen us from the vulgar gaze, hung a large sheet before the doorway of the inner room.

"You may as well give up all thoughts of rest till morning," said Mr. Lynch, "for I perceive we

shall have nothing but fiddling and dancing, and whiskey-drinking till daylight."

"That being the case, I see no objection," said I, "to our joining the revels—suppose we do so?"

Mr. Lynch having expressed his concurrence, we stepped forth from the apartment which had been given up to us, and found the outer room thronged almost to suffocation; even the very doorway was crowded with the merry faces of people all agog for fun.

An Irishman may be said to love fighting well, whiskey better, and dancing best of all; indeed, his legs seem to move instinctively at the sound of the bagpipe; and hence it happened that the useless door was no sooner taken off its hinges, and placed in the middle of the floor, than Paddy Haly made his bow to Mary Donoghue, and, flinging off his brogues, called for a double jig, and began to caper away on the prostrate planks, making them rattle again with his thumping, as he went through the various movements of a moneen jig—at the same time snapping his fingers, and uttering a joyous whoop.

The assemblage did their part, and gave loud vent to their admiration at every new fling from Paddy Haly: indeed, to render such movements the more conspicuous, and that not a single step might be lost, three or four tall fellows volunteered to act as candlesticks, and with large pieces of blazing bog-deal in their hands, they stood directing the light upon the steps of the dancers. It was an effect worthy the pencil of a Rembrandt!

Paddy having concluded his moneen, by a bow to the piper, sat down, leaving the lady to look



for another partner; which she was not long in finding. For spying Tim Murnane in a corner, she unhesitatingly walked up to him, dropped her courtesy, and then resumed her place on the door. Upon the challenge, Tim, as in duty bound, stood up, scratched his head, looked askance at the lady, called for the fox-hunter's jig, and away they went. When this was concluded, the lady sat down, and left Tim to make his bow to whom he pleased; and in this manner did one alternately give place to another, till all had their heart's content of dancing.

Of the moneen it is almost impossible, by the pen or pencil, to convey an idea; to be understood, it must be seen. I will, however, to the best of my ability, recount the figures.

Down the middle—up again—set to your partner—change sides—set again—change sides again—set again—dance up to your partner—recede—dance up again—recede again—turn half round with one hand, back again with the other—set again—turn round with both hands, and bow to the piper.

There are, however, a variety of figures; and, as for steps, they are numberless, and, to use the vulgar adage, change “as fast as hops;” but words are quite unequal to describe the activity and dexterity required in the performance, the grotesque flinging about of the legs, the snapping of fingers, the whooping and hallooing, the grinding and stamping, the thumping and bumping, and yet all in perfect time, with the quickest and most complicated movements; so that the spectator is divided between laughter and admiration at what is really at once an absurd and an extraordinary exhibition.

During the dance, our worthy host was dealing about whiskey with unsparing hand, or, in the language of the glens, "galore;" and, as he did not forget to help himself, by the time he sat down, Daniel O'Donoghue was what is called "pretty well." Then it was that his heart began to swell with pride, as he gazed on the glensters around; and often did he stretch forward to shake hands with us, as he exclaimed, "These are O'Donoghues—these are O'Donoghues—every day's luck to them." And any fling extraordinary in the dance, brought forth the exulting cry of "There's an O'Donoghue for you. From the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, every inch an O'Donoghue."

Amid this continued revelry and dance, a pretty rosy-cheeked girl, after wiping her mouth with the corner of her check apron, dropped a courtesy to Mr. Lynch, who of course was obliged to take his place on the door; and laughable enough were his attempts at a moneen. To do him justice, however, he got through it with a great deal of good temper; and then, in order to be revenged, I suppose, he put the door aside, and proposed a country-dance. Here a most glorious scene of confusion began; such mistakes, and consequent scoldings, for it seems a professional dancing master was present; and as the place was narrow, and the earthen floor indescribably uneven, such trippings, stumblings, and kicking of shins were there, as baffle all description.

When the country-dance was over, and before the door was replaced, not on its hinges, but on the floor for moneens; I managed to pick up the following tale from the schoolmaster, who had been a great traveller in his youth, having visited

Lisbon, Cork, and Skibbereen, and who was esteemed, next to the doctor, the most learned man in Glanflesk.

“Who is there so ignorant,” said he, after two or three hems to clear his voice, “as not to have heard of the town of Dingle, or, as it was called in the days of good Queen Bess, The Dingle—but the name which pleases me most of all, is that high-sounding one of Dingle-de-couch—but by whatever name you may choose to distinguish it, Dingle, The Dingle, or Dingle-de-couch, be it known that it was ever and always a most famous place, for a variety of very cogent reasons.

“And, first, it is said that a man may be arrested there for twopence; but, secondly, living is so very cheap,\* that he ought not to owe twopence, for there you may get a good house for three or four pounds a year, and, being close to the vast Atlantic, you may get fish for a song, if you happen to have a good voice—and potatoes dog cheap, and linen for next to nothing; but as for meat, sorry am I to say, it is so scarce an article, that whenever a sheep is killed, the belman is sent about to inform the neighbours of such an important epoch; and the death of a cow becomes quite an era, from which they date all subsequent events.

“Well then, near this famous, cheap, fish-loving town of Dingle-de-couch, lived Robert Fitzgerald; I can’t say exactly what relation he stood

\* Of this assertion I had no bad illustration in the spring of 1825, when I dined in Dingle, after visiting Smerwick Harbour. My dinner consisted of a very fine small turbot with lobster sauce, a pair of fowls, and some bacon, with vegetables (greens and potatoes,) for which dinner, neatly and well served, I was charged nine-pence!

in to the Knight of Kerry, or if any beyond being a Geraldine. Robert Fitzgerald was by trade a mason; and not only that, but he was said also to have been a freemason, and was consequently suspected of being an adept in the black art.

“His appearance was by no means prepossessing, as he was a low, squat, dark-visaged man, with a most unconscionable squint, and long black hair, which in matted locks curled around his brow in huge and forbidding clusters.

“This aspect, together with his reputation as a wizard, rendered him an object of fear and suspicion to the country people, who generally laid to his charge any misfortunes which befell them or their cattle; and in his own line of business no one cared to interfere with him, by which means he was left in the quiet and undisputed possession of the building trade in Dingle.

“‘I won’t put up with it any longer,’ said Mr. Hickson, one morning in a terrible passion; and no wonder, for Fitzgerald, who was doing some mason-work for him, had kept the job on his hands for upwards of six months; and though, considering he was to be paid by the day, no brother builder will be inclined to blame him much, yet as Mr. Hickson’s pocket was to bear the brunt, it is no wonder he should be rather angry, although proverbially the best tempered gentleman in the whole county. ‘I won’t put up with it any longer,’ said he; ‘I suppose you think I can’t get any one to come between you and the work, but you’re quite mistaken, for there’s the two Neils just come from the north, so I discharge you this minute, you old sorcerer; and now let me see what good the devil your master can do you, Fitzgerald.’

“ 'Tis a bad thing to speak of the devil on any account, and 'tis very seldom that much good comes of it: but Fitzgerald made no answer, he only gave a most ominous squint, and muttered ‘badershin,’ as he walked away with his trowel in his hand, and his hammer under his arm, wiping his dark forehead with the corner of his leather apron.

“ No sooner had Fitzgerald departed, than Mr. Hickson proceeded to Mary Murphy's house, where the two Neils were lodging.

“ ‘How are you, Mary?’

“ ‘Very well, I thank your honour; and proud I am to see your honour looking so bravely this blessed morning.’

“ ‘Thank you, Mary; but where are the two masons that came to lodge with you lately?’

“ ‘Why, your honour, it isn't two minutes since they went out; is it work your honour would have for them? if it is, sure I can send them up to the big house the moment they come in, and 'tis they are the quiet decent bys, any how; but I thought Fitzgerald had your honour's work, and they say it isn't lucky to cross him.’

“ ‘Fitzgerald! I have just turned the rascal away, and intend giving the work to the Neils; so, Mary, send them to me, and, as you value my favour, none of your stories about Fitzgerald and the black art; besides, you are a sensible woman, and ought to see that the fellow is only scheming to keep the work to himself; so, good-by, Mary, but remember—not a word.’

“ Now, Mary, though she remembered very well, couldn't, for the life of her, resist the desire she had to tell the Neils all about Fitzgerald; for besides the inclination a woman feels for every



thing forbidden, Mary was a real believer in the power of the black art, and all the stories she had heard of Fitzgerald. When the two Neils came in, and Mrs. Mary Murphy saw what likely, proper young men they were, she thought it would be a mortal sin to let any harm come to them, for want of a little bit of advice; then, having told them about Mr. Hickson's work, she advised them to have nothing to do with it; telling them how Fitzgerald became a freemason in spite of his reverence Father Sheehan, how he refused to confess the sacret, and how his reverence wouldn't give him absolution, or the rites of the church; how Fitzgerald had sold his sowl to the devil, who gave him power to play the dunnus by the black art, and how, in consequence, no one dared to cross him. But the young men, being glad to get employment, only laughed at Mary's hows, and without further parley set off for the big house, and engaged with Mr. Hickson.

"Things went on well enough for some time, and many people said that all the stories about Fitzgerald were only old women's pishogues; but those who knew better, shook their heads, and said it was only the calm before the storm.

"Who are them going across the bay, Norah?" said Fitzgerald, one fine morning, as he stood at his cabin door, looking at a boat that had just left the shore.

"Wisha then, 'tis only the Neils going across to the quarry for stones," said Norah, who was an old woman that used during the day to brush up, and take care of Fitzgerald's cabin, for he was a lone man.

"The Neils is it? run Norah, and bring me a cool of the salt water."

“Norah did as she was desired, at the same time wondering what he should want with the salt water; so, though she was desired to go home, she thought it no harm to hide herself in a corner of the loft.

“The morning was as fine as ever shone, the sea calm as glass, and not as much wind stirring as would serve to fill a whistle, when the unfortunate Neils left the shore; and yet the boat had scarcely reached the middle of the bay, when a terrible whirlwind arose, which upset their boat, and the young men were swallowed up by the remorseless deep.

“Old Norah swore, that, at that very time, she saw Fitzgerald, from her concealment in the loft, take a wooden bowl, and put it floating on the cool of salt water, then, muttering over it, the bowl began to spin about, and the storm to rise, till at last, when the bowl was upset, he stopped his muttering, and said all was right, for the Neils were done for. Be this as it may, it is certain that for ever after, no one ventured to molest the wizard of Dingle.”

Such was the story which I managed to glean from the schoolmaster, related in my own words, rather than in his; and he had scarcely concluded it, when the glensters began to depart; first, however, wishing us a thousand *slantha gots* in some of our friend Daniel’s whiskey.

It was broad day, but, before retiring, the doctor suggested to our hostess the preparation of some hot water, to make a tumbler of punch. The worthy dame, not having a kettle, soon made her appearance with a great iron pot of steaming water, enough for that matter to make punch for half the parish; we managed to bail the water

up with a wooden bowl, made our punch in a respectably sized jug, drank it out of teacups, and, in ten minutes after it was finished, Mr. Lynch and myself were in bed, and snoring away, according to the doctor's account, "like two Irish nightingales."

## CHAPTER XIX.

## THE RETURN.

Cock a doodle doo! grunt! grunt! cackle! cackle! and worse than all, bow-wow-wow!—that settles the matter, no more sleep is to be had—the cocks crowing, pigs grunting, and hens cackling, were bad enough; but the bow-wow of that abominable crop-eared cur, puts the matter beyond dispute, and awakens me to a perfect consciousness of existence, and that I am in Daniel O'Donoghue's cabin, with the sad reflection, that this is the last day I have to spend in the neighbourhood of Killarney, for to-morrow I have secretly made up my mind to depart.

The last day—'tis an awful word, but there must be a last day to every thing, and therefore why should I grumble at a phantom of my own creation, like Mrs. Shelley's Frankenstein? grumble, did I say—I don't intend doing any such thing; but, as this is my last day at Killarney, I intend to make the most of it.

“Halloo, Lynch! awake—arise—how the dog snores! Halloo—halloo—halloo—what, are you not awake? it is high time we were abroad, and doing.—Oh, doctor, how are you? glad to see you this morning—which way does the wind blow?”

“ It has just changed to the right point,” said the doctor: “ though it has been very wet and stormy all the morning, and now a thousand torrents are dashing down the hills; but the blue sky is beginning to be seen, while mist and cloud are curling up the sides of the mountains, and clearing away from their brows.”

“ An admirable description indeed ! If you can prevail upon Mrs. O’Donoghue to have eggs, and butter, and potatoes, and milk, prepared for breakfast on our return, I should like, above all things, to sally forth, and enjoy the fresh air. In truth, doctor, though I am not apt to complain, my head feels rather queer this morning from the whiskey punch, the effects of which, I am not quite sure I have exactly had time sufficient to sleep off. What say you, Lynch, to going forth into ‘ the light of things,’ as your friend Wordsworth does after a debauch ?”

“ Agreed,” said the doctor; “ Wordsworth’s a sensible man enough for a poet.”

“ No bad plan that,” said Mr. Lynch, “ but does Wordsworth really do so ?”

“ He certainly says so—sayings and doings at Killarney—eh, Lynch ?”

Having forded the Flesk, we turned the southern corner of Philadown, and took that branch of the glen which leads towards Kenmare. Here the scenery was extremely wild, rocks piled upon rocks in rude confusion, and numberless torrents foaming, and little shining streams rushing down through the hollows and channels of the hills. A walk of about two miles brought us to the wooded side of Croghane; the opposite side of the glen, which was also wooded, we were informed, was called Ruscru.



The road, now rising, now falling, sweeps along the base of Croghane, overshadowed by woods ; through which we had not proceeded far, before the sound of a torrent burst upon us, and we soon perceived a raging flood, which foamed down the side of the hill, and through the wood, leaping from rock to rock, and in many places environing both clumps and single trees, which seemed to grow out of the water, as their green branches swept its boiling surface.

After a feeble attempt to trace this torrent to its source, we found that neither our time, nor our appetites (so much for whiskey punch be it remarked,) would permit us to remain longer ; and, without proceeding farther through the glen, we turned our faces towards Daniel O'Donoghue's hospitable dwelling.

Perhaps it will be as well, to prevent disappointment, that I should inform the visitor of Glanflesk, that to see the torrent, as we did, in all its glory, splashing—dashing—bubbling and foaming, he must go there immediately after a very heavy fall of rain. Nay, it will even be worth his while, unless of a rheumatic disposition, to endure a good wetting, which, by the bye, he will run every chance of receiving, to obtain a peep at the torrent, though we were fortunate enough to escape with dry jackets.

An excellent breakfast may be made upon potatoes, butter, eggs, and milk, by men who have walked among the mountains of Kerry. And we having done ample justice to what Mrs. O'Donoghue placed before us, bade farewell to Daniel, who, not only refused, but was highly offended at the offer of payment.

As we journeyed towards Killaha castle, on our

way to Killarney, Mr. Lynch drew forth his pencil and note-book, and in a short time produced the following

## FAREWELL TO GLANFLESK.

Farewell to the land of the mountain,  
To Glanflesk and its wild-hills farewell;  
Where rushes the rock-springing fountain,  
Where murmurs the stream through the dell.

Where the dark mountains frown in their pride,  
And rocks in disorder are thrown,  
Or lie shivered along the hill-side,  
Like the relics of worlds that are gone.

Where the wild herds that graze by the rill  
Look up to their friends of the sky;  
The eagle that mounts from the hill,  
The heron and hawk floating by.

Where Croghane spreads afar its green wood,  
And Rus cru nods across to its brother,  
And Philadown's cliff, rough and rude,  
Still adds to the prospect another.

Where the Looha and Clydah roll on,  
Each down its own glen proud to sally;  
Till fondly uniting in one,  
As the Flesk, they wind through the green valley.

Where famed Labig Owen is shown,  
And glensters relate the proud story,  
Of the outlaw who made him a throne  
And a bed on this rock rude and hoary.

Oh those were the days when afar  
The 'Eagle's shrill whistle' was sounding;  
And down at that note to the war,  
The sons of the rude hills came bounding.

And still on the hill—in the glen,  
Though kind to each stranger that comes,  
There are hearts just as ready as then,  
To fight for their rights and their homes.

But farewell to the land of the mountain,  
 To Glanflesk and its wild-hills farewell;  
 Where rushes the rock-springing fountain,  
 Where murmurs the stream through the dell.

On clearing the glen, we found ourselves under the green hill, on which stands the ruins of Killaha castle. This hill we ascended. Three sides only of a square tower remain; and as we looked up at its roofless and floorless height, we perceived the ancient stone chimney pieces, still clinging to the walls—meet remains of proverbial national hospitality.

At some distance from the castle, on the northern slope of the hill, are the ivy-covered ruins of a church or chapel, around which are scattered a few tombs and grave stones.

“God be with you, Father Reilly,” exclaimed the doctor, as he passed one of these memento mori’s; “for you were as good and as gay a little fellow as ever stepped.”

Upon inquiry, I found that Father Reilly, was one of those jolly, social, charitable, old, “butter-booted” priests, who were so different from the political, unsocial, jesuitical, sly, young, canting, soberly-clad priests of the present day, for which reason, I copied the inscription on his tomb.

“THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED  
 BY  
 THE PARISHIONERS OF BARRADUV AND KILLAHA  
 AT  
 THEIR SOLE EXPENSE  
 AS A TOKEN  
 OF THE  
 LOVE, REGARD, AND ESTEEM THEY HAD FOR  
 THEIR WORTHY AND CHARITABLE  
 PARISH PRIEST,  
 THE REV. JOHN O'REILLY,  
 WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE THE 10TH NOV. 1824, AGED 57 YEARS.  
 REQUIESCAT IN PACE. AMEN.”

Leaving the ruin, and with a hearty shake of the hand bidding farewell to the little doctor, Mr. Lynch and I returned to the base of the hill, and proceeded towards Killarney. On our right lay the wooded demesne of Brewsterfield descending to the Flesk, which river we shortly after crossed by a bridge, and, leaving Brewsterfield behind, pushed on for the town as fast as we could, the road possessing nothing particular to detain us.

Rather less than two hours brought us to Killarney.

We dined; and, after a well-served dinner, Gorham made his appearance, to inquire if I would wish for Gandsey's company?

Gandsey entered, as on a former occasion, leaning upon his son. "Ah, Gandsey," said I, "this was very good of you to come to me, especially as it is my last evening in Killarney."

"I thank you, sir," was the modest reply of Gandsey; "you are very good, sir."

"Here is a glass of wine—but perhaps you would prefer some whiskey punch?"

"I drink the wine to your honour's good health and long life," said Gandsey; "but the whiskey punch, sir, if you please, harmonizes better with the melodies I am going to play, sir."

"Waiter, some whiskey punch.—Gandsey, I wish much to hear 'the Eagle's Whistle,' so I think the war-march of the O'Donoghue is called—You can play it, of course."

"Without any kind of doubt I can do that same," returned Gandsey. "Boy, is your violin in tune? there's the note—*Week—week—week—squeek*—that will do. Now, sir,—but first, if you please, suppose, sir, that I give you, because, you

see, it is the oldest of the two war-marches of the O'Donoghue, 'the Step of the Glens.' "

(Here Gandsey played the barbarous strain, which the reader will find annexed, No. 1.)

"Oh, 'tis the O'Donoghues were the boys that could stir their stumps down the side of a mountain," said Gandsey, when he had concluded. "And now, sir, here's the Eagle's Whistle; that was their other war-march, you know. Boy, tune up that note a leetle higher."

(Here Gandsey played the melody, No. 2.)

"Gandsey," said I, "it is easy to prophesy, that the fame of your Eagle's Whistle will go forth, 'light as beard of thistle.' " \*

\* To prove that I am no false prophet, I may mention, that the following spirited and characteristic words have been since written to this melody by Mr. Planché, and of course popularly sung in England.—They are here printed by his permission.

Sound "the Eagle's Whistle,"

Kerry's call to battle,

Let the Eagle's Nest

With its echoes rattle !

Sing the song of yore,

Raise the ancient banner ;

Once again the breeze—

The mountain breeze shall fan her.

Cleave, thou fair Loch-Lane,

Forth thy chieftain sallies ;

Hail him once again

Desmond of the valleys !

Gather, chieftains, gather !

Come with bucklers clashing,

Clad in silver mail,

Like the billows flashing.

Rise, ye peerless train

Of Erin's lovely daughters !

Move like stately swans

O'er the wond'ring waters.



“How close is the resemblance,” remarked Mr. Lynch, “between the Irish and Scotch pibrochs. I remember”—and he was about to proceed with, I have no doubt, some interesting reminiscence or remark, had not Gandsey run his right hand up the pipe, with

*Tir—a—lee—ra—tir—a—lee—ra—lee——BOOM.*

“Come, Gandsey,” said I, “another tune, if you please—but something with a history to it.”

“I’ll give you, sir,” said Gandsey, “the lamentation for ‘Myles the slasher,’ a real ould air of Erin.”

(Here Gandsey played the melody, No. 3.)

“And now,” said I, when he had concluded, “now for the history.”

“Why, you see, sir,” said Gandsey, placing the pipes at rest upon his left knee, “why, you see, sir, Myles the slasher was an O’Reilly—and if he was, he was like every one of the same name, fond of Erin, for she was his country. Well, sir, when the bloody Cromwellian wars were going on, you see, Myles the slasher headed his clan, and died like a brave commander, defending the bridge of Finea, in the County Cavan, against that robbing and murdering thief of the world, Cromwell. ’Twas a fine death he had; and ’tis as fine a tune that I’ve played for you, sir, to keep his memory up among the people, as can be, in my opinion. But if he did die all covered with wounds, ’twas on the flat of his back that Myles O’Reilly the slasher was laid, with a thousand voices after him,

Up! away, away!—  
 Light as beard of thistle;  
 ’Tis the morn of May—  
 Sound the Eagle’s Whistle!

in the monastical church of Cavan, though 'tis since destroyed, to build a horse-barrack; and these were the very words that were carved out over him, upon as beautiful a gravestone as could be:

“LECTOR NE CREDAS SOLEM PERIISSE MILONEM  
HOC NAM SUB TUMULO, PATRIA VICTA JACET.”\*

“This lamentation pleases me so much, I hope, Gandsey, you can favour us with another.”

“Oh, that I can, sir, lamentations in plenty—for sure 'tis little else is left, for green Erin or her children, but sorrow and—

“Whiskey,” said Mr. Lynch.

“True,” said I, “we have justly been called ‘a persecuted and hard-drinking people.’”

“But the lamentation,” said Mr. Lynch.

“'Tis the widow's lamentation,” said Gandsey: “You see her husband, one William Crottie, was hanged through the means of one Davy Norris, a thief of an informer, who came round him, and

\* The pistols of Myles O'Reilly, of large size and ancient Spanish manufacture, are in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin, presented by Mrs. Peyton (now Mrs. Macnamara,) the sister of the late George Nugent Reynolds, Esq. of the County of Leitrim; and the powder-horn of “Myles the slasher,” a huge ox horn polished, and with rude brass ornaments, is still in the possession of that lady. In the genealogical history of the house of O'Reilly, compiled by the late chevalier O'Gorman (whose MSS. are at present in my custody,) for General Count Alexander O'Reilly, commander-in-chief of the Spanish Infantry under Charles III., and second in command at the siege of Gibraltar, there is a full and interesting account of Myles O'Reilly. Since I have been led to mention this genealogical history, I may as well notice a curious fact connected with it, that O'Gorman, whose papers prove him to be an ignorant heraldic quack, actually received one thousand guineas from Count O'Reilly for this compilation.

betrayed him. And so Mrs. Crottie, whose own name was Burke, a mighty decent woman she was, and come of decent people, made up this lamentation about her husband."

Here Gandsey played the melody, No. 4. to which he sang the following words :

Oh, William Crottie, your days are ended,  
And your poor wife lies unbefriended,  
In a cold jail, where none can come near her ;  
Her dearest friends this day won't hear her !

Oh, ullagone !

But soon I'll leave this Irish nation,  
And sail away to the great plantation ;  
For let me go among Turks or Heathens,  
I'll meet with more pity than in my own nation.

Oh, ullagone !

Oh, William Crottie, I often told you  
That Davy Norris would come round you ;  
'Twas he that took you, as you lay sleeping,  
And left me here in sorrow weeping !

Oh, ullagone !

Then came the day of sad repentance,  
When William Crottie received his sentence ;  
The drums they did beat, and most mournfully sounded,  
And my poor senses were at once confounded.

Oh, ullagone !

I bear great blame from all these women,  
Yet I'll never forsake my dear companion  
When first I knew him he was no Tory,  
But now he's gone, there's an end to my glory !

Oh, ullagone !

Adieu, ye hills, and adieu, ye mountains,  
Adieu to Glanworth's crystal fountains,  
Where often I waited for Crottie, my darling,  
To bring me home both gold and starling !

Oh, ullagone !

" And now, Gandsey," said I, " mix yourself another tumbler of punch, and then let us hear

an Irish melody with something more of sentiment in it, than the singular strains you have already played. Suppose some ditty, which an unfortunate lover might sing to the mistress by whom he was neglected and abandoned. You have an air of this description, I doubt not, Gandsey, for such heart-breaking affairs must have happened in Ireland as well as elsewhere."

"Oh, plenty of them, sir," said Gandsey; and he immediately commenced the melody, No. 5.

"Yes, that is Irish—truly—intensely Irish," "how exquisitely the violin accompaniment harmonizes with the pipes. Pray, whose arrangement is that?"

"'Twas I, sir," replied Gandsey, "just fixed it out for boy to learn."

"Have you any words to this melody?" inquired Mr. Lynch.

"None, sir," said Gandsey, "though they're much wanting to it;\* but I have some words of

\* The deficiency has since been supplied by the Hon. Mrs. Norton; by whose permission, (given in the most flattering manner,) the verses are here printed.

Oh Erin! sweet Erin! thy strains  
To the heart-broken exile are dear;  
And each note in its sweetness remains  
Long, long on the listening ear.  
But even when those sounds should be gay,  
Such sorrow is mixed with their tone,  
And each note melts so slowly away,  
'That our hearts feel their sadness alone.  
Oh 'tis thus when life's sunshine is o'er,  
And its visions in darkness are hid,  
When the friends of our youth are no more,  
And our hearts will not beat as they did:  
A sound will bring back thoughts that pass  
Like a shadow o'er all that is glad.  
We may laugh if we will, but, alas!  
E'en the sound of our laughter is sad.

own making too, which I'll sing, with the greatest pleasure in life, to the air of 'Bob and Joan.' Come, boy, scrape away."

To Killarney we will go  
 And see fair nature's beauties,  
 The mountains tipp'd with snow,  
 And covered with arbutus.  
 Oh, then, to hear at night,  
 At Gorham's, how entrancing,  
 Old Gandsey play his pipes,  
 Which set the maids a dancing !  
     Tow, row, row, row, row,  
     Tow, row, row, row, reddy,  
     Tow, row, row, row, row,  
     Can't you just walk steady ?

Gandsey, to promote  
 Harmonious tunes so jolly,  
 Strikes up a favourite note  
 To banish melancholy.  
 He lilts it up in style,  
 Upon his pipes so merry,  
 The gravest faces smile  
 To hear his Paddy Carey.  
     Tow, row, row, row, row, &c.

He plays Kitty from Athlone,  
 And Maureen dee na Glenna,  
 And Noreen on the road,  
 With the flashy rakes of Mallow ;  
 Aughrim overthrown,  
 The fall of Condon's castle,  
 Cornelius Lord Mayo,  
 Who was the boy to wrestle.  
     Tow, row, row, row, row, &c.

He'll give Jackson's Morning brush  
 And Billy Joy the joker,  
 With the famous Kouth Polthogue,  
 Described by Crofton Croker ;  
 The ball of Ballinafad,  
 The song of Bannah Lannah,  
 Plounkum Moll in the Wadd,  
 And Shaune O'Dwyr na Glenna.  
     Tow, row, row, row, row, &c.



On the lakes when we do go,  
 We'll have a boat and whiskey,  
 With men and oars to row,  
 Their hearts both light and frisky;  
 A dinner we'll provide,  
 We shall have full and plenty,  
 Two hampers stuff'd and tied,  
 And wine enough for twenty.  
 Tow, row, row, row, row, &c.

Through Turk Lake we will pass  
 Straight up to Dinis Island,  
 There we'll dine upon the grass,  
 And drink like Captain Ryland.  
 "Home, sweet home," I'll play,  
 Then our boat will sail across, sir,  
 And take the shortest way  
 To bring us back to Ross, sir.  
 Tow, row, row, row, row, &c.

Now our excursion o'er,  
 At Gorham's what a pleasure,  
 To fill the glass once more,  
 And drink beyond all measure.  
 'Tis that's the way to see  
 The lakes of neat Killarney,  
 So don't be doubting me,  
 For I never was at Blarney.  
 Tow, row, row, row, row, &c.

"Bravo, Gandsey," said I.  
 "Bravo," echoed Mr. Lynch.  
 "You must be thirsty from your exertions

'Ganse, to promote  
 Harmonious tunes so jolly.'

So here are the materials for another tumbler of punch. You want something?"

"Water, if you please, sir,—for what is whiskey punch without the water is screeching hot, and just sings to you like a Banshee?"

"Do you hear the unearthly music of Gandsey's glass," remarked Mr. Lynch, as the boiling

water made a kind of musical murmur within it—and he continued, while Gandsey sipped the boiling mixture—"I never hear that simmering, without mentally recurring to an incident which recently happened to me.

"It was with a feeling of content and pleasure, that on the Christmas eve of 1826 I gazed around my cottage kitchen, and saw that it was duly decked with holly; the dark green leaves and red berries mingling fantastically with the bright tin vessels which hung upon the white walls.

"I confess that I am partial to old customs—I have even no objection to an old superstition, provided it be harmless. I did not, therefore, quarrel with the block that was blazing on the kitchen hearth, nor object to the enormous candle lit in order to bring in the joyous anniversary of Christmas.

"Scarcely was the evening circle formed around the fire, when I was startled by a low wailing. The Irish funeral cry is at all times a wild and melancholy sound, but at this moment of festivity, the contrast made it appear more than usually sad; and as it mingled fitfully with the wind that moaned without, it occasionally assumed an unearthly cadence, that might seem to a fanciful mind, the wail of some wandering spirit.

"The Lord presarve us!" cried Debby the maid, "the Lord presarve us! it's the Banshee; I wonder who's to go now."

"Psha! don't be foolish," said I; "I will soon find out what occasions this noise. So saying, I walked into the hall, and put on my hat. At once every voice was raised to dissuade me from attempting so hazardous an enterprise, but all in vain; I was obstinately bent upon proceeding

and, amid warning looks and prognosticating nods, I took my departure.

“The night was dark, so dark, indeed, that the pathway from my cottage was hardly to be discerned, and as I pursued the direction from which the cry seemed to proceed, I was obliged to keep close to the road wall. I had not proceeded many yards, when the voice of sorrow died away, and no other sound was to be heard, save the fitful breath of the blast, as it groaned drearily through the leafless branches of some old trees which overhung the road. I am not superstitious, and yet I confess that I did feel certain sensations, which, of course, reason, if I had been able to reason at the moment, would have checked; it was therefore with a feeling of pleasure, that I reached the cabin of a poor man named Sullivan. As I approached the door, I heard a low moan from within, and immediately concluded that the ullagone or death-cry, which occasioned me to sally forth, proceeded from thence. But when I raised the latch, and looked about the interior of that cabin, what words can express the misery that met my view!

“Sullivan’s house, judged from its outward appearance, might be deemed a more comfortable dwelling than what usually falls to the lot of an Irish peasant; for it had a slate roof, and two windows, without the usual accompaniment of some straw, or an old hat to supply the place of the broken glass; but no sooner did I enter, than every idea of comfort vanished. There was the high roof without any intervening loft; the cold and damp earthen floor broken into a hundred heights and hollows: the whole length of the house without any division to render it less

dreary ; the door through whose crevices the wintry gale entered at will ; the black and smoky walls ; and a spark of fire almost extinguished by the darkness of the huge vent in which it stood, and which scarcely afforded the idea of warmth. A few rush-bottomed chairs, a small table, with a wretched bedstead, and a worse bed, placed for the sake of warmth close to the hearth, were the only furniture to be seen in this cheerless dwelling. The table had been placed at the foot of the bed, and on it lay the corpse of a little boy about four years old ; his dark hair sleeked over his marble brow, and his snowy lids sending their long fringes over his calm and palid cheeks. On one side sat the mother, with a look of anguish, and a low moan, rocking her body to and fro. On the other side a little girl had clambered up, and was endeavouring to open her brother's leaden lids. Two young girls, the sisters of the deceased, sat upon the bedstead ; while the unfortunate father, with clasped hands and a look of patient endurance, bent over the comfortless hearth.

“ The body of the corpse was covered with a white sheet, borrowed for the occasion from some richer neighbour, on its feet was placed a large plate of tobacco, and a candle was burning on each side. This was all the preparation they had been able to make for the wake, and this in itself was a sufficient proof of their poverty ; as the people on such occasions seldom spare any expense within their power. The first thing which struck me on entering this house of mourning, was the extreme emptiness of the place ; and this appeared the more extraordinary, as the peasantry think it meritorious to sit up with the dead, and usually on such occasions assemble in great num-

bers; for 'to be spent well with' and to have 'a good berrin,' are matters of great importance to the lower orders of the Irish.

"Upon inquiry, I found this desertion proceeded from the festival of Christmas—no one being willing to go from home on such an evening 'And sure we can't blame them,' said the poor man, 'for it's only what we'd do ourselves; but I expect them about nine or ten o'clock, and then they'll sit with us till the bell rings for morning's mass.'" At the time specified, the company dropped in by degrees, till at length the house was full. The men took their places in silence, but some of the women occasionally walked over to the corpse, and raised the funeral cry. Smoking and conversation served to pass away the time,—the merits of different keeners were discussed,—and many a tale was told of ghosts and banshees, fairies and fetches."

"Do you remember any of these stories, Lynch?" said I; "for if you do, I shall be delighted to hear one, and it will moreover be an act of kindness to Gandsey to allow him a pause. Who loves to spur a willing horse?"

Mr. Lynch, without one word of reply, commenced as follows:

"Tom Coghlan one evening returned to his house, expecting to find the fire blazing, the potatoes boiling, his wife smiling, and his children as merry as grigs. And without doubt these things are a great comfort to a poor man; but it wasn't Tom's luck to find matters as he expected; for there was no fire, and his wife was scolding, and the children were all crying from hunger. Poor Tom was quite dumbfounded to find matters going on so badly; for though there were potatoes enough



in the house, there wasn't so much as a broсна to boil them with. What was to be done? After considering for some time, he bethought himself of the great furze bushes which grew in the old fort on the top of Knockanes, and, snatching up a bill-hook, away he went. Before he reached the top of the hill, the sun had gone down, and the moon had risen above the eastern hills: wide and vast was the prospect disclosed by her wavering, watery light; for on the one hand might be seen the bay of Tralee with its full sparkling tide, from whose verge uprose Slieve Mish, Cahir-Con-righ, and that vast chain of mountains extending to the west, while the towns of Blennerville and Tralee slept dim-discovered in the valley beneath; on the other hand, lay the bare and barren sandhills, the wide-extending common of Ardfert, and the broad-sweeping strand which skirted the billowy bay of Ballyheigh; while, far to the west, the mighty Atlantic rolled its waste of waters unbounded and unshackled, save where, to the right and left, the misty forms of Brandon Hill and Kerry Head, like the horns of a vast crescent, shot out far into the restless deep.

“Such was the prospect which lay before the unobservant eye of Tom Coghlan, who saw nothing but the old fort, which superstition had taught him to consider as an eirie and a fearful place; the breeze which faintly rustled amid the bushes was to him a sound of terror, and the distant murmur of the deep, booming through the silence of the night, struck his spirit with a mysterious and indefinable awe. Conquering his fear, however, as he approached the fort, and remembering that his children were as yet without their supper, he raised his arm in act to fell one of the large furze

bushes which grew on the embankment, when its descent was suddenly arrested by the sound of a small shrill voice. The startled workman let the bill-hook drop from his grasp, as looking up he beheld—perched upon a furze bush—a little old man, not more than a foot and a half high; his face was nearly of the colour of a tawny mushroom; while his little sparkling eyes, twinkling like Kerry stones in the dark, illumined his distorted visage, which was surmounted by a long red cap, something in the shape of an extinguisher; his body was small, and bore no proportion to his limbs. Such was the extraordinary being who interrupted Tom Coghlan at his work, and whom I shall distinguish by the name of Little Redcap.

“ ‘O ho!’ said the little Redcap, ‘is that what you’d be after, Mister Tommy Coghlan? What did me or mine ever do to you, that you should come cutting down our bushes?’

“ ‘Why then nothing at all, your honour,’ said Tom, recovering a little from his fright; ‘why then nothing at all, your honour, only the poor little childer were crying with the hunger, and I thought I’d just make bould to cut a bush or two to bile the praties with, for we hadn’t so much as a broсна in the house.’

“ ‘You mustn’t cut down the bushes, Tom,’ said the little Redcap, ‘but as you are an honest man, I’ll buy them from you, though I’ve a better right to them than you have; but the quiet way is the best always, so if you take my advice, you’ll carry this quern home with you, and let the bushes alone.’ ‘Quern, indeed!’ said Tom, at the same time giving a look of astonishment; for it was so small that he might have put it with all ease into

his breeches pocket; 'quern, indeed! and what good will that bit of a quern do me? sure it won't bile the praties for the grawls!'

"What good will it do you?" said the little Redcap, 'I'll tell you what good it will do you—it will make you and your family as strong and as fat as so many stall-fed bullocks; and if it won't bile the praties, it will do a great deal better, for you have only to turn it about, and it will give you the greatest plenty of elegant meal; but, if ever you sell any of it, that moment the quern will lose its virtue.'

"'It's a bargain,' said Tom, 'so give me the quern, and you're heartily welcome to the bushes.'

"'There it is for you, Tom,' said the little Redcap, at the same time throwing it down to him; 'there it is for you, and much good may it do you, but remember you are not to sell the meal on any account.'

"'Let me alone for that,' said Tom, as he made the best of his way home, where his wife was trying to comfort the children, and wondering all the time what in the world could keep Tom out so long; but when she saw him return without so much as a kippen to boil the potatoes with, her wrath, which had been repressed for the last half hour, burst out like Beamish and Crawford's bottled porter when the cork is drawn. 'Wisha then!' said she, 'isn't this a poor case, to say you'd come in without any thing to bile the praties, and I breaking my heart this two hours trying to keep the childer quiet. But I suppose you were at the shebeen-house, instead of minding me or mine; but if I had to travel about with a cad an' skiver, an' a bag on my back, I won't put up wid you any longer, you nasty, drunken, gomal of a

baste. Here she paused for want of breath, and Tom, taking the opportunity to put in a word, said, 'Arrah, then can't you be asy, Judy? mind you, indeed; may be I wasn't minding you, why. See that, now, for a thing I brought you;' continued Tom, at the same time placing the quern on the table.

" 'O you ounshaugh of a gomal!' roared Judy; 'what good are those two little stones, —will they feed the grawls? tell me that, you natural.'

" 'Feed the grawls! fakes an' 'tis they that will,' said Tom. So he told her all about the little quern, and how he got it from the red-capped fairy.

" 'We'll try it directly,' said Judy; and they pulled the big table into the middle of the floor, and commenced grinding away with the quern. Before long, the most beautiful meal began to come from it, and in a short time they had every vessel in the house full. Judy was quite delighted, and the children managed as well as they could for that night, by eating plenty of the raw meal. For a long time things went on very well, the quern giving them food in abundance; till they all grew as fat and sleek as coach-horses. Unfortunately, one day, Judy being at a great loss for a little money, was tempted to take a few pecks of the meal, and sell it in the town of Tralee: but if she did, sorry enough she was for it; for, from that day out, the quern lost all its virtue, and, if Tom was grinding for ever, it wouldn't give them a taste of meal. Tom couldn't for the life of him find out the reason, for Judy was afraid to tell him about her selling the meal; so, putting his bill-hook under his arm, away he

went to the old fort, determined to be revenged on little Redcap, by cutting down his bushes.

“ Scarcely had he commenced the work, when the little Redcap made his appearance : mighty angry he was that Tom should come cutting his bushes, after having made a fair bargain with him ; but Tom, nothing daunted, was as stiff as he was stout, and told him that ‘ he was a deceitful little ugly vagabond, to give him a quern that wasn’t worth a thraneen ; and that if he didn’t give him a good one for it, he’d cut down every bush in the fort.’

“ ‘ What a bullamskiagh you are, Mister Tom,’ said the little Redcap, ‘ but you’d better be easy and let the bushes alone, or may be so well you’d pay for it : deceive you, indeed ! didn’t I tell you the quern would lose its power, if you sold any of the meal ?’

“ ‘ And sure I did’nt either,’ said Tom. ‘ Well, it’s all one for that,’ answered the little Redcap, ‘ for if you didn’t, your wife did ; and as to giving you another quern, it’s out of the question, for we have but one in the fort you see, and a hard battle we fought, to get it from another party of the good people. But I’ll tell you what I’ll do with you, Tom ; let the bushes alone, and I’ll make a doctor of you.’

“ ‘ A doctor, indeed ! may be it’s a fool you’re making of me,’ said Tom. But ’twas no such thing, for the little Redcap gave Tom Coghlan some charm or other, that he never failed to kill or to cure with whoever he took in hands, just like other doctors ; and Tom became a great man, and made up a long purse, and gave good larning to his poor children, that he left crying at home after him the night he first met the fairy in



the old fort. And one of them he made a priest of, and another a grand butter-merchant in Blarney lane, in the city of Cork; and the youngest son, being ever and always a well-spoken boy, he made him a counsellor; and his two daughters are well married, and Tom's wife is dead, and he's as happy a man as can be."

"A story does not lose by your telling, Lynch. And now, Gandsey," said I, "suppose you—"

"There's a tap at the door, sir," said the younger Gandsey, laying down his violin which he had just assumed.

"Come in—come in, Gorham."

"Sare," said Gorham, "I have taken the liberty—of—" and he bowed, and held forth a book, "asking your opinion of my establishment."

"Gorham," said I, shrugging my shoulders like a Scotchman, you must first let me see your bill. I cannot say any thing at present, beyond my having enjoyed myself very much, and having nothing to complain of; but gold may be bought too dear, you know."

With another bow, Gorham made his silent exit.

"And now, Gandsey, I am all attention."

"To what?" said Mr. Lynch, "you have heard Gandsey's unrivalled performance on the pipes; you have heard him, moreover, sing a song of his own composition: now which do you wish to try Gandsey—at capping Latin verses, or hear him tell a story?"

———"My Latin  
Comes not so pat in"—

as it did formerly," said I, "therefore, Gandsey, as Mr. Lynch will put you through your

paces, suppose—since I at once confess myself unequal to the trial of classical skill which has been proposed—you tell us the story.”

“As you will, sir,” replied Gandsey, carefully putting his pipes aside.

“But your glass is empty—that will never do.”

“I thank you, sir, for your consideration. Well, sir, no doubt you are a great traveller, and have seen many strange places; but if ever you travelled like myself, some twenty years ago, from Cork to the raking town of Mallow, you’d remember the spot of Kelleher’s farm, to this hour, or I’m much mistaken. At that time (may be ’tis now rather better than twenty years,) the man who took the new road, from the blessed moment he turned his back on the old red forge at the end of the beautiful Blackpool, if it was not for the new slate-house, close to Kelleher’s bound’s ditch, might have gone thirsty enough into the town of Mallow, with his throat as dry as any powder-horn of a midsummer’s day; your honour’s good health, sir.”

“Thank you, Gandsey.”

“For you see, sir, there was but the one place of entertainment to be met with. And a real beautiful painted sign it had up over the door, of three pots of porter, with their white heads on them like any cauliflowers, and underneath was painted out, in elegant large letters, ‘ENTERTAINMENT FOR MAN AND HORSE.’

“The place was called Lissavoura, and the same name was on Paddy Kelleher’s farm, for I was never the man to forget the name of the place I was well treated. Well, one morning, about eight o’clock, Kelleher was standing by the side of a bog-hole, and scratching his head with

thinking how in the wide world he should ever lift a great lump of bog-oak, that was there lying in the ground since the time of Noah. He was in the midst of a perplexity, when, who should he see but a man coming across the road towards him, without shoe or stocking, but they hanging over his shoulder, and a stick in his hand, as if he was in great haste after a smart journey.

“So up the man came to Kelleher, and asked him, as well as he could for want of breath, if he knew whereabouts one Mister Kelleher lived. “I have come,” says he, “without having time to bless myself, every step of the way from Buttevant, and ’tis a sister of Kelleher’s has sent me; she lying, poor creature, in a dying way, and has a deal of money, and no one in life to leave it to but Kelleher.” “I’m the man,” says Kelleher, “and ’tis poor Biddy you’re come from: Lord relieve her, any way. I’ll just step up to the house and get the mare, and be off at once, back with you, honest man.”

“‘Never mind the mare,’ said the messenger; ‘if you don’t make all speed, you’ll never be after overtaking her alive. Sure, if you step at once across to the half-way-house, you’ll just catch Purcell’s coach going into Mallow; and I’ll be bail, when you get there, Mr. Ahern will lend you the best horse in his stable, and have it saddled and bridled for you with all speed. So come along, Mr. Kelleher, if you please, sir, without stopping or staying for any mare, if ’twas his worship the mayor of Cork himself—come along, sir.’

“Away went Paddy Kelleher after the man, without telling any one where he was going, or

saying as much as ‘*Beaunait De leat*,’\* to his wife—so much afraid was he of losing his sister and her money, if she heard that he delayed coming off at once, hot-foot, at her bidding.

“ Kelleher got to Buttevant without delay, and sure enough he found his sister there, very bad entirely ; but she did not die that night, and she was a little better the next day, and then she’d be worse again, and then better—and so she kept them on for as good as a fortnight, thinking the life would go out of her every minute.

“ Kelleher didn’t mind sending word to let his woman know where he was, because why, he thought his sister would draw the last breath every hour, and then he could carry the news himself; and to be sure she did die, at long last, and left all her money to Kelleher, tied up in the toe of an old stocking.

“ ‘ Och, ullagone, what’ll I do at all, for sure and certain something has happened to Paddy, or he wouldn’t stay out in this kind of way from me. Oh, then, for certain he’s drowned, kilt, and murdered, and I to be left after him, a poor lonesome widow, with never a one in the wide world to do a hand’s turn for me,’ cried poor Moll Kelleher, as she sat on a siestheen, in the chimney corner; and then she threw her apron over her head, and began to clap her hands, and rock her body to and fro, like a ship on the wild sea, and she cronauning all the time, enough to break the heart of a stone, if it had one.

“ ‘ Why then, Molly dear, can’t you be asy,’ said Murty Mulcahy, a red-headed tailor that was at work in the house, winking his left eye; ‘ can’t you be asy?—and who knows but things

\* ‘ God’s blessing with you.’

mayn't be so bad entirely; and sure, whichever way it goes, you won't want a friend, and Murty Mulcahy to the fore.'

"Now, whether it was Murty's coaxing words, or the wink, or whatever it was, its quite certain that Moll Kelleher from that out got quite asy, and didn't seem to take on half so much as before, no, not even when news was brought that a man was found drowned in a bog-hole on the farm: and though she didn't half believe it was her Paddy, she let Murty persuade her to it; for he swore by this and by that, and by all the saints in the calendar, that the drowned man was Paddy Kelleher himself, and no other in life; so they had a fine wake, and lost a world and all, till they buried him.

"Well, sir, when the berrin was over, Murty began to discourse Mrs. Kelleher, to try and persuade her to marry himself. 'Now Mauria agra,' says he, 'sure you won't be after refusing Murty Mulcahy, that's the very moral of poor Paddy that's gone; and sure you never'll be able to live or manage all alone here, without having man or mortal to lend you a hand; 'tis myself would do that same for you, as nate as any man in Munster: but you know it wouldn't be dacent without our being married; so, Mauria dear, you'd better make up your mind at once.'

"Faint heart never won fair lady, they say; but Murty was none of that sort—signs by, that he persuaded Moll Kelleher to go with him before the priest to be married.

"The Rev. Father O'Callaghan was just mixing the fourth tumbler of whiskey punch, when, who should bole in to him, but Moll and Murty? And you must know the reverend father had a way with



him, that he didn't like to be bothered when he was over his tumbler of punch ; so he asked them, as gruff as you please, what they wanted with him at that time of day. Upon which, well-become Moll, she up and told his reverence how she was left a lone woman, without a mankind in the world to see after her little farm, or do a hand's turn for her ; and so she thought as how she'd take Murty for a husband, if his reverence had no objection, and that what brought them there was to be married that very night.

Then the priest got into a mighty great bit of a fret, and told her she was no better than she should be, to think of marrying so soon after Paddy's death. But Moll, who had a pretty way with her, whispered something in his reverence's ear, without minding in the least his being in a fret.

“ ‘ The fat pig ? ’ says he.

“ ‘ Yes, your reverence can send for her this very night,’ says she.

“ ‘ Why, now I consider the matter,’ says the priest, ‘ to be sure you are a lone woman, and live in a lonesome place ; so, as there's no knowing what might happen to you, I believe I'd better marry you out of hand.’

“ Well, sir, after every one was gone from the wedding, and all the family in bed, who should come to the door, but Paddy Kelleher himself, after walking all the way from Buttevant, and a good step it was. So he gave a thundering knock at the door, for he was mighty tired after his journey, and was in a hurry to get into bed.

“ ‘ Who's there ? a pretty time of night to come knocking at a dacent man's door,’ said Murty.’

“ ‘ ’Tis I, Paddy Kelleher, get up, and let me in ;

and sure a man may rap at his own door, and no thanks to any one.' When Moll heard that, she gave a great screech entirely. 'The Lord have mercy on us,' says she, 'what is it you want now, Paddy? but don't I know very well it isn't you at all, but only your ghost; and sure you haven't any business in life to be coming here now, for didn't I give you a fine wake and a dacent berrin, and the fat pig to the priest to say masses for the good of your sowl.'

" 'The devil you did,' said Paddy, and away he ran to the barn to look for his pig, for he saw it was all in vain to knock or to call; they wouldn't let him in, and he didn't like to break his own door: so, finding the pig safe in the barn, he lay down to sleep in the straw till morning. But he wasn't long there, when the priest's boy came for the pig, and was putting a sugan about her leg to drive her away, for 'twas settled he should take her in the night; but Kelleher, not liking to lose his pig that way, and thinking it was stealing the beast he was, for he didn't clearly understand what his wife had said, up he jumps, and gives him the mother of a beating.

" I'll engage the boy didn't wait for the pig after it, but ran off to his master as fast as his legs could carry him.

" 'Where's the pig?' says the priest.

" 'The never a pig have I,' says the boy, 'for just as I was going to take her, Paddy Kelleher's ghost jumped out of a corner of the barn, and gave me the truth of a beating; so I ran away as fast as I could, and I wouldn't go back again for half Cork.'

" 'A likely story, indeed,' says the priest; 'you know well enough 'tis no such thing, but the

glass I gave you, and you going, that made you drunk, you vagabond, and so you fell down and cut yourself, and couldn't bring the pig."

" 'May I never see Grenough chapel again, if every word I told your reverence isn't true as the sun,' says the boy; 'but come yourself with me, and see if I won't bring the pig home, if you'll only give her into my two hands.'

" 'I will,' says the priest, and away they went to the barn; but the moment he put a hand on the pig, up jumped Kelleher from amongst the straw, and gave the priest such a beating as he never got before nor since. Away he went without the pig surely, roaring ten thousand murders.

" Poor Kelleher, you may be certain was tired enough after this, so down he lay, and slept as sound as a top, till late next morning, which happened to be a Sunday; so that when he got up, and went into his own house, he found every one was gone to mass, except an old woman who was left minding the place; and she, instead of getting him his breakfast as he desired, ran away out of the house screeching for the bare life, at the sight of the drowned man walking in to her.

" So Kelleher had to make out breakfast for himself as well as he could; and when he was done, away he goes to mass, thinking to find all the people there before him, and learn some account of how things had been going on at home.

" He was walking smartly along, when, who should he almost overtake but his old neighbours, Jack Harty and Miles Mahony. 'Good morrow, Jack,' says Paddy; 'can't you stop for a body, Miles?' says he: but when they looked back at the sound of his voice, and saw who they had after them, they took to their scrapers,

and ran as fast as their legs would carry them, thinking all the time it was a ghost was at their heels.

“ Kelleher thought it was running to overtake mass they were ; so he ran too, for fear he'd be late, which made them run the faster ; and sure enough they never stopped nor staid till they got into the chapel, and up to the priest where he was standing at the altar.

“ ‘ Why, boys,’ says the priest, ‘ what's the matter with ye ?’

“ ‘ Oh, your reverence,’ says one, and ‘ Oh, your reverence,’ says the other, ‘ 'tis Kelleher's ghost that's running after us, and here he is in.’

“ ‘ Murder alive,’ roared the priest, ‘ 'tis me he wants, and not you ; so, if he's in, I'll be out,’ and, flinging off his vestments, away with him through the side door of the chapel, and the people after him ; he never stopped to draw breath till he got to the top of a hill, a good mile or better from the chapel, and there he began to say mass as fast as he could, for fear of the ghost. But it was Murty Mulcahy, the red-haired tailor, was in the pucker, when he saw Kelleher ; he roared like a bull, and went clean out of the country entirely, and never came back again.

“ To be sure Kelleher thought nothing at all, but they were all out of their senses, every mother's son of them, till his old crony, Tom Barret, seeing at last he wasn't a ghost, came up to him, and told him how they all thought they had buried him a fortnight before.

“ So Kelleher went home to his own house, and his wife was kind and quiet of tongue ; and the

priest ever after was as civil to him as may be, and all for fear he'd spake about the fat pig.

“There's my story for you”—said Gandsey.

“Well sung, Gandsey”—said Mr. Lynch.—  
“Here, mix yourself another fumbler of tunch—  
tumbler of punch I mean—Irish whiskey is good—  
Irish songs are good—Irish music is good—  
Irishmen are fine fellows—fine fellows—'tis a fine  
country—(hiccup)—a fine country.”

“'Tis true for you, sir”—said Gandsey—“very  
true for you.”—And here, altho' I am perfectly  
unable to account for the fact, my recollection of  
what followed completely fails me.



## CHAPTER XX.

## THE DEPARTURE.

A WEATHERCOCK is the usual appendage to most church-steeple in Ireland, but this, the steeple of the church at Killarney does not possess. Yet, if it does not boast a weathercock glittering on its apex, a weather-fish may there be seen—a noble salmon, looking as if it had just made a spring out of the lake. And now the nose of the afore-said salmon is pointing due east, as much as to say—"I promise you a fine day for your journey to Cork, and I wish you a very pleasant bit of jolting."

Vastly polite, indeed, for a salmon, but pray Mister Fish how do you know I am going to Cork? well, it's not much matter; since you do know it, there is little use denying the fact, and I have therefore only to return you my very sincere thanks, and make you my very best bow for your promise of fine weather—and hark—*Boo—boo—boo—moo—hé*—here comes the coach from Tralee, and there is my friend Mat Crowley singing his everlasting.



Riley, really, you're the boy, Riley,

"Halloo—Halloo—is my bill ready?—Are my traps in the hall? Is my boat-cloak there?—where is my sketching seat?"

"Go long wid you," said Doolan, who was standing in the hall; "go long wid you, will you, and be after bringing the gentleman's ketching sate."

"You shall have the bill directly, sare," said Gorham; "Dan, finish the honorable gentleman's account—sketch it out neatly, Dan, and bring it here—pshaw, Dan, what's keeping you? Sare, if it be not presuming too much, I would hope, sare, you will now express your opinion of the house: here is the Killarney album, sare."

"A gaily bound book, Gorham—but how it is blotted and disfigured by ——."

"The autocrats, sare, and I hope to add you to the number."

"Autographs—very amusing—very absurd—let me see, who has been here before me."

"No supper would I swop  
With a hot mutton chop,  
And after that a drop."

"W. J."

What have we next?

"September 2nd.

"It was an evening *calculate*  
But little the sad heart to elate;  
For fitful blasts, now and agen,  
Swept loud through dingle, copse, and glen."

A quotation from Miss Bourke's arithmetical poem of "O'Donoghue," or we are strongly out in our morning's reckoning. Ah! here's a hand and style we recognize.

"Punch has been shed in this parlour: punch; I repeat the intoxicating word; and the table, yet reeking with the stain, sends forth its spontaneous

steam towards the canopy of heaven. He who shed it is still abroad; but, though the beadle takes no notice of him, and the stocks are undefiled by his ankles, yet is he not unpunished. He bears about with him the raging fever of crapulous ebriety, and his head, stung by the furies of cephalalgous infliction, nods responsive to his tottering feet. Punch, I repeat, it has been shed, and the shedder walks abroad, while the bill of the Catholic landlord remains unpaid, and the unwiped-out chalk whitens with its pallid stain the creditor side of our Boniface's bellows."

" R. S."

" Now for the comment."

" R. S. indeed—it's all damned stuff I tell you—nothing but stuff—push about the bottle, and don't bother us any more about it. Talk spoils conversation. The way to keep any country quiet, is to knock the riotously disposed on the head, to flutter your Volscians. Believe me, an old batterer in these matters. Therefore don't babble of 'manicipation or conflibberation, but listen to me, as if I was the oracle of Delphi, or an old brass kettle of Dodona, sounding to you with mysterious voice—You will keep Ireland cool by the old opiates—God bless them—the cannon and the bayonet, the cat-o'-nine tails and the gibbet.

" Quietness is best—let the world slide as it will, I was ever for peace and conciliation, and taking my ease in mine own inn. Are the glasses full?—no daylight—no heeltaps—tops and bottoms—not so much as would blind a midge's eye is to be left—'THE GLORIOUS, PIOUS, AND IMMORTAL MEMORY OF THE GREAT AND GOOD KING WILLIAM, WHO SAVED US FROM POKERY, SLAVERY, WOODEN SHOES, AND BRASS MONEY.—And may he who will

not drink this toast up—may he—for I hate circumlocution—may he be damned! Amen.’—Drink it up my hearties—Hip, hip, hurra—three times three for old Hooknose, and one cheer more.

“By me, MORGAN O’DOHERTY.”

“What a rapid and characteristic hand is Sir Morgan’s,—dashing on—stopping at nothing—rattling away—and how great the contrast to the pretty little niggling writing here!”

“*Ἀριστον μὲν ὕδωρ.*—ΠΙΝΔ.

“As Julia chanced one day to rove,  
Upon the shore of sweet Killarney,  
She met the little god of love,  
Whose tongue, we know, is tipp’d with blarney.  
‘Julia’—he cried, ‘believe them not,  
Who say that love is apt to wander;  
For where can fancy find a spot,  
So fair as that bright islet yonder?”

“They left the shore—Killarney’s shore,  
Nor stormy clouds, nor wild waves fearing.  
Poor Julia, she was seen no more  
Among the blooming maids of Erin—  
For wrecked was pleasure’s painted bark,  
But Love—that boy—he managed not ill  
To buoy himself—’mid waters dark,  
By clinging closely to a bottle.” “T. M.”

“Mighty neat—really the Killarney album becomes entertaining”—

“The bill, sir,” said the waiter.

“Very moderate indeed—Hum!—waiter—chambermaid—Hem!—boots—Hum!—there’s your money, Gorham.”

“I hope, sare—thank you, sare—that, sare, every thing was made comfortable, and a pleasant journey.”

"Now, Gorham, I think I can at least safely add my testimony to the many recommendations which you have collected of your establishment."

"Much obliged, sare—(*aside*) why, then, Dan, sure enough, as I said the very first day I saw him, he's a neat little fellow, and a rare sketcher."

"There's the sketching-seat," said a waiter to Doolan.

"There, put it down along with his honorable honor's other things there; and sure," continued Doolan, "the best resate of all, for not catching could when quality goes out, taking off the views here and there about the lakes, is for them never to sit down upon the wet grass."

"I wonder why Mr. Lynch has not made his appearance; he promised to see me off this morning, and moreover said he had something particular to say to me. Waiter, send some one to Mr. Lynch's cottage, to let him know that I am just going."

"Yes, sir, but there is hardly time, as the horses are just putting to."

"What, the horses putting to! Secure the box seat for me, if you can."

*Boo—boo—boo—moo—hé.* "The coach is just going, sir."

"Your honor won't forget the waiter."

"Something for the chambermaid, sir."

"Long life to your honor! Sure you won't be after forgetting poor boots, that does the work for them all."

"Please to remimber the packer."

"My good people, I have arranged for all your demands with Mr. Gorham."

"Och, never mind him, sir; 'tis I that always packs the jontleman's portmantles: your honor



may ax Mr. Powell there, and sure he'll tell you the same."

' Hurrah for Florry! here I am; your honor will throw a trifle to poor Florry, for the sake of Kerry—Hurrah! hurrah for Florry!"

" Get out of the way, will you, till I see his honor. Sure he'll be after taking the widow's blessing along wid him. May the Lord purloin (prolong) your honor's life, and may you never know"——

" I'm just over it, sir, God help me; I'm subject to the falling sickness, and haven't a halfpenny to buy me bit or sup, or a mortal to look after me."

" 'Tisn't going your lordship is away from us, without leaving something among us."

" O yea! O yea! O yea!"

*Boo—boo—boo—moo—hé*, sounds the horn—the crowd shout, and the coach whirls off. The Main-street is left behind, and we rattle once more over the paving-stones of Hen-street; bid farewell to the foul Fair-hill, dash by the park, and pause, for the last time, on the bridge of Ballycasheen.

" Riley, stop the coach, can't you," roars a bare-legged boy, at the same time running full speed from the Lower or Woodlawn road, which joins the coach road near Ballycasheen. The driver pulls up, and inquires, " Well, what do you want, ma boughill?" (my boy.)

" Would there be a little jontleman on the coach?" said he, panting for breath.

" Doubtless I am the person, what's the matter?"

" There's a parcel and a letter for your honor from one Mr. Lynch. Oh dear, how I've run!"

" Very well, its quite right; here's sixpence for you, my lad. Riley, put this parcel in the coach

pocket ; and now, let me see what Lynch has to say for himself."

\* Garden Cottage.

' My good fellow, — After the promise I had made to see you off, and the hint with which it was accompanied, that I had something to say to you, I doubt not but you were surprised at my non-appearance at the inn this morning. But I have been occupied in your service.

' You have already flattered me by approving of some supernatural tales which I picked up in the course of my summer rambles among the mountains, and which appear in the second volume of your Fairy Legends.

' Revelling in all the luxury, as the misery of half-pay idleness is styled, the idea that I might please by my pen others as well as myself, broke in upon my mind like a new light ; and I determined to make a few notes of the tales which I heard, and of what was daily passing around me. This, although my own amusement and employment were the first objects, was certainly done with some vague idea of ultimate publication. But when you mentioned an intention of writing a Legendary Guide-book to the Lakes, I instantly determined to resign all my notes and papers into your hands ; and I have been occupied, up to the present moment, in arranging my collections for your acceptance.

' Receive them, therefore, and use them as you will ; they are yours, and this is what, as I gave you my packet, I wished to tell you. — That you may have an agreeable journey, and all possible happiness, is the sincere wish of your old friend and school-fellow,

' R. ADOLPHUS LYNCH.'

But hark ! *Boo—boo—boo—moo—hé.* And now we ascend the hill which leads to the first turnpike gate from Killarney ; and, as we dash through, I turn to take a last lingering look at the Lake of Desmond : a little further, and all is lost, save the tops of its majestic mountains.

“ Farewell, sweet scenes ! pensive once more I turn,  
 Those pointed hill and wood-fringed Lakes to view  
 With fond regret ; while, in this last adieu,  
 A silent tear those brilliant hours shall mourn  
 For ever past. So, from the pleasant shore  
 Borne with the struggling bark against the wind,  
 The trembling pennant fluttering looks behind,  
 With vain reluctance !—’Mid those woods no more  
 For me the voice of pleasure shall resound,  
 Nor soft flutes, warbling o’er the placid lake  
 Aërial music, shall for me awake,  
 And wrap my charmed soul in peace profound !  
 Though lost to me, here still may taste delight  
 To dwell, nor the rude axe the trembling dryads fright.”

Such was the farewell to Killarney, breathed almost with her last, by Mrs. Tighe, the beloved, and lamented, authoress of *Psyche*.

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“ Make what use you please of my packet,” says Mr. Lynch.—Well, I have done so ; yet, excepting a few slight editorial corrections and additions, his packet is printed pretty nearly as I received it—in fact, Mr. Lynch, as the largest contributor to this volume, is fairly entitled to claim its authorship, should he desire it.

And now, seriously speaking for himself, the Editor can only say, that he trusts this collection of Killarney Legends will be received with the indulgence usually extended to a mere *jeu d’esprit*.—His visit to Killarney was too short, and too

hurried, to admit of any thing beyond a few blotted notes and random sketches.—Mr. J. H. Bradshaw, with his usual liberality and kindness, furnished him with the manuscript tour of a distinguished architect, from which some pictorial hints have been derived; and to Mr. O'Brien, recently M.P. for Clare, he is indebted for a most amusing journal of his visit to the Lakes.

The materials, thus obtained, the Editor has appropriated, without further acknowledgment, in the manner which best suited his purpose or his fancy.

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Mr. Lynch has written to acknowledge some proof sheets which have been sent to him; and an extract from his letter, as all good works should conclude with a moral, will aptly illustrate the mutability of human affairs within a few months at Killarney.

“I am glad to find that the Legends of the Lakes are in the press. But if you should perform your promise of a visit next year, you will observe many changes; for instance, your friend Mountain Mahony has resigned his public employment, and has entered into the private services of Mister Bob Shughure, who styles himself ‘stationer, replevinger, and magistrate’s clerk.’ Oh, that you could hear him, on a court day, enlightening the magistrates with regard to an information, the preamble to which he twangs through his nose with a most mellifluous brogue; as thus—‘Sir, this ish an informashun for ashault, and batter-ry, and mishdemānor, and sheweth, that whereas Michael, commonly called Mick Mulcahy, alias Saint Michael, alias Finnegan, alias the Bulger, did mosht vilently ashault, bate,

bruise, batter, and otherwise ill use, abuse, and maltrate with his clinched fist,' &c. &c.

"Turner, the Scotch steward, has turned himself out of Mucruss; and Picket is gone to the Brazils. For the rest, some of our old storytellers have departed this life; Doolan, however, still stands his ground, and always inquires after your honor; is just as ready to give visitors a touch of the marvellous, and there are still enough left, to prove the truth of the sketches in your *Legendary Guide Book*.

"You say, that, since your return to London, the question of, 'In what time can I see the Lakes of Killarney?' has been more than once put to you, and that you wish for my opinion on the subject. Now I quite agree with you in your antipity to the common-place, and, nine times out of ten, erroneous directions given by your regular guide-book manufactures. Therefore, let us suppose a case: a single gentleman has twenty pounds in his pocket, and ten days at his command.—Well, I say, to put the beautiful scenery of Cork Harbour and the River Lee out of the question, he may see the Lakes of Killarney, hear their legends, and Gandsey's pipes, to his heart's content—revel on arbutified salmon, and genuine whiskey punch; and within the short space of ten days, tread again the pavement of Piccadilly, lounge in Regent Street, or sport his figure in the Parks. Here is my recipe—

"Secure the box-seat of the Bristol Coach for any Friday morning you please, (of course you travel outside, and, if you have had experience will avoid 'the Company's' Coaches, notwithstanding the professions of 'no fees to guard o' coachman.') Go soberly, and at a reasonable



nour, to bed on Thursday night; and, to save yourself the fatigue of getting up by four, and before, from the fear of oversleeping yourself, desire to be called at six, as the coach starts at seven. While you breakfast, your valise (only a valise) is neatly and closely packed—it is deposited in your cab, and you are whisked to the White Horse Cellar. Just as you arrive, rattling along Piccadilly, you discover your coach. With a corner of your eye, you ascertain the nature of its lading. The box is empty, but you find in its neighbourhood a person most capitally described in the two words—‘jolly dog.’ Rather a contrast to him, is a person who may be briefly described as, ‘the possessor of a talkative chin;’ one, no doubt, of immense anecdotal acquirement—and right behind your vacant place, a cheerful, rosy, gay-ribboned girl, on whom you instantly determine to lavish every attention, and commence at once a parley, by offering her the box-seat: she declines the offer, and, in doing so, shews a set of beautiful teeth. The seat possesses for you no longer any attractions; by incredible ingenuity, you get the ‘jolly dog,’ her neighbour, to change places, on the plea that his cigar must be disagreeable; the girl makes no objection, and you find yourself by the damsel’s side, with a mental chuckle at your own talents and tact, and at your change of position, from beside the red-faced, red-neckclothed, red-fisted coachman, to your present birth, where you monopolize all the good of the coach; separating a pretty creature, with merry eyes, from the talkative-chinned lawyer, and putting an inseparable barrier between her and the ‘jolly dog.’ Thus commences your journey. If you happen to have been very indolent that

morning, you experience, perhaps, a slight pang at the recollection of an unshaven chin; but you endeavour to outweigh that objection, by a more knowing cock of your travelling cap. You are safely placed now—so I leave you quite to yourself, to get down to Bristol as you please. I make no further inquiry as to your movements, after your arrival in Bristol, at nine o'clock. I do not put a single question as to how you get lodged—whether you stop in Bristol, or go on to Clifton, to be near the steamer, which starts next morning at a convenient hour, regulated by the tide. They will tell you on board that you may expect to be at Cork, that is, in sight of the harbour, in from twenty-four to twenty-six hours; but you may be certain of being able to dine in Cork, and dine well, on Sunday, between five and seven. It is just possible that the vessel cannot take you up to the quay; but, of course, you will not be so unfortunate as to come just at the nick of time when the water is too low in Lough Mahon: if lough, or lake, that passage of water may be called, forming part of the noble river Lee,

“Which like an island fair,  
Encloseth Cork with his divided flood.”

In that case, you must land at

“The town of Passage, so nate and spacious,  
All situated upon the sea,”

five Irish miles, or six and three-quarters English measure, from ‘the beautiful city called Cork.’ You will, in that case, find no difficulty in proceeding, for jingles are there in plenty, with drivers, who will importunately and bare-leggedly wade into the river, to assist your honor in transporting your valise from the boat, and who will convey yourself, and itself, to your hotel, Mc DOWELL’s, now

called THE IMPERIAL, in George's street. A score of ragged rascals seize you on the beach, (something in the manner of the French fellows at Calais, where each recommends his hotel,) and here each endeavours to persuade you to use his jingle, by all the eloquence he can muster in its praise, and to the ridicule of his neighbour's.

“ ‘I'll drive your honor up in a crack—in a jiffy—in less than no time.’ He will unblushingly praise his miserable hack, and his tumble-down vehicle, which he had backed, until the wheels were half immersed in the water; while now and then the surf rushes in, and encroaches on the beach, wetting the horses' shins far above the fetlock. If you have not landed, you may step at once from your boat into this conveyance, and you are driven for whatever your honor pleases, over and above a shilling, to the South Mall, which is not two minutes' walk from your Imperial Hotel—the waiter takes your place in the Killarney coach for Monday morning—and you are snug in Gorham's hotel, Killarney, eight hours after you leave Cork. So, you have now performed your voyage by sea, and your journey by land, and are criticising a tumbler of the best whiskey punch, after a capital dinner, on Monday. It is not late: you have even this evening plenty of time to look about you; you may, if you please, indulge yourself in observations on the town and its inhabitants. You may take your station at the cross, and, to make a bull, see down four streets at once; you may indulge yourself, Bond-street fashion, by looking at the hoods (ay, and peeping beneath them too) of the Killarney lasses, as they pass you; but beware of the brawny Kerry men

“Untired and fresh, you rise on Tuesday morning, shall I say before six? Well, suppose there is a little mist; that is a trifle. No man in his senses would commit himself, by insuring your seeing the whole of Killarney, independent of the weather and in the uncertainty of the climate, originate an endless variety of beautiful scenic effects.

“Gorham’s your man of information; your guide-book is in your pocket. The Tuesday, of course, is fine; and, being so, I would recommend your exploring the Lower Lake. Command a guide; he runs before you, when you tell him you wish to see Kenmare Park. You can scarcely keep up with him. You get on the highest spot in the park, (Knockrear Hill :) your heart swells as you behold, stretched far, far away before you, the long line of the Lower Lake, with its &c. &c. &c. Now for Ross Castle. Gorham has ordered a boat—pull for Innisfallen, explore the island, and then cross to O’Sullivan’s Cascade. Away for Castle Lough Bay; look to the left, and you will see O’Donoghue’s horse, sirnamed Creaghbo’, near the Mucruss shore. Row through Brickeen Bridge into Turk Lake; and across it, to visit Turk Cottage and Waterfall. Coast along the base of Turk to the outlet, and land on Dinis Island. Do as you please there—for I presume not to prescribe your quality or quantity of entertainment, as the guide-books do, where they command you to enter this thicket, and walk by this stream. Quit it when you please. But here, *nota bene*: a basket of prog having been provided, according to the Gorham; eat, if you feel inclined. Nor do I limit a moderate pull at the whiskey bottle. Remember, however, to give ‘the boys’

a fillip in the shape of dram, and, entering your boat, cry Hurra for whiskey! and dash down with the stream into Glenà Bay. The men will be in capital humour to shew you the use of the bugle; and you may leave it to them to startle all the Irish echoes into responses from their respective stations. You glide by Darby's Garden; and, crossing to Ross Island, disembark at the Castle; and return to Killarney as you like, or as you can. Here ends your first day.

“Wednesday, up again, and ripe for a dejeuner à la Gorham. You may ride on the outside of a horse; or you may, perhaps more comfortably, walk up to the ruined church of Aghadoe, and from thence, having ordered horses to meet you, proceed through the Gap of Dunloh, enter the Valley of Cowm Duve; go on to Lord Brandon's, where your boat will be found; row to Ronan's Island, thence to Derricunihy; see Hyde's Cottage, and through Coleman's Eye, along the channel, to the Eagle's Nest, under which the cannon is discharged, and the bugle employed, to rouse its extraordinary echoes. Shoot the old Weir bridge, and pass Dinis and Brickeen islands, which you have before seen. In Castle Lough bay you may examine all the islands, learn their names, and have one christened after you. Row for, and land at, the Castle of Ross, as before—and your second day is completed.

“Now, as for Thursday, your third and last day in Killarney, it will be entirely taken up in visiting Mucruss abbey and demesne, Mangerton mountain, the Devil's Punch-bowl, Cowm na Cop-pul, Philladown, and Lough Kittane. This last excursion I would recommend you to keep for your least favourable day, as it is the least im-



portant, and the most practicable; that is, if you can get any friendly warning, so as to be able to anticipate the state of the weather. If you do not catch an odd shower, or be overtaken by one, you may feel satisfied that you have been very much favoured in your visit to the beautiful Lakes of Killarney.

“And now, you may get back as fast as you can; and, if as fast as you came, you will be able to sail from Cork in the Saturday’s packet; and will find yourself in Regent-street on Tuesday, with the most perfect ease sauntering down in the sun, casting your own length of shadow before you, and looking, except for the unwonted glow which is manifest on your cheek, just as if nothing had happened; although with the glorious consciousness of being able to ask, when the romantic lakes of other countries are spoken about, ‘Pray, have you ever been at Killarney?’”

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“Much has been said about the autumnal tints of Killarney; and it is generally stated, that the end of September is the best time for seeing it. I hold a contrary opinion—give me, the freshness and verdure of spring, which, by the bye, possesses in its greens as great a variety of colouring as the russet of autumn. But I will so far compromise my conviction, as to recommend ‘taking it all in all,’ the month of June; for it has the advantage, and it is an important one, of the longest daylight.”

\* \* \* \*

We stop the press, as the newspaper phrase runs, to announce the receipt of the following letter. Did ever letter arrive more opportunely?

“ Sir, — It is with enthusiastic pleasure I received the letter directed to me from London; Mr. Gorham sent it to me to Lord Headley’s, near Killarney, which, when I received, I gave it to his Lordship to open for his amusement. He was greatly surprised to find in it a piece of music of so ancient a date. He caused the boy to bring his violin and play it for him, which he much approved of. He is one of the best judges of the day; and you may depend on it, sir, I would never have attained my meridian, but for his superior dictation to me. When I told his lordship about you, he brought down the Fairy Legends to have it read for me. I am somewhat jealous you did not afford me some conspicuous place in that very amusing and romantic work, as you did to Tim Carroll; for to hear my

Fox and hounds, with Judy Joyce the joker,

And famous jig Polthough, described by Crofton Croker,

would have been a flattering and heartfelt honour, besides being the only man of my profession distinguished in this neighbourhood. I enclose you an old tune, which was O’Donoghue’s lamentation for the loss of his privileges, when the penal code was put in force against the Irish. I have three or four hundred of those beautiful old melodies, (never got hold of by Moore, Stephenson, or Bunting,) once played by the harp of Erin, now slumbering in the dust. Now, as you are sometimes among the musical society of London, a thought struck me, sir, that you might make off with those by way of publication, or by depositing them in the Museum, among the antiquities for future inspection, as they are all from Carolan,

the ancient and celebrated Irish bard and musician. It is a pity they should be lost, if any thing could be done to preserve them. If you encourage me, I will contrive to have them sent to you by the assistance of the said nobleman, who is a friend to science. He is decidedly the best man for this part of the south of Ireland, that was ever remembered to come into it; as the book says of O'Sullivan—'Nulla manus tam liberalis, atque generalis, atque universalis, quam Headlialis.'

"I should like to hear from you, sir, when time allows you to make arrangements. So, no more at present, from your very humble servant,

"JAMES GANDSEY,  
Lord Headley's Piper.

"P.S. Pat O'Kelly, the poet, sir, desires his respectful compliments."

"Ah, that P.S. in the envelope looks like the Gorham's writing; but who Pat O'Kelly is, I know not. Billy the mule, Doolan's friend, I remember perfectly—but O'Kelly—yes, I recollect now—it must be the same who greeted Sir Walter Scott with the following:

"Three poets, of three different nations born  
With works immortal do this age adorn:  
Byron, of England; Scott, of Scotia's blood;  
And Erin's pride, O'Kelly, great and good.  
'Twould take a Byron and a Scott, I tell ye,  
Roll'd up in one, to make a Pat O'Kelly."

Kind and indulgent reader, methinks I hear you exclaim, "What is all this chapter about?—here is a rigmarole of a preface, and in the last Chapter—how odd!" And pray where else should it be? Most people, it must be acknow-

ledged, commence their book with a preface, which nine readers out of ten—ay, ninety-nine out of a hundred—are sure to skip. I have, therefore, taken this method, to surprise you into the perusal: besides, I think I can shew that my preface is where it ought to be; for, if you act as most readers do, that is, begin the book at the end, and read backwards, I think you will find the preface in its right place.

So making now our final bow,  
And checking all our blarney,  
We'll bid adieu, good folks, to you,  
And likewise to Killarney.  
Then if your eye, all wearied out  
With reading trash like mine is,  
Content yourself—no more's to come,  
For here, you see, is

FINIS.

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*Directions to the Binder.*—Music Plates numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, to be placed between pages 250 and 251.

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LONDON: FISHER, SON, & JACKSON, PRINTERS.





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